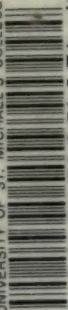



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Vol. X

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THE GREAT EVENTS

BY

FAMOUS HISTORIANS

A COMPREHENSIVE AND READABLE ACCOUNT OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY, EMPHASIZING THE MORE IMPORTANT EVENTS, AND PRESENTING THESE AS COMPLETE NARRATIVES IN THE MANNER WORKED OUT BY THE MOST EMINENT HISTORIANS.

NON-SECTARIAN

ON THE PLAN EVOLVED FROM A LECTURE COURSE OF HISTORY, LECTURED FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED HISTORIANS OF AMERICA AND EUROPE, INCLUDING BRITAIN, FRANCE, GERMANY, ITALY, AND SPAIN, TO CONNECT AND EXPLAIN THE EVENTS, RANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY, WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT NARRATIVES, CHRONOLOGIES, AND READINGS.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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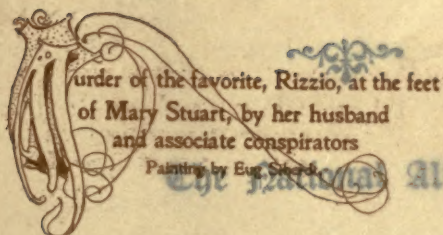
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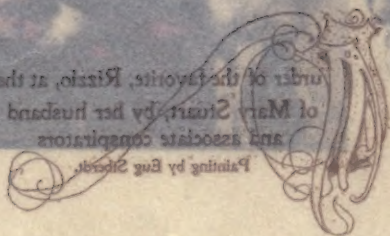
VOLUME X



The National Alumni



Painting by Eug. Delacroix.
 and associate conspirators
 of Mary Stuart by her husband
 order of the favorite, Rizzio, at the feet



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VOLUME X



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AN OUTLINE NARRATIVE

TRACING BRIEFLY THE CAUSES, CON-
NECTIONS, AND CONSEQUENCES OF

THE GREAT EVENTS

(AGE OF ELIZABETH AND PHILIP II)

CHARLES F. HORNE



PHILIP II succeeded his father Charles V on the throne of Spain. The vast extent of his domains, the absoluteness of his authority, and, above all, the enormous wealth that poured into his coffers from the Spanish conquests in America, made him the most powerful monarch of his time, the central figure of the age. It was largely because of Philip's personal character that the great religious struggle of the Reformation entered upon a new phase, became far more sinister, more black and deadly, extended over all Europe, and bathed the civilized world in blood. England stood forth as the centre of opposition against Philip, and under the unwilling leadership of Elizabeth entered on its epic period of heroism, was stimulated to that remarkable outburst of energy and intellect and power which we call the Elizabethan age.

Philip, with a tenacity of purpose from which no fortune good or bad could lure him for a moment, pursued two objects throughout his reign (1555-1598), the reëstablishment of Catholicism over all Europe, and the extension so far as might be of his own personal authority. If we consider his personal ambition, we must count his reign a failure; for at his death his country had already fallen from its foremost rank in Europe and started on that process of decay which in later centuries has become so marked. If, however, we look to Philip's religious purpose, it is undeniable that during his reign Catholicism revived. Philip II, the Jesuits,

the Council of Trent—these three were the powers by means of which the Roman Church beat back its foes, saved itself from what for a time had seemed a threatened extinction, and so far reëstablished its power that for over a century it appeared not improbable that Philip's purpose of reuniting Europe might be accomplished.

Before the beginning of this reactionary wave, the North had become wholly Protestant. It has been estimated that nine-tenths of the people of Germany were of the new faith; half the population of France had adopted it; even in Italy protest and disbelief were widespread and active. Only in Spain did the Inquisition with firmest cruelty trample down each vestige of revolt.

SPAIN AND GREAT BRITAIN

The Inquisition was established in Italy, which, as we have seen, was really a Spanish possession. It was introduced into the Netherlands by Charles V (1550), but remained feebly merciful there until Philip, to whom we must at least give the credit of having been a sincere fanatic, insisted on its rigorous enforcement. Over England also Philip sought to extend his hand. There the eagerly Protestant Edward VI had died in 1553, and his Catholic sister Mary succeeded to the throne. Philip was wedded to her in 1554, even before he became King of Spain, and both he and she did their utmost to restore the kingdom to the Roman faith. So many Protestants were burned at the stake that England remembers the queen as "bloody Mary"; and so recklessly did she antagonize the spirit of her people that even her husband counselled her to a caution which she despised. He had no love for his cold, pale, embittered English wife, except as an instrument in his policy; and when he found that it was impossible for him, as her husband, to become King of England, he practically abandoned her, and returned to Spain.

When his father's abdication gave him power in 1555, Philip's first active movement was against France. He sought to avenge his father's loss of Metz, and persuaded his English wife to join him in war against young Henry II. With his splendid Spanish troops Philip won a great victory at St. Quentin.¹ "Has he yet taken Paris?" cried his father eagerly when the news reached his

¹ See *Battle of St. Quentin*, page 1.

secluded monastery. But Philip had not, he had erred from over-caution and given France time to recover. Two able generals, the great Protestant leader Coligny, and the dashing Catholic hero of Metz, Francis of Guise, held the Spaniards in check. Guise even seized Calais, and so snatched from England her last territory in France (1558). Its loss filled full the measure of poor Mary's unpopularity with her subjects and also of her own unhappiness. She had sacrificed everything for love of a husband who had no love for her. She died the same year. "They will find 'Calais,'" she said, "engraven on my heart."¹

Her Protestant sister, Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, succeeded to the throne, and England with a cry of relief threw off the hated Spanish alliance. She was free again. Free, but in infinite danger. The Catholic Pope and Catholic Philip, remembering that the divorce under which Henry VIII married Anne Boleyn had never been admitted by the Church, declared Elizabeth illegitimate, and pointed to her cousin Mary Stuart of Scotland as the lawful ruler of England. Mary had been married to the French prince Francis II, who at this moment succeeded his father Henry II as king of France. Here was a chance indeed for Spain and France and Scotland all three to unite against Elizabeth and place a second Catholic Mary on England's throne. Many Englishmen themselves were still Catholic, and might easily have been persuaded to approve the change. That Elizabeth, by her cool and cunning diplomacy, managed to evade the threatened danger, has ever been held as little short of providential by the Protestants of the world.² In truth, however, each of the powers which might have assailed Elizabeth, had religious difficulties of its own to encounter.

In Scotland there was civil war. The Protestant faith had been slow of introduction there, but under the leadership of John Knox it had become at length supreme.³ The Regent, mother of the young queen, Mary Stuart, had French troops to aid her against the reformers, but had been compelled to yield to their demands. When Queen Mary herself returned to rule Scotland after the death of her French husband, King Francis, she found

¹ See *England Loses Her Last French Territory*, page 1.

² See *Reign of Elizabeth*, page 8.

³ See *John Knox Heads the Scottish Reformers*, page 21.

her path anything but easy. A sovereign of one faith and a nation of another had not yet learned to endure each other, and there were queer doings in Scotland, wild nobles running off with the Queen, wilder fanatics lecturing at her in her own court, her French favorite assassinated, a new husband, a Scotch one, sent the same dark road, more civil war, imprisonments, romantic escapes. It ended in Mary's secret flight to England. She who had so nearly marched into the land a conqueror, entered it a fugitive supplicating Elizabeth's protection. The remainder of her life she passed in an English prison, and eighteen years later was executed on an only half-proven charge of conspiring against the rival who had kept her in such dreary durance.¹

Let us not, however, judge Elizabeth too harshly. In reading only English history we are apt to do so, to fail in realizing the atmosphere that surrounded her, the spirit of the age throughout Europe. Statecraft, which had been grasping under Charles V and false under Francis I, seemed now to have adopted fully the maxims of Machiavelli, and pursued its ends by means wholly base, by subtle treacheries, secret murders and open massacre. The gloomy spirit of Philip II hung like blackest night over all the world. He hesitated at no crime which should advance his purposes. Where he might next strike, no man knew, until the blow had fallen. His dark secrecy and enormous power weighed as a nightmare upon the imaginations of men. We enter an age of plots. Elizabeth was unquestionably surrounded by them; and where so many existed, a thousand more were naturally suspected—leading on all sides to counterplots. Scotland had seen several assassinations. England guarded herself desperately against them. France, nearest to Spain's borders, suffered worst of all. Five times in succession did the chief leader of the state fall by sudden murder. In some of these crimes Philip had no part; in others he was plainly implicated.

RELIGIOUS WARS OF FRANCE

The early and unexpected death of Henry II of France (1559) had left the throne to one after another of his young and feeble sons. The first of these, Francis II, the husband of Mary Stuart, ruled only a year. He was completely under the control of the

¹ See *Mary Stuart: Her Reign and Execution*, page 51.

great Catholic family, the Guises, who began a vigorous attempt to suppress the Protestants of France, the Huguenots as they were called. But these Huguenots included many of the highest and ablest of the French nobility and did not yield easily to suppression. Francis II died, and the Queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, became regent for her second son, Charles IX. At first Catherine feared the power of the Guises and encouraged the Huguenots; but Philip of Spain interfered here as everywhere in the Catholic behalf. A civil war broke out in 1562; and for over a generation France, divided against herself, became the theatre of repeated conflicts and savage massacres. She had no thought to give to other lands.

The first of her chiefs to be assassinated was Francis of Guise, the great Catholic leader and general, shot by a Huguenot. Next the Catholics attempted the murder of Coligny. They failed at first, and Catherine de' Medici, who by this time had embraced fully the Catholic cause, planned the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572). A marriage was arranged between the highest Huguenot in rank, the young prince Henry of Navarre, and a royal princess. This was supposed to mark the amicable ending of all disputes, and the chief Huguenots gathered gladly to Paris for the ceremony. Suddenly an army of assassins were let loose on them. Young Henry was spared, but Coligny and more than twenty thousand Huguenots were slain.¹

The massacre spread over all France. The Protestants rallied, stern and desperate, for defence and for revenge. The civil war was resumed again and again, with false peaces patched in between. Philip might well triumph at the utter anarchy into which he had helped to throw the kingdom which had been his father's rival.

The feeble French king, Charles IX, died, in remorse and madness it is said, for having permitted the great massacre. Henry III, last of the sons of Catherine, ascended the throne, and was also guided by the dark genius of his Italian mother. He found the new Duke of Guise, head of the Catholic party, far more powerful than he, so caused his assassination. That roused the Catholics to war on the King; the Huguenots were also in arms under Henry of Navarre; there were now three parties to

¹ See *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, page 119.

the strife. Queen Catherine died, worn out and despairing. King Henry was murdered in his turn, and with him perished the direct line of the royal house. Henry of Navarre was the nearest heir to the throne.

Of course the Catholics would not consent to be ruled by this champion of the Huguenots; so again the strife went on. Henry proved himself a dashing and heroic leader, winning splendid battles. Spanish forces invaded the country, and he beat them, too. Though Protestant, he was recognized even by his foes as the national hero. At last he took that much-debated resolve, than which was never act more statesmanly. He became a Catholic. His opponents gladly laid down their arms; even fanatic Paris hailed him with extravagant delight. In 1598 he proclaimed the Edict of Nantes, granting safety and religious freedom to his former comrades, the Huguenots. The religious wars of France ended; the wisdom and power of one man had healed what seemed a hopeless confusion.¹

Under this great monarch, Henry IV, France resumed her former place of power in Europe. Her chief began planning grim revenge on Spain for all her injuries. And then he, too, fell by the assassin's knife (1610).

REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS

We have traced the French tumults to the end of the present period; let us go back to see why, with his chief foe so helpless, Philip II accomplished no more in extending his own power. It is one of the most amazing tales in history. Where he had thought himself most secure, there he failed. The foe which had seemed most helpless, proved his undoing. He had insisted on the enforcement of the Inquisition in the Netherlands. It is said that thirty thousand people perished there in its flames. Yet even with thirty thousand of their bravest gone, the Protestants refused submission. Gradually the temper of the oppressed people grew more and more bitter, till in 1566 they flared into open revolt. "The beggars," they were contemptuously called by the Spaniards, and they adopted the name as a badge of honor. Penniless, helpless they might be, yet they would fight.²

¹ See *Henry of Navarre Accepts Catholicism*, page 276.

² See *Rise of the Gueux or Beggars*, page 81.

The cruel Alva was sent by Philip to suppress them, and for six years (1567-1573) his savagery and that of his brutal Spanish soldiers made the Netherlands a theatre of horror—and of heroism. The revolt in the southern provinces, now Belgium, was finally put down. The inhabitants there were mostly Catholics, and their strife was only against the general despotism and cruelty of Spain. But the North would never yield. The terrific siege of Leyden, with its accompanying horrors of starvation and defiance, is world-famed.¹ In 1581 Holland finally proclaimed its complete independence of Spain.

At enormous expense and waste of his American treasure, Philip II continued to pour troops and troops into the rebellious provinces. Their leader throughout had been the highest of their nobles, William of Orange, called "the silent." Philip openly proclaimed an enormous reward to the man who could reach and assassinate this obstacle in his path; and at last after repeated attempts the reward was earned (1584).² The fall of William ended all chance of the union of the northern and southern provinces; he had been the only man all trusted. But Holland under his son Maurice continued the strife even more bitterly. No sacrifice was too great for the heroic Dutch. Spain was exhausted at last; Philip II died a disappointed man. His son, Philip III, in 1609 consented sullenly to a truce—peace he would not call it—and it was many years before Spain formally acknowledged the independence of her defiant provinces.

SUCCESES OF PHILIP

Philip II had met also an even heavier defeat from Protestant England. But before speaking of this, let us look to his few successes. In 1580 he added Portugal to his dominions and so, temporarily at least, united the entire Spanish peninsula as one state. This gave him control over the vast Portuguese colonial possessions and over the rich trade with India and the isles beyond. Australia was probably touched more than once by his ships, though not definitely discovered until 1606.³

It was under Philip that in 1564 the Spaniards extended their

¹ See *Siege of Leyden*, page 145.

² See *Assassination of William of Orange*, page 202.

³ See *Earliest Positive Discovery of Australia*, page 340.

American settlements northward and founded St. Augustine, the first town within the present mainland of the United States. The French had attempted to plant a colony even earlier. At the first outbreak of their civil wars, some Huguenots had fled from persecution to the coast of Florida (1562). The Spaniards regarded this as an encroachment on their territories. Moreover, the intruders were heretics. They were attacked and massacred. It was partly to keep further Frenchmen off the coast that St. Augustine was founded.¹

An even more important triumph came to Philip in 1571, when his ships, united with those of Venice and other states, gained a great naval victory over the Turks. This battle of Lepanto stands among the turning-points of history. It marks the checking of the Turkish power which for over two centuries had been rising steadily against Europe. Lepanto crushed the naval supremacy which the followers of Mahomet had more than once asserted over the Mediterranean. For another century and more they remained formidable on land, but at sea they never recovered their ascendancy.²

At Lepanto as a common soldier, fought Miguel de Cervantes, a Spaniard, who, toward the close of a roving life, settled down to literature in his native land, and after Philip's death wrote what was in many ways a satire upon that monarch's rule in Spain. Cervantes' *Don Quixote* altered the taste of the whole literary world. Its influence spread from Spain to France and over all Europe. It was the death-song of ancient chivalry, the first book since the days of Dante to alter markedly the literary thought of man.³

Of the world farther eastward during this period we need say little. The fortunes of Germany, luckily for herself, had been separated from those of Spain at the abdication of Charles V. The Hapsburg possessions in Austria had been bequeathed to his brother Ferdinand; and both Ferdinand and his next successor as emperor of Germany abided by the conditions of that remarkable religious peace of Augsburg which had allowed every prince to settle the religion of his own domains. Although them-

¹ See *Founding of St. Augustine*, page 70.

² See *Lepanto: Destruction of the Turkish Naval Power*, page 100.

³ See *Cervantes' Don Quixote Reforms Literature*, page 325.

selves Catholic, the Emperors were not strict in enforcing Catholicism even in their own Austrian domains. They reserved all their effort for the struggle against the Turks. Disputes between the leaders of the differing faiths did of course occur, but none reached an active stage until a later generation.

Sweden rose greatly in importance. Poland declined. Russia was almost conquered by one or the other, a prey, like France, to civil wars. Yet some Cossacks in her service, wandering plunderers really, invaded Siberia, defeated the few scattered Tartar tribes, and annexed the entire waste of Northern Asia to the Russian crown. Never again was this to be a secretly growing, unknown world from which vast hordes might suddenly burst forth on Europe.¹

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

Turn now to England, emerging at last from the exhaustion of the Wars of the Roses to assert her place among the great powers of the world. Philip and Elizabeth, restrained by other anxieties, might maintain a hollow peace at home: they could not control the rising spirits of the English nation. English sailors, the most daring in the world, penetrated all seas. Spanish and Portuguese ships had been almost everywhere before them. The North was still half a century behind the South in progress. Yet the difference is worth noting. On the southern ships a few gallant, aristocratic leaders headed a crowd of trembling peasants, ever begging to be taken home, sometimes mutinying through very frenzy of fear. On England's ships each sailor was as stubborn and dauntless as his chief, differing from him only in the intellect to command.

Such men as these were little like to accept Spanish claims to all the wealth of all the new lands of the world. They cruised at will, and fought the Spaniards successfully wherever found. Frobisher began the long and dreary search for the "northwest passage," by which the northern countries of Europe might send ships to round America and reach Asia as Magellan had done to southward.² Gilbert raised his country's standard over Newfoundland, England's first clearly established possession beyond

¹ See *Cossack Conquest of Siberia*, page 181.

² See *Search for the Northwest Passage by Frobisher*, page 156.

seas.¹ The memory of the Cabots' voyages was revived, and in their name England claimed the North American coast. Sir Walter Raleigh attempted to plant a colony, and called the new land Virginia in honor of the Virgin Queen.²

To Drake, greatest of all these wild adventurers, was it left to embroil his country utterly with Spain. He followed Magellan in circumnavigating the globe, and wherever he went he left a track of plundered Spanish settlements behind. Elizabeth was in despair; she alternately knighted him and threatened to hang him as a pirate. The Spaniards, re-reading his name, called him the Dragon. He was the terror of their seas.

At last the long accumulating quarrel of religious and commercial motives reached a head. Philip began gathering in all his ports that vast "Invincible Armada," which was to assert his supremacy on sea as upon land, to crush England and Protestantism forever. This was the supreme effort of his life. There was no question as to where the blow would fall. Elizabeth knew it coming, not to be evaded by any policy or concessions. Drake knew it coming, and, taking time by the forelock, sailed boldly into the harbor of Cadiz to "sing the King of Spain's beard," destroyed all the ships and stores accumulated there.³ But Cadiz was only one port among several where preparations were being hurried forward; there were others the hardy Dragon could not penetrate. The next year (1588) the "Invincible Armada" sailed for England.

The story of its destruction is too well known for repetition. This was England's proudest achievement. Philip accepted the terrific downfall of all his scheming and ambitions with a gallant calm. He had truly believed that Heaven wished him to reassert Catholicism. He accepted the storms which partly destroyed his fleet as the divine refusal of his aid. "You could not strive against the will of Heaven," he said kindly to his defeated admiral.⁴

In England, the repeated plunderings of Spanish ships, and

¹ See *First Colony of England beyond Seas*, page 198.

² See *Naming of Virginia: The Lost Colony*, page 211.

³ See *Drake Captures Cartagena: He "Singes the King of Spain's Beard" at Cadiz*, page 230.

⁴ See *Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, page 251.

now this final victory, flooded the land with wealth and triumph. The internal improvement, the intellectual advance of the people, were prodigious. The "Elizabethan Age" is the most famed in English literature. The first English theatre was built in 1570, a crude and queer affair for cruder, queerer plays.¹ Yet, in perhaps that very armada year of 1588, Shakespeare began writing his remarkable plays. In 1601 the drama rose to its perfection in his *Hamlet*, the flower of English literary genius, accredited by some as the grandest new creation that ever came from the hand of man.²

Elizabeth died in 1603. Her reign had seen also the final suppression of the Irish Catholics and their subjugation to the English crown. In the year of her death came the "Flight of the Earls," the mournful abandonment of Ireland by the last of the great lords who had fought for and now despaired of her independence.³

The age of Elizabeth can scarcely, however, be said to cease at her death. The English people had grown greater than their sovereign, and upon them the influences of their Spanish victory continued. Shakespeare is even more the Elizabethan age than Elizabeth, and his writings continued until 1611. Drake had died in 1596; Raleigh lived till 1618.

Since Elizabeth was childless, she was succeeded on the throne by the Scotch king James VI (James I of England), son of the Mary Stuart whose claims had caused such trouble. James, removed from his mother's care, had been educated by his subjects as a Protestant, so he was welcome to England. The first step toward uniting the two halves of the island was made when they thus came under a common sovereign. The same atmosphere of plot and treachery which had surrounded Elizabeth reached also to her successor. In 1605 was unearthed the "Gunpowder Plot," a scheme to blow up James with all his chief ministers and subjects in the House of Parliament. The date of its discovery is still kept as a national holiday in England.⁴

Then in 1607 came the fruition of Raleigh's efforts and those

¹ See *Building of First Theatre in England*, page 163.

² See *Culmination of Dramatic Literature in Hamlet*, page 287.

³ See *Downfall of Irish Liberty* : "Flight of the Earls," page 299.

⁴ See *The Gunpowder Plot*, page 310.

of Drake, the beginning surely of a new era. Spain being no longer able to oppose, a new colony was sent out from England to Virginia. It settled at Jamestown, and began the successful colonization of the United States.¹ The next year, the French, supported by their great king Henry IV, made a similar beginning. Quebec was founded by them on the St. Lawrence.² The era of American discovery was over, and that of American settlement was come.

¹ See *Settlement of Virginia*, page 350.

² See *Founding of Quebec*, page 366.

ENGLAND LOSES HER LAST FRENCH TERRITORY

BATTLE OF ST. QUENTIN

A.D. 1558

CHARLES KNIGHT

From 1347, when it was taken by Edward III, Calais remained a stronghold of England until it was retaken for France by the Duke of Guise (François de Lorraine), in 1558. With the surrender of Calais the English lost their last foothold in French territory.

Weary with the long tumults and wars of his reign, Charles V in 1555 resigned all his crowns to his son, Philip II of Spain, and his brother Ferdinand, King of Bohemia and Hungary. Pope Paul IV, wishing to subvert the Spanish power, entered into a league with Henry II of France against Philip. Guise, who had warred successfully with Charles V, against whom he defended Metz when it was won for France (1553), now espoused the papal cause. His main object was to recover Naples to his own family. Thus he became a leading actor in the events culminating in the capture of Calais.

Throughout the reign of Philip II his chief aim was to restore the Roman Catholic religion in Protestant countries and to establish a uniform despotism over his dominions. In 1554 he had married Queen Mary of England, and after a short sojourn in that country, whose crown he vainly tried to obtain, and to whose people he was obnoxious, he returned to the Continent. Soon after "he was called to a destiny more suited to his proud and ambitious nature than to be the unequal partaker of sovereign power over a jealous insular people."

IN March, 1557, Philip returned to England. He came, not out of affection for his wife or of regard for his turbulent insular subjects, but to stir up the old English hatred of France and to drag the nation into a war for his personal advantage. The fiery Pope, Paul IV, panted for the freedom of Italy as it existed in the fifteenth century; he wanted to accomplish his wishes by an alliance with France; he would place French princes on the thrones of Milan and Naples. The Spaniards he pronounced as the spawn of Jews and Moors, the dregs of the earth.

When there was a question of temporal dominion to be fought out, the Pope did not hesitate to wage war against that faithful son of the Church, King Philip; nor did King Philip hesitate to send the Duke of Alva, the exterminator of Protestants, to enter the Roman states and lay waste the territories of the Pope. France and Spain were upon the brink of open war when Philip arrived in England. He urged a declaration of war against France. There were grievances in the alleged encouragement which had been given in Wyatt's rebellion, and in the lukewarmness with which Henry II met Queen Mary's desire that he should afford her the means of vengeance upon the exiles for religion who took shelter in France.

The most recent complaint was that France had connived at the equipment of a force by Thomas Stafford, a refugee, who had invaded England with thirty-two followers and had surprised Scarborough castle. This adventurer claimed to be of the house and blood of the Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded in the time of Henry VIII. The proclamation which he issued from his castle of Scarborough, which he held only two days, was addressed to the English hatred of the Spaniards, rather than directed against the ecclesiastical persecution under which the country was suffering: "As the dukes of Buckingham, our forefathers and predecessors, have always been defenders of the poor commonalty against the tyranny of princes, so should you have us at this juncture, most dearly beloved friends, your protector, governor, and defender against all your adversaries and enemies; minding earnestly to die rather, presently, and personally before you in the field, than to suffer you to be overrun so miserably with strangers, and made most sorrowful slaves and careful captives to such a naughty nation as Spaniards." Stafford and his band were soon made prisoners; and he was beheaded on Tower Hill, and three of his followers hanged, on May 25th. Seizing upon this absurd attempt as a ground of quarrel, war was declared against France on June 7th; and Philip quitted the country on July 6th, never to return.

An English force of four thousand infantry, a thousand cavalry, and two thousand pioneers joined the Spanish army on the Flemish frontier. That army was partly composed of

German mercenaries; the *lanzknechts* and *reiters*, the pikemen and cavalry, who, at the command of the best paymaster, were the most formidable soldiers of the time. But the Spanish cavaliers were there, leading their native infantry; and there were the Burgundian lances. The army was commanded by Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who had aspired to the hand of Elizabeth. Philip earnestly seconded his suit, but Mary, wisely and kindly, would not put a constraint upon her sister's inclinations. The wary Princess saw that the crown would probably be hers at no distant day; and she would not risk the loss of the people's affection by marrying a foreign Catholic. She had sensible advisers about her, who seconded her own prudence; and thus she kept safe amid the manifold dangers by which she was surrounded.

The Duke of Savoy, though young, was an experienced soldier, and he determined to commence the campaign by investing St. Quentin, a frontier town of Picardy. The defence of this fortress was undertaken by Coligny, the Admiral of France, afterward so famous for his mournful death. Montmorency, the Constable, had the command of the French army. The garrison was almost reduced to extremity—when Montmorency, on August 10th, arrived with his whole force, and halted on the bank of the Somme. On the opposite bank lay the Spanish, the English, the Flemish, and the German host. The arrival of the French was a surprise, and the Duke of Savoy had to take up a new position. He determined on battle. The issue was the most unfortunate for France since the fatal day of Agincourt. The French slain amounted, according to some accounts, to six thousand; and the prisoners were equally numerous. Among them was the veteran Montmorency.

On August 10th Philip came to the camp. Bold advisers counselled a march to Paris. The cautious King was satisfied to press on the siege of St. Quentin. The defence which Coligny made was such as might have been expected from his firmness and bravery. The place was taken by storm, amid horrors which belong to such scenes at all times, but which were doubled by the rapacity of troops who fought even with each other for the greatest share of the pillage. After a few trifling successes, the army of Philip was broken up. The

English and Germans were indignant at the insolence of the Spaniards; and the Germans were more indignant that their pay was not forthcoming. Philip was glad to permit his English subjects to take their discontents home. They had found out that they were not fighting the battle of England.

The war between England and France produced hostilities between England and Scotland. Mary of Guise, the Queen Dowager and Regent of Scotland, was incited by the French king to invade England. The disposition to hostilities was accompanied by a furious outbreak of the Scottish borderers. They were driven back. But the desire of the Queen Dowager that England should be invaded was resisted by the chief nobles, who declared themselves ready to act on the defensive, but who would not plunge into war during their sovereign's minority. The alliance of France and Scotland was, however, completed, in the autumn of 1558, by the marriage between the Dauphin and the young Queen Mary, which was solemnized at Paris, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The Duke of Guise, the uncle of the Queen of Scots, at the beginning of 1558, was at the head of a powerful army to avenge the misfortune of St. Quentin. The project committed to his execution was a bold and patriotic one—to drive the English from their last stronghold in France. Calais, over whose walls a foreign flag had been waving for two centuries, was to France an opprobrium and to England a trophy. But it was considered by the English government as an indispensable key to the Continent—a possession that it would not only be a disgrace to lose, but a national calamity. The importance of Calais was thus described by Micheli, the Venetian ambassador, only one year before it finally passed from the English power:

“Another frontier, besides that of Scotland, and of no less importance for the security of the kingdom, though it be separated, is that which the English occupy on the other side of the sea, by means of two fortresses, Calais and Guines, guarded by them (and justly) with jealousy, especially Calais, for this is the key and principal entrance to their dominions, without which the English would have no outlet from their own, nor access to other countries, at least none so easy, so short, and so secure; so much so that if they were deprived of it they would

not only be shut out from the Continent, but also from the commerce and intercourse of the world. They would consequently lose what is essentially necessary for the existence of a country, and become dependent upon the will and pleasure of other sovereigns, in availing themselves of their ports, besides having to encounter a more distant, more hazardous, and more expensive passage; whereas, by way of Calais, which is directly opposite to the harbor of Dover, distant only about thirty miles, they can, at any time, without hinderance, even in spite of contrary winds, at their pleasure, enter or leave the harbor—such is the experience and boldness of their sailors—and carry over either troops or anything else for warfare, offensive and defensive, without giving rise to jealousy and suspicion; and thus they are enabled, as Calais is not more than ten miles from Ardres, the frontier of the French, nor farther from Gravelines, the frontier of the imperialists, to join either the one or the other, as they please, and to add their strength to him with whom they are at amity, in prejudice of an enemy.

“For these reasons, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that, besides the inhabitants of the place, who are esteemed men of most unshaken fidelity, being the descendants of an English colony settled there shortly after the first conquest, it should also be guarded by one of the most trusty barons which the King has, bearing the title of deputy, with a force of five hundred of the best soldiers, besides a troop of fifty horsemen. It is considered by everyone as an impregnable fortress, on account of the inundation with which it may be surrounded, although there are persons skilled in the art of fortification who doubt that it would prove so if put to the test. For the same reason Guines is also reckoned impregnable, situated about three miles more inland, on the French frontier, and guarded with the same degree of care, though, being a smaller place, only by a hundred fifty men, under a chief governor. The same is done with regard to a third place, called Hammes, situated between the two former, and thought to be of equal importance, the waters which inundate the country being collected around.”

Ninety years later Calais was regarded in a very different light: “Now it is gone, let it go. It was but a beggarly town,

which cost England ten times yearly more than it was worth in keeping thereof, as by the accounts in the exchequer doth plainly appear."

The expedition against Calais was undertaken upon a report of the dilapidated condition of the works and the smallness of its garrison. It was not "an impregnable fortress," as Micheli says it was considered. The Duke of Guise commenced his attack on January 2d, when he stormed and took the castle of Ruysbank, which commanded the approach by water. On the 3d he carried the castle of Newenham bridge, which commanded the approach by land. He then commenced a cannonade of the citadel, which surrendered on the 6th. On the 7th the town capitulated. Lord Wentworth, the Governor, and fifty others remained as prisoners. The English inhabitants, about four thousand, were ejected from the home which they had so long colonized, but without any exercise of cruelty. "The Frenchmen," say the chroniclers, "entered and possessed the town; and forthwith all the men, women, and children were commanded to leave their houses and to go to certain places appointed for them to remain in, till order might be taken for their sending away.

"The places thus appointed for them to remain in were chiefly four, the two churches of Our Lady and St. Nicholas, the deputy's house, and the stable, where they rested a great part of that day and one whole night and the next day till three o'clock at afternoon, without either meat or drink. And while they were thus in the churches and those other places the Duke of Guise, in the name of the French King, in their hearing made a proclamation charging all and every person that were inhabitants of the town of Calais, having about them any money, plate, or jewels to the value of one groat, to bring the same forthwith, and lay it down upon the high altars of the said churches, upon pain of death; bearing them in hand also that they should be searched. By reason of which proclamation there was made a great and sorrowful offertory.

"While they were at this offertory within the churches, the Frenchmen entered into their houses and rifled the same, where were found inestimable riches and treasures; but especially of ordnance, armor, and other munitions. Thus dealt the French

with the English in lieu and recompense of the like usage to the French when the forces of King Philip prevailed at St. Quentin; where, not content with the honor of victory, the English in sacking the town sought nothing more than the satisfying of their greedy vein of covetousness, with an extreme neglect of all moderation."

Within the marches of Calais the English held the two small fortresses of Guines and Hammes. Guines was defended with obstinate courage by Lord Grey, and did not surrender till January 20th. His loss amounted to eight hundred men. From Hammes the English garrison made their escape by night.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH

A.D. 1558-1603

HENRY R. CLEVELAND

Elizabeth's reign has been regarded by many writers as the most glorious period of England's career. There were no great land battles fought by English troops; but at sea those famous rovers, half pirates, Drake, Raleigh, and their like, definitely established that maritime supremacy which has ever since been their country's proudest boast. Moreover, the intellectual awakening of England which had taken place in the time of Henry VII and Henry VIII now bore fruit in a glorious literary outburst, which has made the Elizabethan Age the envy and despair of more recent literary periods.

There were clearly marked causes for this brilliant and patriotic era. The indiscriminate marriages of Henry VIII had thrown more than a shadow of doubt upon the legitimacy of every one of his children. On his death he was succeeded, without serious dispute, by his only son, Edward VI. Edward did not live to manhood, but during his short reign his guardians pushed the land far in the direction of Protestantism. Unfortunately they plundered the common people cruelly and persecuted, though only in two cases to the point of burning, both Catholics and the more extreme Protestants.

The early death of Edward left no male heir to the royal house. For the first time in English history there were none but women to claim the crown. Moreover, of these at least four had some show of right. They were Mary, the Catholic daughter of King Henry's first wife, and Elizabeth, his Protestant daughter by Anne Boleyn. Or, if both these were to be considered illegitimate, then came their cousins, Mary Stuart, descended from one of Henry's sisters, and Lady Jane Grey, from another. The friends of Lady Jane tried to raise her to the throne, but only succeeded in bringing her to the scaffold. The Catholic, Mary, was declared the rightful queen and ruled England for five years, during most of which she kept her half-sister Elizabeth in prison.

Queen Mary was devoted to her religion. The fires which had burned in Henry's time were kindled again, but now for the torture of Protestants, bishops, and men of mark. Mary wedded the Catholic king and cruel fanatic Philip II of Spain, the most powerful monarch of Europe; so that only to her death and the reign of the persecuted Elizabeth could Protestant Englishmen look for relief. Thus the accession of the learned

and coquettish Elizabeth brought far more than a mere promise of youth and pleasure; it was a bursting of the fetters of fear.

THE age of Elizabeth was preëminently distinguished by the operation of just principles, of generous sentiments, of elevated objects, and of profound piety. Elizabeth, it is true, was vindictive, arbitrary, and cruel. Two prevailing sentiments filled her mind and chiefly influenced her conduct throughout life. The first of these was the idea of prerogative. Any assumption of rights, any freedom of debate, any theological discussion or profession of sentiments which seemed to infringe on the sacred limits of royalty was sure to be visited with her severest wrath. She detested the Puritans, from whom she had suffered nothing, but whose republican spirit appeared to her at war with royalty in the abstract, far more than the papists, by whom her life had been made a life of danger and suffering, but who respected forms and ceremonies, and whose system encouraged reverence for the powers that be and loyal sentiment toward the person whom they regarded as the lawful sovereign. Nothing but the earnest entreaties of Cecil and the imminent danger of a French invasion could induce her to give assistance to the Scottish Protestants when they were persecuted by the Queen Regent. And even her hatred of Mary could not prevent her taking sides with that ill-fated Princess when the "Congregation" claimed the right of trying their sovereign for alleged crimes, after having deposed and imprisoned her.

The other sentiment which in no small degree influenced the conduct of the great Queen was her excessive fondness for admiration as a woman. She filled her solitary throne with a dignity and a majesty which could not be surpassed; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of a character which should have strength and impetuosity enough, even if marriage could have given the right, to overawe her lion-like spirit and assume the reins of government in defiance of her will. Certain it is that no such prince then lived. But while the *queen* resolutely excluded all human participation in the lonely eminence on which she stood, the *woman* was constantly claiming the tribute of sympathy and admiration. Her eager desire was to be a heroine, a beauty, the queen of hearts, cynosure of gallants' eyes; to reign supreme in the court of love and chivalry; to be

the watchword and war-cry of the knight and the theme of the troubadour.

Here was the source of the unbounded flattery which was lavished upon her by courtiers, even to the latest years of her life, and which appears to have at times actually deceived her, in spite of her extraordinary penetration. To this sentiment are owing nearly all of the few instances of disaster and disappointment which occurred during her splendid reign. She preferred to risk the safety of her allies, and the cause of Protestantism on the Continent, rather than to refuse the command of her troops to her favorite, who had entreated it. To gratify another favorite and insure his glory she forgot her habitual economy, levied an army larger than she had ever supported, except at the time of the invasion, and sent it to Ireland under the command of a man who was utterly unfit for the place. And when, beset by enemies, harassed by defeat, and overwhelmed with shame, the impetuous and noble-hearted Essex rushed into the presence of majesty as a lover would have sought his mistress, her woman's heart forgave him all. Had this frame of mind continued, had not the resumed majesty of the queen condemned what the woman forgave, the world would have been spared the consummation of one of the most mournful tragedies in history, and the last days of Elizabeth might have been serene and happy, instead of being tortured with anguish and despair.

The former of these sentiments made her an object of dread, the latter of ridicule; and both conspired to render her tyrannical. But she was not a tyrant in the full sense of the word. She never acted upon the nation with that degrading influence which is always the attendant of selfish, cold-hearted, and perfidious tyranny; she never had the power, and we doubt if she ever had the wish, to make slaves of her people. She understood the English character; she comprehended, appreciated, and admired its nobleness; and she had sagacity enough to see that this very character constituted her chief glory. A thorough and hearty affection subsisted between her and her people; an affection which was increased and cemented by many circumstances of a nature not to be forgotten. As a nation, England had been persecuted, distressed, and trampled upon during the reign of Mary. The party which triumphed in the ascendancy of the Roman

Catholic religion was small; the great majority of the people were not very zealous in favor of one side or the other; they had been ready to welcome Protestantism under Edward VI, and they were not disposed to fight against the Church of Rome under Mary. The number of zealous papists, they who were in favor of the rack and the stake, was not more than a thirtieth part of the nation. The other twenty-nine parts, though perhaps nearly equally divided on the question of religion, condemned alike the bigotry of their melancholy sovereign and looked on with sorrowful indignation while the bloody Mary, assisted by a few narrow-minded bigots, was carrying on the infernal work of persecution. It was a sorrow and a shame to all true Englishmen, whether Catholic or Protestant; and the hated Philip felt the effects of their vengeance till the day of his death.

In these times of tribulation there was one who shared in the common danger, suffering, and humiliation, and who, from the exalted rank which she occupied, and the station to which she seemed destined, was peculiarly an object of distrust and alarm to the bigots, who were exulting in their day of power. The gloom which overhung the whole country equally surrounded her; the fires of Smithfield and Oxford were kindled for her terror as for the terror of the people. She had been made to pass through that sorrowful passage from which few ever returned alive, the Traitor's Gate in the Tower of London.

Her course was one and the same with that of the entire English nation; and the only light which shone upon the darkness, the only hope that cheered the universal despondency, the dependence of all real patriots, the trust of all friends of truth, and the pride of all free and honorable men were centred in the prison of Elizabeth.

There is no bond so strong as the bond of common perils and sufferings; and, when the young Princess ascended the throne, it was amid the thankful acclamations of a liberated and happy people, who loved her for the dangers she had shared with them, and for whom she entertained the interest and affection due to fellow-sufferers. This feeling was prolonged in an uncommon manner throughout her reign; for it so happened that there was no danger which threatened the Queen during her whole life

that was not equally formidable to the people. So difficult was the question of succession that the prudent Burleigh never ventured to express his mind upon the subject, and carried down to the grave the secret of his opinion. Any change would have been for the worse; as it would either have plunged the nation into a civil war or have placed a Roman Catholic prince on the throne. The dangers which menaced the crown of Elizabeth were alike formidable to the cause of freedom in England and of the Protestant religion in Europe. The invasion of England, which was attempted by the French under the Queen Regent of Scotland, and afterward the gigantic preparations of Philip, foreboded more than the ordinary horrors of an offensive warfare. These enemies came with the stake and the fagot in their hands; they came not merely to invade, but to convert; not merely to conquer, but to persecute; they were stimulated not merely by ambition, but by bigotry; they were prepared not merely to enslave, but to torture. It was therefore not a matter of indifference to the English nation whether Elizabeth were to be their queen or whether some other prince should ascend the throne. In her reign, and hers alone, they saw the hope of peace, freedom, and prosperity. Never, therefore, were nation and ruler more closely and firmly knit together.

The sentiment of loyalty, consequently, was never more sincere and enthusiastic in the hearts of Englishmen than at that period. To the nation at large the Queen really appeared what the flattery of her courtiers and poets represented her. She was to them, in truth, the Gloriana of Fairyland; the magnificent, the undaunted, the proud descendant of a thousand years of royalty, and the "Imperial Votress." She was only a tyrant within the precincts of the court. There she reigned, it is true, with more than oriental despotism; and she seems to have delighted occasionally in torturing mean spirits by employing them upon such thankless offices as their hearts revolted from, though they had not the courage to refuse them. But beyond the immediate circle of the palace she was the queen and the mother of her people. To the nation at large, too, she was equally a heroine, a beautiful idol enshrined in their hearts. Living on "in maiden meditation fancy-free," rejecting the proposals of every prince, disregarding the remonstrances of her subjects,

where marriage was spoken of, there was something in the very unapproachableness of her state which both commanded the respect and excited the imagination of her people. As a woman, they regarded her just as she wished them to regard her, as the throned Vestal, the watery Moon, whose chaste beams could quench the fiery darts of Cupid. She was to them, in fact, the Belphebe of Spenser, "with womanly graces, but not womanly affections—passionless, pure, self-sustained, and self-dependent"; shining "with a cold lunar light and not the warm glow of day." This feeling was increased by the spirit of chivalry which still lingered in English society, and, like the setting sun, poured a flood of golden light over the court.

The incense, then, that was offered to the Queen by such men as Spenser, Raleigh, Essex, Shakespeare, and Sidney, the most noble, chivalrous, and gifted spirits that ever gathered round a throne, is not to be judged of as the flattery which cringing courtiers pay to a dreaded tyrant; but rather as the outpouring of a general enthusiasm, the echo of the stirring voice of chivalry, and the expression of the feelings of a devoted yet free people.

An age of tyranny is always an age of frivolity, of heartless levity, of dwarfish objects and pursuits, of dreadful contrasts—laughter amid mourning, rioting and wantonness amid judgments and executions; dancing and music at the hour of death. Such was the frivolity of the days of Nero; such was the mirth of the "death-dance" in the days of Robespierre. Nothing like this sickly and appalling joy could be seen in the times of Elizabeth. There were masques and balls and tournaments at the court, and gay revels as the stately Queen went from castle to castle, and palace to palace, in her visits to her princely subjects. But such amusements did not form the chief object or occupation of the court of Elizabeth. The Queen, and those who had grown up with her, had passed through too many dangers and witnessed too much suffering to allow them to become frivolous or very light-hearted. They had lived among scenes of cruelty, persecution, and death. Their childhood had witnessed the successive horrors of the reign of Henry VIII, and their youth had suffered from the bloody fanaticism of Mary. Sorrow

and tribulation had overspread the morning of their life like a cloud.

Miss Aikin, in the beginning of her charming work upon the court of Queen Elizabeth, has described the gorgeous procession which filed along the streets of London at the baptism of the infant princess. The same picture also forms the closing scene of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*. As we look upon the gay and splendid train, marching in their robes of state, beneath silken canopies, and then glance our eye along the map of history till we trace almost every actor in the pageant to a bloody grave, we can scarcely believe that it is a scene of joy and festivity that we are witnessing. The angel of death seems to hover over them; there is something dreadful in their rejoicing; their gaudy robes, their mantles, their vases, their fringes of gold, assume the sable hue of the grave; and, instead of a baptismal train, it seems like a funeral procession descending to the tomb.

The mournful scenes which the generation which grew up with Elizabeth had been compelled to witness, and the terror in which most of the leading characters in her reign had passed their youth, had undoubtedly tended to sober their minds and induce them to reflect much upon the great and solemn duties of life. The character of the age was stamped with the dignity which hallows tribulation, and with the force and nerve which the habitual contemplation of danger rarely fails to confer. The same causes undoubtedly promoted the religious spirit which prevailed. While bigotry and fanaticism appeared in a small portion of the nation, it is certain that the age of Elizabeth was marked by the general diffusion of a spirit of deep devotion. There was enough of chivalry left to keep alive the fervor which prevailed at an earlier period, and enough of intelligence to temper this fervor into rational religion. The feeling of shame at professing faith and devoutness was the growth of a later day; it was unknown in those times. The gayest courtier that chanted his love-song in the ear of the high-born maiden, and the gravest statesman who debated at the table of the privy council, were alike penetrated with devotional sentiment, and alike ready to offer up prayers and thanksgiving to the Most High. We are perfectly aware that the outward signs of piety displayed by a few principal characters are not a faithful index of the state of

religion at any period. It is not fair to infer, because Elizabeth devoutly commended herself to the care of the Almighty when forsaken, friendless, an orphan, alone, and helpless, she was landed at the foot of the Traitor's Stairs in the Tower of London, or because she returned to the same gloomy fortress when a triumphant queen, to offer up her praise and gratitude to God for his marvellous mercies, that she lived in a pious age. Neither are we to regard it as a sure indication of the prevailing spirit, when Burleigh solemnly commends his son to the Almighty in his letter of advice; when the chivalrous Sidney is found composing a prayer, which, for solemnity, grandeur, and devotion, is scarcely surpassed in the English liturgy; when the adventurous Raleigh displays an amount of knowledge on sacred subjects that might be the envy of an Oxford professor of theology, or when the city of London presents to the young Queen, on the day of her coronation and in the midst of her glittering pageantry, the Bible, as the most appropriate and acceptable offering.

These are not certain signs of a religious age; but they would pass for something at any period, even if they were mere hypocrisy. They would show that religion was held in such respect and by so numerous a class somewhere, as to make it worth while for the Queen and her court to assume at least the outward badges of piety. But they have additional force when we reflect at the same time that, at the period when they were manifested, the Reformation was making a gradual but sure progress in England; that the question of religion occupied every intelligent mind and affected the interests of every family; that the lives and fortunes of millions, the fate of kingdoms, and the progress of intellectual freedom throughout the civilized world were inseparably connected with the cause of Protestantism.

If bigotry and fanaticism had been prevalent in England, and the opposing party of Romanist and Reformer nearly equal, there would have been witnessed in that country during the sixteenth century a succession of atrocities and horrors compared with which the wars of the white and red roses were bloodless. If, on the other hand, the great mass of the nation had been indifferent, with regard not merely to forms, but to religion itself, we should not have seen the outward show of piety in the high-

est ranks; we should not have seen a house of commons legislating in favor of Edward's liturgy, and a nation turning to worship in their vernacular tongue. Nothing but a widely diffused spirit of piety can account for the character of those miracles of literature which made the days of Elizabeth glorious, and which are stamped with nothing more strongly than their deep and wise religion.

Moreover, in the age of Elizabeth, England was more distinguished for patriotism than any nation in civilized Europe. On the Continent the feeling of nationality was absorbed, and the distinction of language, laws, and country absolutely lost, in the zeal for religious belief. Nations, which for centuries had been enemies, were found leagued against their natural allies; inhabitants of the same state were divided, and at war with each other; the prophecy was literally fulfilled that "the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son, and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." "The Palatine," says Schiller, "now forsakes his home to go and fight on the side of his fellow-believer of France, against the common enemy of their religion. The subject of the King of France draws his sword against his native land, which had persecuted him, and goes forth to bleed for the freedom of Holland. Swiss is now seen armed for battle against Swiss, and German against German, that they may decide the succession of the French throne on the banks of the Loire or the Seine. The Dane passes the Eider, the Swede crosses the Baltic, to burst the fetters which are forged for Germany."

Nothing of this kind was seen in England. The number of Catholics who preferred the triumph of their party to the welfare of their country was too small to be of any consideration. A few fanatics in the college at Rheims, and a few romantic champions of the unhappy Queen of Scots, were the only domestic enemies whom Elizabeth had to fear. With a great majority of the Romanists, the love of country prevailed over all religious distinctions; and, when the invasion was threatened by Philip, they united cordially with the Protestants in the defence of their native land; they enlisted as volunteers in the army and navy; they equipped vessels at their own charge, armed their tenants

and vassals, encouraged their neighbors and prepared, heart and hand, for a desperate resistance of the common foe.

The energies of the nation were naturally brought into vigorous action by the great objects, interests, and enterprises which the times presented. The effects of the Reformation were felt just enough to produce a bold and free exercise of thought, without kindling the passions to fierce excitement. The storm which burst with all its fury on the Continent, wrapping nations in the flames of civil war, prostrating, withering, and overwhelming civil institutions, and marking its path with desolation did but exert a salutary influence in England. The lightning was seen flashing in the distant horizon, the rolling thunder could be heard afar off, but the fury of the storm fell at a distance; the atmosphere was purified and the soil refreshed, and the rainbow was glittering in the heavens.

Never in the history of England had there been a time when energy and wisdom were more needed than that period. The nation was compelled, by irresistible force of circumstances, to stand forth as the champion of Protestantism. The eyes of all civilized countries were fixed upon her; some, with imploring looks; some, glaring upon her with jealousy, fierceness, and settled hatred. Enemies were springing up, with whom peace was hopeless. A popish princess was heir to the throne of Scotland, with a powerful ally ready to support her pretensions to the English crown. On the Continent were allies, whom England was compelled to support at the risk of a war with the mightiest empire that had risen since the fall of Rome. And an armament was preparing for the invasion of Britain, of an extent that seemed to render resistance hopeless, by a monarch whose resources appeared inexhaustible, while Ireland was in open rebellion and ready to receive the Spanish fleets into her ports.

From all these difficulties and impending calamities, the nation gathered a harvest of glory that alone would make her name famous forever. It is with a feeling of joy and exultation that we trace the history of England during these years of terror and of triumph. We behold her extricating herself from embarrassments that seemed endless, and turning them into the means of safety; encouraging and supporting her allies without

exhausting her own resources, and finally crushing the vast engines which were put into operation for her destruction.

The blood quickens in our veins, as we read of the wisdom and the sublime moral courage, of the daring adventure, the romantic enterprise, the chivalrous bravery, and the brilliant triumphs of that age of great men. We see Cecil and Wotton negotiating with Scotland so wisely as to win the confidence and affection of that nation, and to destroy the influence of France in that country forever; Walsingham, fathoming the secrets of the French court, or watching in silence, but certainty, the progress of conspiracies at home, and crushing them on the eve of maturity; the Queen, with a prudence which seems almost sublime, rejecting a second time the proffer of the sovereignty of Holland; Drake, circumnavigating the earth, and returning laden with the spoils of conquered fleets and provinces; Cavendish, coming up the Thames to London, with sails of damask and cloth of gold, and his men arrayed in costly silks; Lancaster, dashing his boats to pieces on the strand of Pernambuco, that he might leave his men no alternative but death or victory; Raleigh, plunging into the fire of the Spanish galleots, and fighting his way through overwhelming numbers, with a courage that rivalled the incredible tales of chivalry, planting colonies in the pleasantest vales of the New World, or ascending the Orinoco in search of the fabled Dorado; Sidney, gallantly returning from battle on his war-horse, though struggling with the agony of his death-wound, and giving the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier, with those noble words which would alone be enough to preserve his memory forever; Essex, tossing his cap into the sea for very joy when the command is given, in compliance with his earliest entreaties, for the assault on Cadiz, and with that failing of memory so becoming to a brave man, forgetting the cautions of his sovereign, and rushing into the thickest of the fight; the naval supremacy of England completely established by the defeat of the Armada, and the great deep itself made a monument of the nation's glory.

The boast of the age of Elizabeth was the splendid specimens of humanity which it produced. "There were giants in those days." Individuals seemed to condense in themselves the attainments of hosts. The accomplishments and prowess of the

men of those times inspire us with something like the feeling of wonder with which the soldier of the present day handles the sword of Robert Bruce, or the gigantic armor of Guy of Warwick. When we read the beautiful verses "addressed to the author of the *Faerie Queene*," by Raleigh, it is difficult to believe that they were penned by the same person whose system of tactics was adopted so triumphantly at the Spanish invasion; who was equally eminent as a general, a seaman, an explorer, and a historian; and who shone unsurpassed for knightly graces and accomplishments amid the stars of the court. Such instances were not rare and prodigious. Raleigh was not the Crichton of his age; if the compliment belongs to anyone peculiarly, it is Sidney; but as we read over the list of distinguished persons to whom Spenser addressed dedicatory stanzas to be "sent with the *Faerie Queene*," we become more and more at a loss to distinguish the greatest among them; and we could believe that many ages had been searched for so noble a catalogue.

The principles which formed society were precisely such as were best calculated for the finest developments of character. The old high, fervid spirit of chivalry was not lost; there were the same sense of honor, the same knightly bearing, the same passion for glory, and the same admiration for courage and prowess that had prevailed in the earlier days of its sway. But these were tempered by milder and more attractive virtues and accomplishments; the clerkly learning, which had held so humble a rank in the days when nobles could scarcely sign their names, had now risen into far higher estimation. Great warriors were now no longer ashamed to know how to read and write; on the contrary, the possession of learning and literature, the delicate arts of poetry and music, the graces of conversation and manners, were now as requisite to the full accomplishment of the knight, as his horsemanship, or his skill in the management of his lance. In a word, the sterner characteristics of the ancient knight were softened down, in the age of Elizabeth, into the more perfect and graceful attributes of the gentleman. The perfect gentleman was more completely exhibited in the days of Elizabeth than at any time before; for the chivalry and the accomplishments which were then united in the same individual,

had been formerly divided between the noble and the churchman or the clerk.

Were we called upon to characterize the age in which Spenser lived, by a single word, we could find none that would better express its combined attributes, than the word which the poet uses in describing his principal hero: "In the person of Prince Arthure," says he in his letter to Raleigh, "I set forth magnificence." The age of Elizabeth was distinguished by magnificence, in the highest sense of the word, by the most brilliant display of great qualities of all kinds; and the hero of the *Faerie Queene* seems to be the personification of the splendid attributes of the age. A prevailing sentiment, in the mind of Spenser, was the perfectness of character to which the gentlemen of his time aspired, and on this model he fashioned his hero. He observes that "the general end, therefore, of all the books is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in gentle and virtuous discipline." And again, "I labor to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was King, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve moral virtues." And as we read the gorgeous description of the prince, when he first meets the forsaken Una, we could fancy that the magnificent characteristics of the golden age of England had blended together, and blazed forth in one dazzling form before us.

JOHN KNOX HEADS THE SCOTTISH REFORMERS

A.D. 1559

P. HUME BROWN

THOMAS CARLYLE

In the year of Martin Luther's death (1546) Protestant doctrines were preached in Scotland by George Wishart. This reformer was burned at St. Andrew's, in the same year (March 12th), at the instigation of Cardinal Beaton. Two months later the Cardinal himself, who practically controlled the Scottish government, was murdered in the castle of St. Andrew's. Beaton's death was "fatal to the Catholic religion and to the French interest in Scotland." The interest of France was represented by the Queen Regent, Mary of Lorraine, also called Mary of Guise, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise. She was the widow of James V of Scotland, and mother of Mary Stuart, now four years old and living in France.

During his brief season of Protestant preaching, Wishart had deeply impressed a scholar, then forty years of age, who gave up his calling as teacher, and in 1547 began to preach the reformed religion at St. Andrew's. This was John Knox.

From this moment dates the birth of the Protestant Reformation in Scotland. Knox was imprisoned by the French (1547-1549), was released, and for two years preached at Berwick. For several years now he lived a life of many vicissitudes, partly in Great Britain and partly on the Continent, and by his sermons and writings powerfully influenced the growth of the Protestant faith. While at Geneva, where he was much influenced by Calvin, in 1558, he published his *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, a denouncement which brought him into bitter antagonism with the Queen Regent and with other Catholic authorities in England and France.

In 1559 the Queen Regent took active steps for repressing the Congregation, as the whole body of Scotch Protestants were called, and in the same year Knox returned once more to Scotland, there to perform a work which made his name perhaps second only to that of Luther among the personal forces of the Reformation.

The first of the following accounts shows Knox and his followers in the midst of their warfare against the Regent's repressive policy. In the second we have one of Carlyle's most fervent eulogies, for to him Knox is the priestly hero enacting a glorious part.

P. HUME BROWN

THE year 1559 began ominously for the success of the Queen Regent's policy of suppression. To this point national feeling and religious conviction had been the driving-forces of the coming revolution. But, as is the case in all national upheavals, there were likewise economic forces at work which were none the less potent because they were obscured behind the dramatic development of sensational events. A remarkable document, the author of which is unknown, gave striking expression to this aspect of the Scottish Reformation. It was entitled the *Beggars' Summons*, and purported to come from "all cities, towns, and villages of Scotland."

On January 1, 1559, this terrible manifesto, breathing the very spirit of revolution, was found placarded on the gates of every religious establishment in Scotland. The *Summons* begins as follows: "The blind, crooked, lame, widows, orphans, and all other poor visited by the hand of God as may not work, to the flocks of all friars within this realm, we wish restitution of wrongs past, and reformation in times coming, for salutation." It may be sufficient to quote the concluding passage of this extraordinary effusion, and it is a passage which should never be out of mind in any estimate of the forces that were about to effect the great cataclysm in the national life: "Wherefore, seeing our number is so great, so indigent, and so heavily oppressed by your false means that none taketh care of our misery, and that it is better to provide for these our impotent members which God hath given us, to oppose to you in plain controversy, than to see you hereafter, as ye have done before, steal from us our lodging, and ourselves in the mean time to perish and die for want of the same; we have thought good, therefore, ere we enter in conflict with you, to warn you in the name of the great God by this public writing, affixed on your gates where ye now dwell, that ye remove forth of our said hospitals betwixt this and the feast of Whitsunday next, so that we, the only lawful proprietors thereof, may enter thereto, and afterward enjoy the commodities of the Church which ye have heretofore wrongfully holden from us; certifying that if ye fail, we will at the said term, in whole number and with the help of God and

assistance of his saints on earth, of whose ready support we doubt not, enter and take possession of our said patrimony, and eject you utterly forth of the same. Let him, therefore, that before hath stolen, steal no more; but rather let him work with his hands, that he may be helpful to the poor."

The inflammatory statements of revolutionaries must be taken for what they are worth; but there is abundant evidence to prove that the above indictment of the national Church was not without foundation in fact. It has been computed that one-half of the wealth of the country was in possession of the clergy; and we have the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses to the unworthy uses to which it was put. Hector Boece, John Major, and Ninian Winzet were all three faithful sons of the Church, and all three cried aloud at the venality, avarice, and luxurious living of the higher clergy. "But now, for many years," wrote Major, "we have been shepherds whose only care it is to find pasture for themselves, men neglectful of the duties of religion. By open flattery do the worthless sons of our nobility get the governance of convents *in commendam*, and they covet these ample revenues, not for the good help that they thence might render to their brethren, but solely for the high position that these places offer." To the same effect Ninian Winzet wrote after the judgment had come. "The special roots of all mischief," he says, "be the two infernal monsters, pride and avarice, of the which unhappily has sprung the election of unqualified bishops and other pastors in Scotland."

This spectacle of the national Church, with its disproportionate wealth and its selfish, incompetent, and often degraded officials, could not but be a growing offence to the developing intelligence of the nation; and to quicken this feeling there were minor grievances which were an ancient ground of complaint on the part of the laity against their spiritual advisers. On every important event of his life the poor man was harassed by exactions which Sir David Lyndsay has so keenly touched in his *Satire of the Three Estates*. Says the Pauper in the interlude:

"Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
To tak thine ky, fra ane pure husbandman ?

And for my father, and for my wyfe and uther,
And the third cow, he tuke fra Mald my mother."

And Diligence replies:

"It is thair law, all that they have in use,
Tocht it be cow, sow, ganer, gryse, or guse."

If the poor had these grounds of discontent, the rich likewise had theirs; and they made bitter complaint against the protracted processes in the consistorial courts, and the frequent appeals to the Roman Curia, by which both their means and their patience were exhausted,

It was in the face of feelings such as these that, in the spring of 1559, the Queen Regent entered on her new line of policy toward her refractory subjects. Her first steps were taken with her usual prudence. A provincial council of the clergy was summoned to meet on March 1st for the express purpose of dealing with the religious difficulty. It was the last provincial council of the ancient Church that was to meet in Scotland; and, if the expression of its good intentions could have availed, the Church might yet have been saved. All that its worst enemies had said of its shortcomings was frankly admitted, and admirable decrees were passed with a view to a speedy and effective reform. But the hour had passed when the mere reform of life and doctrine would have sufficed to meet the desires of the new spiritual teachers. As was speedily to be seen, it was revolution and not reform on which these new teachers were now bent with an ever-growing confidence that their triumph was not far off. A double order issued by the Regent toward the end of March brought her face to face with the consequences of her changed policy. Unauthorized persons were forbidden to preach, and the lieges were commanded to observe the festival of Easter after the manner ordained by the Church. The preachers disregarded both edicts and were summoned to answer for their disobedience.

It was now seen that the Regent was no longer in the mood for temporizing; and the Congregation despatched two of their number, the Earl of Glencairn and Sir Hew Campbell, sheriff of Ayr, to deprecate her wrath. Their reception must have taught them that times were now changed since the days when the Regent deemed it necessary to conciliate their party. "In

despite of you and your ministers both," she told the two deputies, "they shall be banished out of Scotland, albeit they preached as truly as ever did St. Paul." When they reminded her of her previous promises, she replied in words that were never forgotten, and which her grandson, James VI, recalled and laid to heart in his own dealings with his subjects. "It became not subjects," she said, "to burden their princes further than it pleaseth them to keep the same." For a time, however, she consented to stay further action against the preachers. But, if she were to carry out the task she had undertaken, she must sooner or later make trial of her strength against what had now become actual rebellion. In Perth, Dundee, and Montrose the Protestant preachers, with the approval and countenance of the constituted authorities, openly proceeded with their work of spreading their new opinions. At length the Regent took the step which was to be the beginning of the end of the Catholic Church in Scotland. She summoned the preachers to appear before her at Stirling on May 10th, and on this occasion it was recognized by both parties that the moment for decisive action had come. To be ready for all contingencies, a numerous body of Protestant gentlemen from Angus and the Mearns, all, it is specially noted, "without armor," took up their quarters at Perth, where they were immediately joined by another contingent from Dundee. With this last body came John Knox, who on May 20th had finally returned to his native country.

All through their contest with the Regent, the Protestant leaders took up the position that they were acting in strict accordance with the law of the land. With the formidable following now at their back, they might have marched on Stirling and gained a temporary advantage by their show of strength. What they actually did was to send Erskine of Dun to the Regent to lay their demands once more before her. As she was not yet in a position to enforce her will, she again agreed to postpone action against the preachers. It was the misfortune of her position from the beginning of the struggle that Mary of Lorraine was driven to subtrefuges which made impossible any permanent understanding with her discontented subjects; and it was of evil omen for the success of her policy that she now

allowed herself to commit a serious breach of faith. In the teeth of her promise to Erskine, she proclaimed the preachers as outlaws when they failed to appear at Stirling on the day appointed for their trial. The news of the Regent's breach of faith was the immediate occasion of the first stroke in the Scottish Reformation. The day after the outlawry John Knox preached a sermon in the parish church of Perth, his theme being the idolatries of Rome, and the duty of Christian men to put an end to them. At the close of the sermon, when the majority of the audience had left the church, a priest proceeded to celebrate mass. A forward boy made a protesting remark; the priest struck him; the boy retaliated by throwing a stone which broke an image, and immediately the church was in an uproar. In a few moments not "a monument of idolatry" was left in the building. The news of these doings spread through the town, and the "rascal multitude" took up the work. There had been old quarrels between the town and the religious orders; and so early as 1543 a violent assault had been made on the Blackfriars' monastery. But on the present occasion the work done was at once more extensive and more thorough. The main onslaught was directed toward the monasteries of the Dominicans and the Franciscans and the Charterhouse Abbey; and within two days, says Knox, "the walls only did remain of these great edifications."

There was now no alternative but the sword, and both parties at once took action accordingly. In support of the French troops which were at her disposal, the Regent ordered levies from Clydesdale, Stirlingshire, and the Lothians to meet her at Stirling on May 24th. On their part the insurgents strengthened the defences of Perth—according to Buchanan, the only walled town in Scotland—and addressed themselves to their brethren in Ayrshire for instant succor. As they were now engaged in what might be construed as rebellion, they took steps to justify themselves in the eyes of the world. In three manifestoes, probably the work of Knox, they addressed respectively the Regent, D'Oysel, the French ambassador, and the whole Scottish nobility. In view of the past history of Scotland the insurgents could present a case which possessed sufficient plausibility. It had been the exception for the reign of

a Scottish king to pass without some more or less serious revolt on the ground of his alleged misgovernment. Even during the reign with which we are dealing, there had been a fair precedent for the late proceedings of the Congregation. At the outset of the reign, the Earl of Arran was giving away the country to England and to heresy; Beaton and the French party had taken up arms against him, and undone all his actions to which they objected. But as Mary of Lorraine was now governing the country, the danger of a French conquest was much more serious than had been the danger of conquest by England. On the ground that the state was in peril, therefore, there was ample justification for the action of the Protestant leaders. With regard to religion, the good of the commonwealth might easily be urged as a plea for the most drastic dealing with the national Church. By the admission of its own officials the Church had become a scandal, alike from the character of the clergy and its general neglect of its duties as a spiritual body. For at least a century the scandal had been growing; and good citizens had been forced to the conclusion that their accredited spiritual guides were either unable or unwilling to set their house in order.

But the time demanded deeds more than words. With a force of about eight thousand French and Scots, D'Oysel, the Regent's chief adviser, advanced to Auchterarder, some twelve miles from Perth. With this formidable force behind her, the Regent naturally expected that her rebellious subjects would be disposed to abate their demands. To learn what terms they would now be willing to accept, she sent to Perth the lord James Stewart, Lord Sempill, and the Earl of Argyle. They were told that the town would be surrendered if assurance were given of freedom of worship and security to the worshippers. As a reply to these demands, the Regent despatched the lyon king-of-arms to make proclamation that all should "avoid the toune under pane of treasone." At this moment, however, the Earl of Glencairn, at the head of a body of two thousand five hundred Ayrshire Protestants, made his way to within six miles of Perth. Thus checkmated, the Regent was again driven to a compromise; and on the conditions that she should quarter no French troops in the town, and grant perfect freedom of worship, the

gates were at length thrown open to her. Thus closed the first act of the drama of the Scottish Reformation.

This good understanding was of short duration. Again the action of the Regent gave rise to an accusation of broken pledges. She kept to the letter of the late compact, but she evaded its spirit. She did not quarter French troops in the town, but she occupied it with Scottish soldiers in French pay, and, in further disregard of her pledges, treated the Protestants with a harshness which gave rise to bitter complaint on the part of their leaders. Argyle and the lord James, the two most prominent of these leaders, had accompanied her into Perth (May 29th), but, indignant at these proceedings, they secretly quitted the town and at once took action to make good their protests. Summoning the Protestant gentlemen of Angus and the Mearns to meet them in St. Andrew's on June 3d, they proceeded to that town, as the best centre of action after Perth. In St. Andrew's as in Perth it is John Knox who is again the outstanding figure. Here his preaching was attended by the same notable results. The monasteries of the Dominicans and the Franciscans were practically demolished by the mob, and with the approval of the magistrates every church in the town was stripped of its ornaments. Meanwhile the Regent had not been idle, and was now at Falkland with a force led by D'Oysel and Châtelherault. Confident in their strength, those two leaders marched toward Cupar, with the intention of dealing with St. Andrew's. But again they discovered that they had miscalculated the resources of the insurgents. Issuing from St. Andrew's, with little over a hundred horse, Argyle and the lord James were speedily reënforced by contingents from Lothian and Fife, which raised their numbers to above three thousand men. Thus strengthened, they took up their position on Cupar Muir, and awaited the approach of the Regent's forces. But in number these forces were now inferior to those of the enemy; and, as many of the French soldiers were Huguenots and secretly sympathized with their fellow-believers, the issue of the battle could not but be doubtful. Again, therefore, there was no alternative for the Regent but to temporize. It was agreed that there should be a truce of eight days, that the Regent's forces now in Fife should be removed from that county, and that, during

the armistice, an attempt should be made to effect some permanent understanding.

The new arrangement proved as hollow as the first. In point of fact, it was borne in on both parties that the struggle had but begun, and that the sword only could end it. Already, therefore, both were looking for external support wherewith to crush their opponents. The very day after the compact at Cupar, D'Oysel wrote to the French ambassador in London that only a body of French troops could maintain the Regent's authority. On their part the Protestant leaders now entered on those negotiations with England which eventually led to results that gave Scotland definitely to Protestantism and united the destinies of the two nations. Meanwhile, however, the Regent and her revolted subjects had to fight their own battles. The truce effected nothing, and it had no sooner expired than hostilities recommenced. The first object of the leaders of the Congregation was to relieve their brethren in Perth, and on June 24th they sat down before that place in such numbers that it immediately and unconditionally surrendered. Perth, Dundee, and St. Andrew's were now in their hands; but, having gone thus far, their only hope lay in giving still further proof of the strength of their cause. It was reported that the Regent meant to stop their progress southward of Stirling bridge; but, before she could effect her object, they entered that town with the consent of the majority of the citizens. By June 29th they were in possession of the capital, whence Mary of Lorraine had fled to the castle of Dunbar.

The cause of the Congregation now appeared to be triumphant, but it contained elements of weakness of which everyone was aware and which speedily became manifest. The acts of violence which had attended the revolt were filling the law-abiding citizens with dismay. The destruction of church property in Perth and St. Andrew's had been followed by similar excesses elsewhere. Especially disquieting had been what had occurred at Scone immediately after the surrender of Perth. In defiance of the protests of Knox, the lord James, and Argyle, the reformers of Dundee had sacked and burned to the ground the abbey and palace of that village—an outrage which Knox himself regretted in the interest of his own cause. It was a

further source of weakness to the Congregation that their actions easily lent themselves to misconstruction and misrepresentation. The Regent industriously spread the plausible report both at home and abroad that their religious professions were a mere pretext, and that their real object was to overthrow herself and to make the lord James their king. But, above all, the nature of the host that supported them was such that it invariably failed them when their need was the greatest. The men who composed it had to leave their daily business in town and country; and, as they received no pay and their own affairs demanded their attention, their military service did not extend beyond a few weeks. The Protestant leaders had no sooner taken possession of Edinburgh than their following began to dwindle. During the first week their numbers amounted to over seven thousand men; by the third week they had diminished to one thousand five hundred. In these circumstances the Regent had only to bide her time, and her opportunity must come.

On July 23d her troops, led by D'Oysel and Châtelherault, marched on Leith, which they reached on the morning of the 24th. As had been anticipated, neither that town nor the capital itself was in a position to offer any effectual resistance; and the leaders of the Congregation at once proposed a conference for the discussion of terms. Accordingly, the Duke and the Earl of Huntly on the one side, and Argyle, the lord James, and Glencairn on the other, met on the east slope of the Calton hill and agreed to the following adjustment: The Congregation were to give up the coining-irons, of which they had taken possession, and they were to evacuate Edinburgh within twenty-four hours. The town was to be left free to choose its own religion; no French troops were to be introduced. The Protestants were to be allowed complete liberty of worship, but were to abstain from violence against the old religion, and these arrangements were to hold till the 10th of the following January. By this concession of liberty to worship according to their own consciences the Protestants had apparently attained the main object for which they had risen, but they well knew that they would enjoy this liberty only so long as they were strong enough to enforce it. On leaving Edinburgh, therefore, they proceeded to Stirling, where they came to an agreement as to their future plan of action.

As a necessary precaution for their immediate security, they entered into a bond of mutual defence and concerted counsels. Above all, they determined to spare no pains to win support from England, which, as itself now a Protestant country, could not look on with indifference while they were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with France and Rome.

An event that had lately happened gave a new impulse to French action in Scotland. On July 10th Henry II had been accidentally killed in a tournament; and Mary Stuart, the niece of the Guises, was now Queen of France. It was with greater zeal than ever, therefore, that the Guises sought to direct Scottish affairs according to their own interests. In the beginning of August the Protestant lords took a decided step: they sent John Knox to England with instructions that might serve as a basis of a treaty between England and the Congregation. The instructions were that if England would assist them against France, the Congregation would agree to a common league against that country. Knox only went as far as Berwick; but he brought home a letter containing a reply to the Protestant overtures from Elizabeth's secretary, Sir William Cecil. The reply was discouraging; but it contained a practical suggestion, by which, however, the Protestant leaders were either unwilling or unable to profit. If it was money they were in need of, Cecil told them, that need present no difficulty; if they would but do as Henry VIII did with the monasteries, they would have enough money and to spare. The English Queen was, in truth, in a position that demanded the wariest going. Two-thirds of her own subjects were Catholics, and it would be an evil example to set them if she were to assist rebels in another country. Moreover, the treaty of Cateau-Cambr sis, concluded in the previous April, debarred her from hostile demonstration against France. But the peril from French ascendancy in Scotland could not be ignored, and by the gradual pressure of events Elizabeth was driven to support a course which in her heart she abhorred. Shortly after Cecil's communication, the veteran diplomatist, Sir Ralph Sadler, came down to Scotland with a commission to effect a secret arrangement with the Protestant leaders, and brought with him three thousand pounds to distribute to the best of his wisdom.

What the Guises meant speedily became apparent. About the middle of August a thousand French soldiers landed at Leith; and, as they were accompanied by their wives and children, the object of their coming could not be misunderstood. If the leaders of the Congregation, therefore, were not to lose all the ground they had lately gained, a time for vigorous action had again come. As had been previously concerted, they met at Stirling on September 10th and took counsel as to their further action. Here they were joined by an ally who, by his rank and his claims, was of the first importance to their cause. This was the Earl of Arran, the eldest son of the Duke of Châtelherault, who, a few months previously, had been forced to flee from France by reason of his Protestant sympathies. The value of the new confederate was soon realized. Passing to Hamilton palace, the insurgent leaders there met the Duke himself, to whom they held out such alluring prospects that he openly identified himself with their cause. During these transactions at Hamilton, alarming news came of the doings of the Regent. It was reported that she was busily engaged in fortifying Leith—a proceeding, the Congregation maintained, in direct violation of the late treaty. Disregarding their protest, she steadily proceeded with the work; and, as she was strengthened by a new contingent of eight hundred French men-at-arms, her position by the middle of autumn was such as to excite alarm alike in Scotland and England. Again there was no arbitrament but by the sword.

On October 16th the insurgent leaders entered Edinburgh with the intention of laying siege to Leith, where the Regent had taken refuge as the safest place in the kingdom. One of their earliest steps was the most audacious they had yet taken. They formally deposed Mary of Lorraine from the regency, on the ground that she had ruled as a tyrant and was betraying the country to a foreign enemy. But they soon found that they had taken a task beyond their strength. Their force amounted to but eight thousand men, most of whom were "cuntrie fellows" with no experience in war, and whose service could not extend beyond a few weeks. To this undisciplined host was opposed a garrison of three thousand trained soldiers, with the command of the sea and intrenched in a town fortified after the best

military art of the time. Fortune, moreover, was against the Congregation from the first. A new instalment of one thousand pounds, secretly sent by Elizabeth, was cleverly seized by James, Earl of Bothwell, afterward the notorious helpmate of Mary Stuart. Their arms, also, met with no success. While a detachment of their troops was in pursuit of Bothwell, the enemy found their opportunity and made their way even into the streets of Edinburgh; and on November 25th the reformers sustained so severe a reverse that the capital was no longer a safe place for them. They had no money to pay the few mercenaries whom they had hired; the town was tired of them; and the earl Marischal, who had charge of the castle, held resolutely aloof.

As at the close of their previous rising, the leaders held a council at Stirling to determine their future policy; before they entered on their deliberations, Knox was called upon to preach a sermon—Knox, of whom it was said that he “put more life” into those who heard him “than five hundred trumpets continually blustering” in their ears. The deliberations that succeeded took a sufficiently practical shape. Young Maitland of Lethington, who had lately deserted the Regent for the Congregation, was despatched to England with offers that might induce Elizabeth to give direct support to the cause of Protestantism in Scotland. As to their own future action, the lords made the following arrangement: Châtelherault, Argyle, Glencairn, and the lords Boyd and Ochiltry were to make their head-quarters in Glasgow; while Arran, the lord James, the lords Rothes and Ruthven, and John Knox were to act from St. Andrew’s as their centre. Their counsels at an end, they separated with the intention of reassembling at Stirling on December 16th. They had thus tried two falls with the Regent, and in both they had been worsted: the third trial of strength was to have a different ending.

The Regent was not slow to follow up her advantage. She took possession of the capital two days after the Congregation had quitted it, and she tried hard, but in vain, to persuade the earl Marischal to surrender the castle. The arrival of fresh reënforcements from France at the beginning of December enabled her to abandon her defensive policy and to take decisive

measures for the suppression of revolt. On Christmas Day, while the Protestant lords were in council at Stirling, two detachments of her troops, commanded by D'Oysel, drove them precipitately from the town. Pursuing his advantage, D'Oysel despatched his troops across Stirling bridge into Fife, and he himself with another detachment crossed from Leith, apparently with the object of gaining possession of St. Andrew's. The task proved a hard one. At every step he was beset by the Scots under Argyle and the lord James. "The said Earl and Lord James," says Knox, "for twenty-one days they lay in their clothes; their boots never came off; they had skirmishing almost every day; yea, some days, from morn to even." Yet, in the teeth of all obstacles, D'Oysel steadily forced his way to within six miles of St. Andrew's, where Knox and his friends had all but abandoned hope. But unexpected deliverance was at hand. On January 23, 1560, a fleet of strange vessels appeared at the mouth of the Frith of Forth. As a French fleet had been expected for some weeks, D'Oysel concluded that his armament had come at last. He was soon undeceived. Under his eyes the strangers seized two ships bearing provisions from Leith to his own camp. The strange vessels were an advanced squadron of a fleet sent by Elizabeth to block the Frith of Forth against further succors from France. It was now D'Oysel who was in extremities; and before he found himself safe in Linlithgow he had vivid experience at once of the rigors of a Scotch winter and of the savage hate which his countrymen had come to inspire in the nation which for three centuries had called them friends and allies.

Meanwhile, the mission of Maitland to the English court was about to lead to one of the most notable compacts in the national history. At Berwick-on-Tweed, the lord James Stewart, Lord Ruthven, and three other Scottish commissioners met the Duke of Norfolk and concluded a treaty (February 27th) which was to insure the eventual triumph of the Congregation, to make Scotland a Protestant country, and at a later day a constituent part of a Greater Britain. The treaty was in effect a bond of mutual defence against France—Elizabeth having reluctantly consented that an English army should at once enter Scotland and assist the Congregation in driving the

French soldiery out of the country. While her revolted subjects were thus making strong their hands against her, fortune was otherwise deserting the cause of the Regent. A great French armament, which was to have brought over a force sufficient to crush all opposition, had been driven back by a succession of storms; and she herself was already stricken with the disease which was soon to carry her off. In these circumstances there was but one course open to her—to fall back on the policy of self-defence and patient waiting on events. After one somewhat wanton expedition against Glasgow and the Hamiltons, her troops finally (March 29th) retired within the fortifications of Leith, and she herself at her special request was received into the castle of Edinburgh.

On April 4th the English and Scottish hosts joined forces at Prestonpans, and on the 6th they sat down before Leith. The spectacle was one suggestive of many reflections; English and Scots, immemorial foes, were fighting side by side against the ancient friend of the one, the ancient enemy of the other. There could not be a more memorable illustration of the saying that "events sometimes mount the saddle and ride men." Even with their united strength the allies had a formidable task before them. At the outset of the siege the English amounted to about nine thousand men, the Scots to ten thousand; but before many weeks had gone, these numbers had dwindled to a half. With this force the English commander, Lord Gray, had to besiege a town defended by four thousand trained soldiers and fortified by the most skilful engineers of the time. Two severe reverses sustained by the allies prove that in discipline and skill they were no match for the enemy. On April 14th the French sallied from the town, and, breaking through the English trenches, slew two hundred men. A combined assault on the town (May 7th) was brilliantly repulsed—the English and Scots leaving eight hundred dead and wounded in the trenches. It was not long before all three parties were sick of the contest. The Guises had their hands full at home and needed every soldier they had; Elizabeth heartily disliked the task of assisting rebel subjects and grudged every penny that was spent in it; and the Congregation had never been in a position to support a protracted war.

The death of the Regent on June 10th must have quickened the desire of the Guises for peace; for where she had failed to effect their purposes no one else was likely to succeed. Alike by her own character and gifts and by the momentous policy of which she was the agent, Mary of Lorraine is one of the remarkable figures in Scottish history. It was her misfortune—a misfortune due to her birth and connections—that she found herself from the first in direct antagonism to the natural development of the country of her adoption, and that the circumstances in which she ruled were such as to bring into prominence the least worthy traits of the proud race from which she sprang. Yet in personal appearance, as in courage and magnificence, she was the true sister of Henry of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, “the Pope and King of France.” Construed to a larger and more charitable sense than that in which they were written, the words of Knox fitly enough sum up her career. She was “unhappy—to Scotland—from the first day she entered into it unto the day she finished her unhappy life.”

On June 16th commissioners arrived from England and France with powers to effect an arrangement between the contending parties. From England came Cecil and Dr. Wotton, Dean of Canterbury and York; and from France, Monluc, Bishop of Valence, and Charles de Rochefoucauld, Sieur de Randan. From the beginning, the French representatives gave it to be understood that any treaty that might be made was exclusively between England and France; the Congregation were rebel subjects with whom their prince could in no wise treat. After many difficulties that more than once threatened to put an end to further negotiations, a settlement was at length reached (July 6th). The final arrangement signally proved how hopeless the Guises were of their immediate prospects in Scotland. Mary and Francis were to desist from using the arms of England; no Frenchman was henceforth to hold any important office in Scotland; the fortifications of Leith were to be demolished; and the French soldiers, with the exception of one hundred twenty, were at once to be sent home in their own country. Till the return of Mary the government was to be intrusted to twelve persons, of whom she was to appoint seven and the estates five. In the treaty no arrangement was made regarding

religion; but, with the powers now placed at their disposal, there could be little doubt how the Protestant leaders would interpret the omission. Thus had Elizabeth and the Congregation gained every point for which they had striven; and their victory may be said to have determined the future, not only of Britain, but of Protestantism. So far as Scotland is concerned, the treaty of 'Edinburgh marks the central point of her history.

It now remained to be seen to what uses the Protestant party would put their victory. The simultaneous departure of the French and English troops relieved them from all restraint; and four days later the great deliverance was signalized by a solemn thanksgiving in the Church of St. Giles. For the effectual spreading of the Protestant doctrine, preachers were planted in various parts of the country—Knox being appointed to the principal charge in Edinburgh. But it was the approaching assembly of the estates to which all men were looking with hopes or fears, according to their desires and interests. The estates met on August 3d, but it was not till the 8th that the attendance was complete. It was to be the most important national assembly in the history of the Scottish people; and the numbers of the different classes who flocked to it showed that the momentous nature of the crisis was fully realized. Specially noteworthy was the crowd of smaller barons from all parts of the country. So unusual was the appearance of these persons that it had almost been forgotten that their right to sit as representatives dated from as far back as the reign of James I. A question raised, as to the legality of an assembly which met independently of the summons or the presence of the sovereign, was decisively set aside; and the House addressed itself to the great issues involved in the late revolution. The question of religion, as at the root of the whole controversy, took precedence of every other. The first proceeding showed the national instinct for the logical conduct of human affairs. The estates instructed the ministers to draw up a statement of Protestant doctrine, which might serve at once as a chart for their future guidance and a justification for their present and their future action. In four days the task (an easy one for Knox and his brother-ministers) was accomplished; and under twenty-five heads the

estates had before them what was henceforth to be the creed of the majority of the Scottish people. Article by article the Confession was read and considered, and, after a feeble protest by the bishops of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, approved and ratified by an overwhelming majority of the estates.

The way being thus cleared, the next step was the logical conclusion of all the past action of the Protestant leaders. In three successive acts, all passed in one day, it was decreed that the national Church should cease to exist. The first act abolished the jurisdiction of the Pope; the second condemned all practices and doctrines contrary to the new creed; and the third forbade the celebration of mass within the bounds of Scotland. The penalties attached to the breach of these enactments were those approved and sanctioned by the example of every country in Christendom. Confiscation for the first offence, exile for the second, and death for the third—such were to be the successive punishments for the saying or hearing of mass.

Thus apparently had Knox and his fellow-workers attained the end of all their labors; and it is instructive to compare the history of their struggle with the experiences of other countries where the same religious conflicts had successively arisen. In Germany the terrible Peasants' War had been the direct result of Luther's revolt from Rome; and in England the ecclesiastical revolution had been followed by the religious atrocities of Henry VIII, by the anarchy under Edward VI, and by the remorseless fanaticism of Mary Tudor. While the Congregation was in the midst of its struggles with Mary of Lorraine, Philip II was dealing with heresy in Spain. How effectually he dealt with it is one of the notable chapters in the histories of nations. Here it is sufficient to recall a single fact in illustration of the relative experiences of Scotland and Spain. In 1559 Philip and his court, amid the applause of a crowd of above two hundred thousand from all parts of Castile, sanctioned with their presence the burning at Valladolid of a band of persons, mostly women, accused of the crime of heresy. In France the appearance of a new religion had evoked passions, alike among the people and their rulers, which were to give that country an evil preëminence in the ferocity of national and individual action. The *chambre ardente*, the Edict of Châteaubriand (1551), the

massacre of Amboise (1560), the thirty years of intermittent civil war (1562-1592)—these were the events of frightful significance that mark the development of religious conflict in France. Compared with the tale of blood and confusion that has to be told of Germany, France, England, and Spain, the history of the Reformation in Scotland is a record of order and tranquillity.

What is thrust upon us by the narrative of events in Scotland is the singular moderation alike of the representatives of the old and the new religion. Heretics had been burned indeed, but the number was inconsiderable compared with that of similar victims in other countries; and, even in the day of their triumph, the Scottish Protestants, in spite of the stern threat of their legislation, were guiltless of a single execution on the ground of religion. What is still more striking is, that difference of faith begot no fanatical hate among the mass of the people. In France and Spain men forgot the ties of blood and country in the blind fury of religious zeal, but in Scotland we do not find town arrayed against town and neighbor denouncing neighbor on the ground of a different faith. That this tolerance was not due to indifference the religious history of Scotland abundantly proves. It was in the convulsions attending the change of the national faith that the Scottish nation first attained to a consciousness of itself, and the characteristics it then displayed have remained its distinctive characteristics ever since. It is precisely the combination of a fervid temper with logical thinking and temperate action that have distinguished the Scottish people in all the great crises of their history.

It soon appeared that the Protestant triumph was not so complete as it might have seemed. Those who saw furthest—and none was more keenly alive to the fact than Knox—were well aware that many a battle must yet be fought before the new temple they had built should stand secure against the assault of open enemies and equivocal friends. The inherent difficulties of the situation became speedily manifest. Mary and Francis refused to ratify the late measures—a fact, says Knox, “we little regarded or do regard.” What he did regard, however, was the continued alliance and support of England; and he was now to learn that, having attained her own objects,

Elizabeth was not disposed to be specially cordial in her future relations to the Protestants in Scotland. It had been for some time in the minds of the Protestant leaders that a marriage between Elizabeth and the Earl of Arran would be an excellent arrangement for both countries; and in October a commission was actually sent to make the proposal. The reply of Elizabeth was that "presently she was not disposed to marry." An important event made this rebuff additionally unwelcome: on December 5th, Francis II, the husband of Mary Stuart, unexpectedly died. Had her husband lived, Mary might have continued to live in France, which had been so long her home, and Scotland might have been left in large degree to settle its own affairs. Now the probability was that Mary would return to her own country, and with all the authority and prestige of a legitimate sovereign renew the battle that had been lost by her mother. It was, therefore, with gloomy forebodings that all sincere well-wishers to the Reformed Church in Scotland saw the close of this year of their apparent triumph.

If there were these apprehensions from enemies, there was likewise a growing alarm from the attitude of lukewarm and dubious friends. The sincerity and good faith of all who had taken part in the late revolution were about to be subjected to the most stringent of tests. By the enactments of the preceding year the ancient Church had been swept away; but the work of rearing a new edifice in its place still remained to be accomplished. With this object the Protestant ministers had been intrusted with the task of drafting a constitution for a new church which should take the place of the old. The ministers had discharged their trust, and the result of their labors was laid before the estates which met in Edinburgh on January 15, 1561.

The document presented to the estates was the famous *Book of Discipline*—the most interesting and in many respects the most important document in the history of Scotland. If any proof were needed that the revolt against the ancient Church was no ill-considered act of irresponsible men, we assuredly possess that proof in this extraordinary book. Though in its primary intention the scheme of its ecclesiastical polity, it is in fact the draft of a "republic," under which a nation

should live its life on earth and prepare itself for heaven. It not only prescribes a creed, and supplies a complete system of church government: it suggests a scheme of national education, it defines the relation of church and state, it provides for the poor and unable, it regulates the life of households, it even determines the career of such as by their natural gifts were especially fitted to be of service to church or state. As we shall see, the suggestions of the *Book of Discipline* were to be but imperfectly realized; yet, by defining the ideals and moulding the temper and culture of the prevailing majority of the Scottish people, it has been one of the great formative influences in the national development.

It was on this memorable document that the estates were now to sit in judgment. In the case of the Confession of Faith they had been practically unanimous; but that had been a mere statement of abstract doctrines which involved no question of worldly interests, and might be subscribed with a light heart and with any degree of spiritual conviction. With the *Book of Discipline* it was very different. The fundamental question that had to be answered in that book was the question of the "sustentation" of the new Church. The answer given was the most natural in the world: the reformed Church had an indisputable right to the entire inheritance of the Church it had displaced. There were, however, two formidable difficulties in the way of this claim. Without manifest injustice the ancient clergy could not be deprived wholesale of their means of subsistence. The second difficulty was also formidable. Of late years a considerable amount of Church property had passed into the hands of the nobles, barons, and gentry. Would these persons now be willing to lay their possessions at the feet of the ministers from whom they professed to have received the true Gospel? The proceedings of the convention left no doubt as to the answer. As in the preceding August, the assembly was a crowded one, but on this occasion there was no such unanimous action. "Some approved it, says Knox, "and willed the same have been set forth by law. Others, perceiving their carnal liberty and worldly commodity somewhat to be impaired thereby, grudged, insomuch that the name of *Book of Discipline* became odious unto them. Everything that repugned to their

corrupt affections was termed in their mocking 'devout imaginations.'"

After long and heated debates, no definite conclusion was reached. A large number of the nobles and barons, however, signed the *Book* as being "good and conformable to God's Word in all points"; but they signed it with a qualification that did them credit. The old clergy should be allowed to retain their livings on condition of their maintaining Protestant ministers in their respective districts. The denunciations of Knox have given an evil name to this convention of the estates, yet the act of spoliation to which he would have had them put their hands would have done little credit to a religion whose special claim was to have reproduced the purity and simplicity of the primitive gospel.

While the supporters of the Reformation were thus divided among themselves, the prospect of the Queen's approaching return was further confounding their counsels. That she must be their open or their secret foe, they could have no manner of doubt. Her character and opinions had been formed under the immediate supervision of her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine; and to the French Protestants the Cardinal was already known as "*le tigre de France*." As a Catholic and as a Queen, her natural desire must be to undo the work of the late revolution, which she could only regard as the work of rebels and heretics. "Whenever she comes," wrote Randolph, the English resident, "I believe there will be a mad world." Mary might prove to be as able as her mother, and she would possess many advantages over Mary of Lorraine in any contest with her subjects. She was the legitimate sovereign of the country; and, now that the immediate danger from France was removed by the death of her husband, there was no reason why the national party, as distinguished alike from Catholic and Protestant, should not return to its natural allegiance. Moreover, though, with the help of England, Protestantism had triumphed in the late trial of strength, the great majority in the country—nobles, barons, and commons—were still on the side of the old religion.

Even before her return Mary had clearly indicated the policy she intended to follow. In February she had sent deputies

to the estates to urge the renewal of the ancient league with France—a step which, at their meeting in May, the estates decisively refused to take, as being the virtual abandonment of their cause. In view of her imminent return, Mary's supporters began to bestir themselves in a fashion that boded ill for the future peace of the country. At Stirling the bishops met in council to consider their best policy; and we have it from one of their own number that they were acting in concert with the earls Huntly, Athol, Crawford, Marischal, Sutherland, Caithness, and Bothwell. As the result of their counsels, a proposal was sent to Mary which she had the prudence to reject in her own interest as well as in the interest of her kingdom. The proposal was that she should land at some point on the northern coast where the earls would be ready to support her with twenty thousand men. As a safer course for the immediate future, Mary chose the advice proffered to her by the party for the present in the ascendant. Through the lord James Stewart as their deputy, the Protestant leaders urged upon her the necessity of leaving religion as she would find it, and of adopting as her advisers the persons now at the head of affairs. When at length, on August 19, 1561, Mary landed at Leith, it appeared that at least for the time she was content to take things as she found them. That she would accept them as definitive, no one, and least of all John Knox, could so far delude himself as to believe.

THOMAS CARLYLE

In the history of Scotland I can find properly but one epoch: we may say, it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor, barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacres; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland at this day. Hungry, fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from these poor drudges; but obliged, as the Colombian Republics are at this day, to make of every alteration a revolution; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets: this is a historical spectacle of no very singular significance! "Bravery" enough, I doubt not; fierce fighting in

abundance, but not braver or fiercer than that of their old Scandinavian Sea-king ancestors, whose exploits we have not found worth dwelling on! It is a country as yet without a soul: nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now, at the Reformation, the internal life is kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes, kindles itself, like a beacon set on high; high as Heaven, yet attainable from Earth, whereby the meanest man becomes not a Citizen only, but a Member of Christ's visible Church; a veritable hero, if he prove a true man!

But to return: This that Knox did for his Nation, I say, we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price—as life is. The people began to *live*: they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch Literature and Thought, Scotch Industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. Or what of Scotland? The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. A tumult in the High Church of Edinburgh spread into a universal battle and struggle over all these realms; there came out, after fifty years' struggling, what we all call the "*Glorious Revolution*," a *Habeas Corpus* Act, Free Parliaments, and much else! Alas, is it not too true, that many men in the van do always like Russian soldiers, march into the ditch of Schweidnitz, and fill it up with their dead bodies, that the rear may pass over them dryshod, and gain the honor? How many earnest, rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor Peasant Covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, *bemired*—before a beautiful Revolution of Eighty-eight can step over them in official pumps and silk stockings, with universal three-times-three!

It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such a way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen! Had

he been a poor Half-and-half, he could have crouched into the corner, like so many others; Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million "unblamable" Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologize for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two hundred and fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we, for our own sake, ought to look through the rumors and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

For one thing, I will remark that this post of Prophet to his Nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents; had got a college education; become a priest; adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as Tutor in gentlemen's families; preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine: resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called to do it; not ambitious of more; not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty; was with the small body of Reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrew's Castle—when one day in their chapel, the preacher, after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, That there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak; which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had: had he not? said the preacher, appealing to all the audience: what then is *his* duty? The people answered affirmatively; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand up; he attempted

to reply; he could say no word; burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptized withal. He "burst into tears."

Our primary characteristic of a hero, that he is sincere, applies emphatically to Knox. It is not denied anywhere that this, whatever might be his other qualities or faults, is among the truest of men. With a singular instinct he holds to the truth and fact; the truth alone is there for him, the rest a mere shadow and deceptive nonentity. However feeble, forlorn the reality may seem, on that and that only *can* he take his stand. In the Galleys of the River Loire, whither Knox and the others, after their Castle of St. Andrew's was taken, had been sent as Galley-slaves—some officer or priest, one day, presented them an image of the Virgin Mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence. Mother? Mother of God? said Knox, when the turn came to him: This is no Mother of God: this is "a *pented bredd*"—a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped, added Knox; and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting there: but come of it what might, this thing to Knox was and must continue nothing other than the real truth; it was a *pented bredd*: worship it he would not.

He told his fellow-prisoners, in this darkest time, to be of courage; the Cause they had was the true one, and must and would prosper; the whole world could not put it down. Reality is of God's making; it is alone strong. How many *pented bredds*, pretending to be real, are fitter to swim than to be worshipped! This Knox cannot live but by facts: he clings to reality as the shipwrecked sailor to the cliff. He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic; it is the grand gift he has. We find in Knox a good, honest, intellectual talent, no transcendent one; a narrow, inconsiderable man, as compared with Luther: but in heartfelt, instinctive adherence to truth, in *sincerity*, as we say, he has no superior; nay, one might ask, what equal he has? The heart of him is of the true Prophet cast. "He lies there," said the Earl of Morton at his

grave, "who never feared the face of man." He resembles, more than any of the moderns, an old Hebrew Prophet. The same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid, narrow-looking adherence to God's truth, stern rebuke in the name of God to all that forsake truth: an old Hebrew prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh minister of the sixteenth century. We are to take him for that; not require him to be other.

Knox's conduct to Queen Mary, the harsh visits he used to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness, fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches, they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit! Knox was not there to do the courtier; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the Nation and Cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing, ambitious Guises, and the Cause of God trampled underfoot of falsehoods, formulas, and the Devil's Cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! "Better that women weep," said Morton, "than that bearded men be forced to weep." Knox was the constitutional opposition party in Scotland: the Nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless Queen; but the still more hapless Country, if *she* were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: "Who are you," said she once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?" "Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he. Reasonably answered! If the "subject" have truth to speak, it is not the "subject's" footing that will fail him here.

We blame Knox for his intolerance. Well, surely it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Yet, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance?

Tolerance has to tolerate the *un*essential; and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control, and vanquish withal. We do not "tolerate" Falsehoods, Thieveries, Iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false, thou art not tolerable! We are here to extinguish Falsehoods, and put an end to them, in some wise way! I will not quarrel so much with the way; the doing of the thing is our great concern. In this sense Knox was, full surely, intolerant.

A man sent to row in French Galleys, and suchlike, for teaching the Truth in his own land, cannot always be in the mildest humor! I am not prepared to say that Knox had a soft temper; nor do I know that he had what we call an ill temper. An ill nature he decidedly had not. Kind, honest affections dwelt in the much-enduring, hard-worn, ever-battling man. That he *could* rebuke Queens, and had such weight among those proud, turbulent Nobles, proud enough whatever else they were; and could maintain to the end a kind of virtual Presidency and Sovereignty in that wild realm, he who was only "a subject born within the same": this of itself will prove to us that he was found, close at hand, to be no mean, acrid man; but at heart a healthful, strong, sagacious man. Such alone can bear rule in that kind. They blame him for pulling down cathedrals, and so forth, as if he were a seditious, rioting demagogue: precisely the reverse is seen to be the fact, in regard to cathedrals and the rest of it, if we examine! Knox wanted no pulling-down of stone edifices; he wanted leprosy and darkness to be thrown out of the lives of men. Tumult was not his element; it was the tragic feature of his life that he was forced to dwell so much in that. Every such man is the born enemy of Disorder; hates to be in it: but what then? Smooth Falsehood is not Order; it is the general sum total of *Disorder*. Order is *Truth*—each thing standing on the basis that belongs to it: Order and Falsehood cannot subsist together.

Withal, unexpectedly enough, this Knox has a vein of drollery in him; which I like much, in combination with his other qualities. He has a true eye for the ridiculous. His *History*, with its rough earnestness, is curiously enlivened with this.

When the two Prelates, entering Glasgow Cathedral, quarrel about precedence; march rapidly up, take to hustling one another, twitching one another's rochets, and at last flourishing their crosiers like quarter-staves, it is a great sight for him everywhere! Not mockery, scorn, bitterness alone; though there is enough of that too. But a true, loving, illuminating laugh mounts up over the earnest visage; not a loud laugh; you would say, a laugh in the *eyes* most of all. An honest-hearted, brotherly man; brother to the high, brother also to the low; sincere in his sympathy with both. He had his pipe of Bourdeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his; a cheery social man, with faces that loved him! They go far wrong who think that this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all: he is one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious-hopeful, patient; a most shrewd, observing, quietly discerning man. In fact, he has very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present: a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him; insight enough; and a stouter heart than he himself knows of. He has the power of holding his peace over many things which do not vitally concern him—"They? what are they?" But the thing which does vitally concern him, that thing he will speak of; and in a tone the whole world shall be made to hear: all the more emphatic for his long silence.

This Prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man! He had a sore fight of an existence; wrestling with Popes and Principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering as an exile. A sore fight: but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, "pointed upward with his finger," and so died. Honor to him! His works have not died. The letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it never.

One word more as to the letter of Knox's work. The unforgivable offence in him is, that he wished to set-up Priests over the head of Kings. In other words, he strove to make the Government of Scotland a *Theocracy*. This indeed is properly the sum of his offences, the essential sin; for which what pardon can there be? It is most true, he did, at bottom, consciously or unconsciously, mean a Theocracy, or Government of God. He

did mean that Kings and Prime Ministers, and all manner of persons, in public or private, diplomatizing or whatever else they might be doing, should walk according to the Gospel of Christ, and understand that this was their Law, supreme over all laws. He hoped once to see such a thing realized; and the Petition, *Thy Kingdom come*, no longer an empty word. He was sore grieved when he saw greedy, worldly Barons clutch hold of the Church's property; when he expostulated that it was not secular property, that it was spiritual property, and should be turned to *true* churchly uses, education, schools, worship; and the Regent Murray had to answer, with a shrug of the shoulders, "It is a devout imagination!" This was Knox's scheme of right and truth; this he zealously endeavored after, to realize it. If we think his scheme of truth was too narrow, was not true, we may rejoice that he could not realize it; that it remained, after two centuries of effort, unrealizable, and is a "devout imagination" still. But how shall we blame him for struggling to realize it? Theocracy, Government of God, is precisely the thing to be struggled for! All Prophets, zealous Priests, are there for that purpose. Hildebrand wished a Theocracy; Cromwell wished it, fought for it; Mahomet attained it. Nay, is it not what all zealous men, whether called Priests, Prophets, or whatsoever else called, do essentially wish, and must wish? That right and truth, or God's law, reign supreme among men, this is the Heavenly Ideal (well named in Knox's time, and namable in all times, a revealed "Will of God") toward which the Reformer will insist that all be more and more approximated. All true Reformers are by nature of them Priests, and strive for a Theocracy.

MARY STUART: HER REIGN AND EXECUTION

A.D. 1561-1587

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Apart from the peculiar interest of her own life and reign, Mary Stuart is an important personage as having been the mother of the first sovereign of the Stuart line in England (James I).

Historical critics take widely differing views of the conduct and character of the Queen of Scots, both in her individual life and her relation to public affairs. In the complications then involving the political and religious organizations of Europe, the play and counter-play of motives are difficult to follow, and just discrimination becomes at times almost impossible.

In like manner, the troublous times in which Mary Stuart was called to act her part rendered her own way intricate and uncertain. A devotee of the Catholic faith, she was placed upon the throne of Scotland at the very hour when that country, under the powerful leadership of John Knox, was fast becoming Protestant. This state of affairs made her task as ruler in her own realm sufficiently trying. But her difficulties were increased by the inevitable antagonisms with her great Protestant rival, Elizabeth of England, and through the involved relations of Great Britain with Spain and Catholic Europe generally. These historical puzzles seem always to call for fresh explanation. No less perplexing are the circumstances into which this Queen was drawn by her marital relations and other personal entanglements.

Upon all these matters Swinburne sheds light through the medium of a sound critical judgment, in a style no less conspicuous for its fascination than by reason of its illuminative power.

MARY (1542-1587), Queen of Scots, daughter of King James V and his wife Mary of Lorraine, was born in December, 1542, a few days before the death of her father, heart-broken by the disgrace of his arms at Solway Moss, where the disaffected nobles had declined to encounter an enemy of inferior force in the cause of a king whose systematic policy had been directed against the privileges of their order, and whose representative on the occasion was an unpopular favorite appointed general in defiance of their ill-will. On the 9th of September following, the

ceremony of coronation was duly performed on the infant. A scheme for her betrothal to Edward, Prince of Wales, was defeated by the grasping greed of his father, whose obvious ambition to annex the crown of Scotland at once to that of England aroused instantly the general suspicion and indignation of Scottish patriotism. In 1548 the Queen of six years old was betrothed to the dauphin Francis, and set sail for France, where she arrived August 15th.

The society in which the child was thenceforward reared is known to readers of Brantome as well as that of Imperial Rome at its worst is known to readers of Suetonius or Petronius—as well as that of papal Rome at its worst is known to readers of the diary kept by the domestic chaplain of Pope Alexander VI. Only in their pages can a parallel be found to the gay and easy record which reveals, without sign of shame or suspicion of offence, the daily life of a court compared to which the court of King Charles II is as the court of Queen Victoria to the society described by Grammont.

Debauchery of all kinds, murder in all forms, were the daily matter of excitement or of jest to the brilliant circle which revolved around Queen Catherine de' Medici. After ten years' training under the tutelage of the woman whose main instrument of policy was the corruption of her own children, the Queen of Scots, aged fifteen years and five months, was married to the eldest and feeblest of the brood on April 24, 1558. On November 17th, Elizabeth became Queen of England, and the princes of Lorraine—Francis the great Duke of Guise, and his brother the Cardinal—induced their niece and her husband to assume, in addition to the arms of France and Scotland, the arms of a country over which they asserted the right of Mary Stuart to reign as legitimate heiress of Mary Tudor. Civil strife broke out in Scotland between John Knox and the Queen Dowager—between the self-styled "Congregation of the Lord" and the adherents of the Regent, whose French troops repelled the combined forces of the Scotch and their English allies from the beleaguered walls of Leith, little more than a month before the death of their mistress in the castle of Edinburgh, on June 10, 1560.

On August 25th Protestantism was proclaimed and Cathol-

icism suppressed in Scotland by a convention of states assembled without the assent of the absent Queen. On December 5th Francis II died; in August, 1561, his widow left France for Scotland, having been refused a safe-conduct by Elizabeth on the ground of her own previous refusal to ratify the treaty made with England by her commissioners in the same month of the preceding year. She arrived nevertheless in safety at Leith, escorted by three of her uncles of the house of Lorraine, and bringing in her train her future biographer, Brantome, and Chastelard, the first of all her voluntary victims. On August 21st she first met the only man able to withstand her; and their first passage of arms left, as he has recorded, upon the mind of John Knox, an ineffaceable impression of her "proud mind, crafty wit, and indurate heart against God and his truth."

And yet her acts of concession and conciliation were such as no fanatic on the opposite side could have approved. She assented, not only to the undisturbed maintenance of the new creed, but even to a scheme for the endowment of the Protestant ministry out of the confiscated lands of the Church. Her half-brother, Lord James Stuart, shared the duties of her chief counsellor with William Maitland of Lethington, the keenest and most liberal thinker in the country. By the influence of Lord James, in spite of the earnest opposition of Knox, permission was obtained for her to hear mass celebrated in her private chapel—a license to which, said the reformer, he would have preferred the invasion of ten thousand Frenchmen.

Through all the first troubles of her reign the young Queen steered her skilful and dauntless way with the tact of a woman and the courage of a man. An insurrection in the North, headed by the Earl of Huntly under pretext of rescuing from justice the life which his son had forfeited by his share in a homicidal brawl, was crushed at a blow by the lord James against whose life, as well as against his sister's liberty, the conspiracy of the Gordons had been aimed, and on whom, after the father had fallen in fight and the son had expiated his double offence on the scaffold, the leading rebel's earldom of Murray was conferred by the gratitude of the Queen. Exactly four months after the battle of Corrichie, and the subsequent execution of a criminal whom she is said to have "loved entirely," had put an end to the first

insurrection raised against her, Pierre de Boscosel de Chastelard, who had returned to France with the other companions of her arrival, and in November, 1562, had revisited Scotland, expiated with his head the offence of the misfortune of a second detection at night in her bedchamber.

In the same month, twenty-five years afterward, the execution of his mistress, according to the verdict of her contemporaries in France, avenged the blood of a lover who had died without uttering a word to realize the apprehension which, according to Knox, had before his trial impelled her to desire her brother "that, as he loved her, he would slay Chastelard, and let him never speak word." And in the same month, two years from the date of Chastelard's execution, her first step was unconsciously taken on the road to Fotheringay, when she gave her heart at first sight to her kinsman Henry, Lord Darnley, son of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, who had suffered an exile of twenty years in expiation of his intrigues with England, and had married the niece of King Henry VIII, daughter of his sister Margaret, the widow of James IV, by her second husband, the Earl of Angus. Queen Elizabeth, with the almost incredible want of tact or instinctive delicacy which distinguished and disfigured her vigorous intelligence, had recently proposed as a suitor to the Queen of Scots her own low-born favorite, Lord Robert Dudley, the widower if not murderer of Amy Robsart; and she now protested against the project of marriage between Mary and Darnley.

Mary, who had already married her kinsman in secret at Stirling castle with Catholic rites celebrated in the apartment of David Rizzio, her secretary for correspondence with France, assured the English ambassador, in reply to the protest of his mistress, that the marriage would not take place for three months, when a dispensation from the Pope would allow the cousins to be publicly united without offence to the Church. On July 29, 1565, they were accordingly remarried at Holyrood. The hapless and worthless bridegroom had already incurred the hatred of two powerful enemies, the Earls of Morton and Glencairn; but the former of these took part with the Queen against the forces raised by Murray, Glencairn, and others, under the nominal leadership of Hamilton, Duke of Châtellherault, on the

double plea of danger to the new religion of the country, and of the illegal proceeding by which Darnley had been proclaimed king of Scots without the needful constitutional assent of the estates of the realm.

Murray was cited to attend to the "raid" or array levied by the King and Queen, and was duly denounced by public blast of trumpet for his non-appearance. He entered Edinburgh with his forces, but failed to hold the town against the guns of the castle, and fell back upon Dumfries before the advance of the royal army, which was now joined by James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, on his return from a three years' outlawed exile in France. He had been accused in 1562 of a plot to seize the Queen and put her into the keeping of Earl of Arran, whose pretensions to her hand ended only when his insanity could no longer be concealed. Another new adherent was the son of the late Earl of Huntly, to whom the forfeited honors of his house were restored a few months before the marriage of his sister to Bothwell. The Queen now appealed to France for aid; but Castelnau, the French ambassador, replied to her passionate pleading by sober and earnest advice to make peace with the malcontents. This counsel was rejected, and in October, 1565, the Queen marched an army of eighteen thousand men against them from Edinburgh; their forces dispersed in face of superior numbers, and Murray, on seeking shelter in England, was received with contumely by Elizabeth, whose half-hearted help had failed to support his enterprise, and whose intercession for his return found at first no favor with the Queen of Scots.

But the conduct of the besotted boy, on whom at their marriage she had bestowed the title of king, began at once to justify the enterprise and to play into the hands of all his enemies alike. His father set him on to demand the crown matrimonial, which would at least have assured him the rank and station of independent royalty for life. Rizzio, hitherto his friend and advocate, induced the Queen to reply by a reasonable refusal to this hazardous and audacious request. Darnley at once threw himself into the arms of the party opposed to the policy of the Queen and her secretary—a policy which at that moment was doubly and trebly calculated to exasperate the fears of the religious and the pride of the patriotic. Mary was invited if not induced by

the King of Spain to join his league for the suppression of Protestantism; while the actual or prospective endowment of Rizzio with Morton's office of chancellor, and the projected attainder of Murray and his allies, combined to inflame at once the anger and the apprehension of the Protestant nobles.

According to one account, Darnley privately assured his uncle George Douglas of his wife's infidelity; he had himself, if he might be believed, discovered the secretary in the Queen's apartment at midnight, under circumstances yet more unequivocally compromising than those which had brought Chastelard to the scaffold. Another version of the pitiful history represents Douglas as infusing suspicion of Rizzio into the empty mind of his nephew, and thus winning his consent to a deed already designed by others.

A bond was drawn in which Darnley pledged himself to support the confederates who undertook to punish "certain privy persons" offensive to the state, "especially a stranger Italian called Davie"; another was subscribed by Darnley and the banished lords, then biding their time in Newcastle, which engaged him to procure their pardon and restoration, while pledging them to insure to him the enjoyment of the title he coveted, with the consequent security of an undisputed succession to the crown, despite the counter-claims of the house of Hamilton, in case his wife should die without issue—a result which, intentionally or not, he and his fellow-conspirators did all that brutality could have suggested to accelerate and secure.

On March 9th the palace of Holyrood was invested by a troop under the command of Morton, while Rizzio was dragged by force out of the Queen's presence and slain without trial in the heat of the moment. The parliament was discharged by proclamation issued in the name of Darnley as king; and in the evening of the next day the banished lords, whom it was to have condemned to outlawry, returned to Edinburgh. On the following day they were graciously received by the Queen, who undertook to sign a bond for their security, but delayed the subscription until the next morning under plea of sickness. During the night she escaped with Darnley, whom she had already seduced from the party of his accomplices, and arrived at Dunbar on the third morning after the slaughter of her favorite. From thence they

returned to Edinburgh on March 28th, guarded by two thousand horsemen under the command of Bothwell, who had escaped from Holyrood on the night of the murder, to raise a force on the Queen's behalf with his usual soldierly promptitude.

The slayers of Rizzio fled to England, and were outlawed; Darnley was permitted to protest his innocence and denounce his accomplices; after which he became the scorn of all parties alike, and few men dared or cared to be seen in his company. On June 19th a son was born to his wife, and in the face of his previous protestations he was induced to acknowledge himself the father. But, as Murray and his partisans returned to favor and influence no longer incompatible with that of Bothwell and Huntly, he grew desperate enough with terror to dream of escape to France. This design was at once frustrated by the Queen's resolution. She summoned him to declare his reasons for it in the presence of the French ambassador and an assembly of the nobles; she besought him for God's sake to speak out, and not spare her; and at last he left her presence with an avowal that he had nothing to allege.

The favor shown to Bothwell had not yet given occasion for scandal, though his character as an adventurous libertine was as notable as his reputation for military hardihood; but as the summer advanced, his insolence increased with his influence at court and the general aversion of his rivals. He was richly endowed by Mary from the greater and lesser spoils of the Church; and the three wardenships of the border, united for the first time in his person, gave the lord high admiral of Scotland a position of unequalled power. In the gallant discharge of its duties he was dangerously wounded by a leading outlaw, whom he slew in single combat; and while yet confined to Hermitage castle he received a visit of two hours from the Queen, who rode thither from Jedburgh and back through twenty miles of the wild borderland, where her person was in perpetual danger from the freebooters whom her father's policy had striven and had failed to extirpate.

On January 22, 1567, the Queen visited her husband, who was ill at Glasgow, and proposed to remove him to Craigmillar castle, where he would have the benefit of medicinal baths; but instead of this resort he was conveyed on the last day of the

month to the lonely and squalid shelter of the residence which was soon to be made memorable by his murder. Between the ruins of two sacred buildings, with the town hall to the south and a suburban hamlet known to ill-fame as the Thieves' Row to the north of it, a lodging was prepared for the titular King of Scotland, and fitted up with tapestries taken from the Gordons after the battle of Corrichie. On the evening of Sunday, February 9th, Mary took her last leave of the miserable boy who had so often and so mortally outraged her as consort and as queen. That night the whole city was shaken out of sleep by an explosion of gunpowder which shattered to fragments the building in which he should have slept and perished; and next morning the bodies of Darnley and a page were found strangled in a garden adjoining it, whither they had apparently escaped over a wall, to be despatched by the hands of Bothwell's attendant confederates.

Upon the view which may be taken of Mary's conduct during the next three months depends the whole debatable question of her character. According to the professed champions of that character, this conduct was a tissue of such dastardly imbecility, such heartless irresolution, and such brainless inconsistency as forever to dispose of her time-honored claim to the credit of intelligence and courage. It is certain that just three months and six days after the murder of her husband she became the wife of her husband's murderer. On February 11th she wrote to the Bishop of Glasgow, her ambassador in France, a brief letter, of simple eloquence, announcing her providential escape from a design upon her own as well as her husband's life. A reward of two thousand pounds was offered by proclamation for discovery of the murderer. Bothwell and others, his satellites or the Queen's, were instantly placarded by name as the criminals. Voices were heard by night in the streets of Edinburgh calling down judgment on the assassins.

Four days after the discovery of the bodies, Darnley was buried in the chapel of Holyrood with secrecy as remarkable as the solemnity with which Rizzio had been interred there less than a year before. On the Sunday following, Mary left Edinburgh for Seton palace, twelve miles from the capital, where scandal asserted that she passed the time merrily in shooting-matches,

with Bothwell for her partner, against Lords Seton and Huntly; other accounts represent Huntly and Bothwell as left at Holyrood in charge of the infant Prince. Gracefully and respectfully, with statesmanlike yet feminine dexterity, the demands of Darnley's father for justice on the murderers of his son were accepted and eluded by his daughter-in-law. Bothwell, with a troop of fifty men, rode through Edinburgh defiantly denouncing vengeance on his concealed accusers. As weeks elapsed without action on the part of the royal widow, while the cry of blood was up throughout the country, raising echoes from England and abroad, the murmur of accusation began to rise against her also. Murray, with his sister's ready permission, withdrew to France.

On April 21st Mary went to visit her child at Stirling, where his guardian, the Earl of Mar, refused to admit more than two women in her train. It was well known in Edinburgh that Bothwell had a body of men ready to intercept her on the way back, and carry her to Dunbar—not, as was naturally inferred, without good assurance of her consent. On April 24th, as she approached Edinburgh, Bothwell accordingly met her at the head of eight hundred spearmen, assured her—as she afterward averred—that she was in the utmost peril, and escorted her, together with Huntly, Lethington, and Melville, who were then in attendance, to Dunbar castle. On May 3d Lady Jane Gordon, who had become Countess of Bothwell on February 22d of the year preceding, obtained, on the ground of her husband's infidelities, a separation, which, however, would not under the old laws of Catholic Scotland have left him free to marry again.

On the day when the first or Protestant divorce was pronounced, Mary and Bothwell returned to Edinburgh with every prepared appearance of a peaceful triumph. Lest her captivity should have been held to invalidate the late legal proceedings in her name, proclamation was made of forgiveness accorded by the Queen to her captor in consideration of his past and future services, and her intention was announced to reward them by further promotion; and on the same day (May 12th) he was duly created duke of Orkney and Shetland. The Duke, as a conscientious Protestant, refused to marry his mistress according to the rites of her Church and she, the chosen champion of

its cause, agreed to be married to him, not merely by a Protestant, but by one who before his conversion had been a Catholic bishop, and therefore should have been more hateful and contemptible in her eyes than any ordinary heretic, had not religion as well as policy, faith as well as reason, been absorbed or superseded by some more mastering passion or emotion. This passion or emotion, according to those who deny her attachment to Bothwell, was simply terror—the blind and irrational prostration of an abject spirit before the cruel force of circumstances and the crafty wickedness of men. Hitherto, according to all evidence, she had shown herself on all occasions, as on all subsequent occasions she indisputably showed herself, the most fearless, the most keen-sighted, the most ready-witted, the most high-gifted and high-spirited of women; gallant and generous, skilful and practical, never to be cowed by fortune, never to be cajoled by craft; neither more unselfish in her ends nor more unscrupulous in her practice than might have been expected from her training and her creed.

But at the crowning moment of trial there are those who assert their belief that the woman who on her way to the field of Corrichie had uttered her wish to be a man, that she might know all the hardship and all the enjoyment of a soldier's life, riding forth "in jack and knapskull"—the woman who long afterward was to hold her own for two days together, without help of counsel, against all the array of English law and English statesmanship, armed with irrefragable evidence and supported by the resentment of a nation—showed herself devoid of moral and physical resolution; too senseless to realize the significance and too heartless to face the danger of a situation from which the simplest exercise of reason, principle, or courage must have rescued the most unsuspicious and inexperienced of honest women who was not helplessly deficient in self-reliance and self-respect.

The famous correspondence produced next year in evidence against her at the conference of York may have been, as her partisans affirm, so craftily garbled and falsified by interpolation, suppression, perversion, or absolute forgery as to be all but historically worthless. Its acceptance or its rejection does not in any degree whatever affect, for better or for worse, the rational estimate of her character. The problem presented by the simple

existence of the facts just summed up remains in either case absolutely the same.

That the coarse and imperious nature of the hardy and able ruffian who had now become openly her master should no less openly have shown itself even in the first moments of their inauspicious union is what any bystander of common insight must inevitably have foreseen. Tears, dejection, and passionate expressions of a despair "wishing only for death," bore fitful and variable witness to her first sense of a heavier yoke than yet had galled her spirit and her pride. At other times her affectionate gayety would give evidence as trustworthy of a fearless and improvident satisfaction. They rode out in state together, and if he kept cap in hand as a subject she would snatch it from him and clap it on his head again; while in graver things she took all due or possible care to gratify his ambition by the insertion of a clause in their contract of marriage which made their joint signature necessary to all documents of state issued under the sign manual. She despatched to France a special envoy, the Bishop of Dunblane, with instructions setting forth at length the unparalleled and hitherto ill-requited services and merits of Bothwell, and the necessity of compliance at once with his passion and with the unanimous counsel of the nation—a people who would endure the rule of no foreign consort, and whom none of their own countrymen were so competent to control, alike by wisdom and by valor, as the incomparable subject of her choice.

These personal merits and this political necessity were the only pleas advanced in a letter to her ambassador in England. But that neither plea would avail her for a moment in Scotland she had ominous evidence on the thirteenth day after her marriage, when no response was made to the usual form of proclamation for a raid or levy of forces under pretext of a campaign against the rievvers of the border. On June 6th Mary and Bothwell took refuge in Borthwick castle, twelve miles from the capital, where the fortress was in the keeping of an adherent whom the diplomacy of Sir James Melville had succeeded in detaching from his allegiance to Bothwell. The fugitives were pursued and beleaguered by the Earl of Morton and Lord Hume, who declared their purpose to rescue the Queen from the thralldom

of her husband. He escaped, leaving her free to follow him or to join the party of her professed deliverers.

But whatever cause she might have since marriage to complain of his rigorous custody and domineering brutality was insufficient to break the ties by which he held her. Alone, in the disguise of a page, she slipped out of the castle at midnight, and rode off to meet him at a tower two miles distant, whence they fled together to Dunbar. The confederate lords on entering Edinburgh were welcomed by the citizens, and after three hours' persuasion Lethington, who had now joined them, prevailed on the captain of the castle to deliver it also into their hands. Proclamations were issued in which the crime of Bothwell was denounced, and the disgrace of the country, the thralldom of the Queen, and the mortal peril of her infant son were set forth as reasons for summoning all the lieges of the chief cities of Scotland to rise in arms on three hours' notice and join the forces assembled against the one common enemy. News of his approach reached them on the night of June 14th, and they marched before dawn with twenty-two hundred men to meet him near Musselburgh. Mary meanwhile had passed from Dunbar to Haddington, and thence to Seton, where sixteen hundred men rallied to her side. On June 15th, one month from their marriage day, the Queen and Bothwell, at the head of a force of fairly equal numbers but visibly inferior discipline, met the army of the confederates at Carberry hill, some six miles from Edinburgh.

It was agreed that the Queen should yield herself prisoner, and Bothwell be allowed to retire in safety to Dunbar with the few followers who remained to him. Mary took leave of her first and last master with passionate anguish and many parting kisses; but in face of his enemies, and in hearing of the cries which burst from the ranks demanding her death by fire as a murderess and harlot, the whole heroic and passionate spirit of the woman represented by her admirers as a spiritless imbecile flamed out in responsive threats to have all the men hanged and crucified in whose power she now stood helpless and alone. She grasped the hand of Lord Lindsay as he rode beside her, and swore "by this hand" she would "have his head for this." In Edinburgh she was received by a yelling mob, which flaunted

before her at each turn a banner representing the corpse of Darnley, with her child beside it, invoking on his knees the retribution of divine justice.

From the violence of a multitude, in which women of the worst class were more furious than the men, she was sheltered in the house of the provost, where she repeatedly showed herself at the window, appealing aloud with dishevelled hair and dress to the mercy which no man could look upon her and refuse. At nine in the evening she was removed to Holyrood, and thence to the port of Leith, where she embarked under guard, with her attendants, for the island castle of Lochleven. On the 20th a silver casket containing letters and French verses, miscalled sonnets, in the handwriting of the Queen, was taken from the person of a servant who had been sent by Bothwell to bring it from Edinburgh to Dunbar. Even in the existing versions of the letters, translated from the lost originals and retranslated from this translation of a text which was probably destroyed in 1603 by order of King James on his accession to the English throne—even in these possibly disfigured versions, the fiery pathos of passion, the fierce and piteous fluctuations of spirit between love and hate, hope and rage and jealousy, have an eloquence apparently beyond the imitation or invention of art.

Three days after this discovery Lord Lindsay, Lord Ruthven, and Sir Robert Melville were despatched to Lochleven, there to obtain the Queen's signature to an act of abdication in favor of her son, and another appointing Murray regent during his minority. She submitted, and a commission of regency was established till the return from France of Murray, who, on August 15th, arrived at Lochleven with Morton and Athol. According to his own account the expostulations as to her past conduct which preceded his admonitions for the future were received with tears, confessions, and attempts at extenuation or excuse; but when they parted next day on good terms, she had regained her usual spirits. Nor from that day forward had they reason to sink again, in spite of the close keeping in which she was held, with the daughters of the house for bedfellows. Their mother and the Regent's, her father's former mistress, was herself not impervious to her prisoner's lifelong power of seduction and subjugation. Her son George Douglas fell inevitably under the

charm. A rumor transmitted to England went so far as to assert that she had proposed him to their common half-brother Murray as a fourth husband for herself; a later tradition represented her as the mother of a child by him. A third report, at least as improbable as either, asserted that a daughter of Mary and Bothwell, born about this time, lived to be a nun in France.

It is certain that the necessary removal of George Douglas from Lochleven enabled him to devise a method of escape for the prisoner on March 25, 1568, which was frustrated by detection of her white hands under the disguise of a laundress. But a younger member of the household, Willie Douglas, aged eighteen, whose devotion was afterward remembered and his safety cared for by Mary at a time of utmost risk and perplexity to herself, succeeded on May 2d in assisting her to escape by a postern gate to the lake-side, and thence in a boat to the mainland, where George Douglas, Lord Seton, and others were awaiting her. Thence they rode to Seton's castle of Niddry, and next day to Hamilton palace, round which an army of six thousand men was soon assembled, and whither the new French ambassador to Scotland hastened to pay his duty. The Queen's abdication was revoked, messengers were despatched to the English and French courts, and word was sent to Murray at Glasgow that he must resign the regency, and should be pardoned in common with all offenders against the Queen. But on the day when Mary arrived at Hamilton, Murray had summoned to Glasgow the feudatories of the crown, to take arms against the insurgent enemies of the infant King.

On the 13th of May the battle or skirmish of Langside determined the result of the campaign in three-quarters of an hour. Kirkaldy of Grange, who commanded the Regent's cavalry, seized and kept the place of vantage from the beginning, and at the first sign of wavering on the other side shattered at a single charge the forces of the Queen with a loss of one man to three hundred. Mary fled sixty miles from the field of her last battle before she halted at Sanquhar, and for three days of flight, according to her own account, had to sleep on the hard ground, live on oatmeal and sour milk, and fare at night like the owls, in hunger, cold, and fear.

On the third day from the rout of Langside she crossed the

Sotway, and landed at Workington in Cumberland, May 16, 1568. On the 20th Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys were sent from court to carry messages and letters of comfort from Elizabeth to Mary at Carlisle. On June 11th Knollys wrote to Cecil at once the best description and the noblest panegyric extant of the Queen of Scots—enlarging, with a brave man's sympathy, on her indifference to form and ceremony, her daring grace and openness of manner, her frank display of a great desire to be avenged of her enemies, her readiness to expose herself to all perils in hope of victory, her delight to hear of hardihood and courage, commending by name all her enemies of approved valor, sparing no cowardice in her friends, but above all things athirst for victory by any means at any price, so that for its sake pain and peril seemed pleasant to her, and wealth and all things, if compared with it, contemptible and vile.

Mary was held a prisoner in England for seventeen years. In 1585 she was accused of favoring Anthony Babington's plot against the life of Elizabeth, her captor. Anthony Babington, in his boyhood a ward of Shrewsbury, resident in the household at Sheffield castle, and thus subjected to the charm before which so many victims had already fallen, was now induced to undertake the deliverance of the Queen of Scots by the murder of the Queen of England. It is maintained by those admirers of Mary who assume her to have been an almost absolute imbecile, gifted with the power of imposing herself on the world as a woman of unsurpassed ability, that, while cognizant of the plot for her deliverance by English rebels and an invading army of foreign auxiliaries, she might have been innocently unconscious that this conspiracy involved the simultaneous assassination of Elizabeth. In the conduct and detection of her correspondence with Babington, traitor was played off against traitor, and spies were utilized against assassins, with as little scruple as could be required or expected in the diplomacy of the time.

As in the case of the casket letters, it is alleged that forgery was employed to interpolate sufficient evidence of Mary's complicity in a design of which it is thought credible that she was kept in ignorance by the traitors and murderers who had enrolled themselves in her service—that one who pensioned the actual murderer of Murray and a would-be murderer of Eliza-

both was incapable of approving what her keen and practised intelligence was too blunt and torpid to anticipate as inevitable and inseparable from the general design. In August the conspirators were netted, and Mary was arrested at the gate of Tixall Park, whither Paulet had taken her under pretence of a hunting-party. At Tixall she was detained till her papers at Chartley had undergone thorough research. That she was at length taken in her own toils, even such a dullard as her admirers depict her could not have failed to understand; that she was no such dastard as to desire or deserve such defenders, the whole brief course of her remaining life bore consistent and irrefragable witness.

Her first thought on her return to Chartley was one of loyal gratitude and womanly sympathy. She cheered the wife of her English secretary, now under arrest, with promises to answer for her husband to all accusations brought against him; took her new-born child from the mother's arms, and in default of clergy baptized it, to Paulet's Puritanic horror, with her own hands by her own name.

The next or the twin-born impulse of her indomitable nature was, as usual in all times of danger, one of passionate and high-spirited defiance on discovering the seizure of her papers. A fortnight afterward her keys and her money were confiscated, while she, bedridden and unable to move her hand, could only ply the terrible weapon of her bitter and fiery tongue. Her secretaries were examined in London, and one of them gave evidence that she had first heard of the conspiracy by letter from Babington, of whose design against the life of Elizabeth she thought it best to take no notice in her reply, though she did not hold herself bound to reveal it. On September 25th she was removed to the strong castle of Fotheringay in Northamptonshire. On October 6th she was desired by letter from Elizabeth to answer the charges brought against her before certain of the chief English nobles appointed to sit in commission on the cause. In spite of her first refusal to submit, she was induced by the arguments of the vice-chamberlain, Sir Christopher Hatton, to appear before this tribunal on condition that her protest should be registered against the legality of its jurisdiction over a sovereign, the next heir of the English crown.

On October 14 and 15, 1586, the trial was held in the hall

of Fotheringhay castle. Alone, "without one counsellor on her side among so many," Mary conducted the whole of her own defence with courage incomparable and unsurpassable ability. Pathos and indignation, subtlety and simplicity, personal appeal and political reasoning, were the alternate weapons with which she fought against all odds of evidence or inference, and disputed step by step every inch of debatable ground. She repeatedly insisted on the production of proof in her own handwriting as to her complicity with the project of the assassins who had expiated their crime on the 20th and 21st of the month preceding. When the charge was shifted to the question of her intrigues with Spain, she took her stand resolutely on her right to convey whatever right she possessed, though now no kingdom was left her for disposal, to whomsoever she might choose.

One single slip she made in the whole course of her defence, but none could have been more unluckily characteristic and significant. When Burghley brought against her the unanswerable charge of having at that moment in her service, and in receipt of an annual pension, the instigator of a previous attempt on the life of Elizabeth, she had the unwary audacity to cite in her justification the pensions allowed by Elizabeth to her adversaries in Scotland, and especially to her son. It is remarkable that just two months later, in a conversation with her keepers, she again made use of the same extraordinary argument in reply to the same inevitable imputation, and would not be brought to admit that the two cases were other than parallel. But, except for this single instance of oversight or perversity, her defence was throughout a masterpiece of indomitable ingenuity, of delicate and steadfast courage, of womanly dignity and genius. Finally, she demanded, as she had demanded before, a trial either before the states of the realm lawfully assembled, or else before the Queen in council.

So closed the second day of the trial; and before the next day's work could begin, a note of two or three lines hastily written at midnight informed the commissioners that Elizabeth had suddenly determined to adjourn the expected judgment and transfer the place of it to the star-chamber. Here, on October 25th, the commissioners again met; and one of them alone, Lord Zouch, dissented from the verdict by which Mary was

found guilty of having, since the 1st of June preceding, compassed and imagined divers matters tending to the destruction of Elizabeth. This verdict was conveyed to her, about three weeks later, by Lord Buckhurst and Robert Beale, clerk of the privy council. At the intimation that her life was an impediment to the security of the received religion, "she seemed with a certain unwonted alacrity to triumph, giving God thanks, and rejoicing in her heart that she was held to be an instrument" for the restoration of her own faith. This note of exultation as in martyrdom was maintained with unflinching courage to the last. She wrote to Elizabeth and the Duke of Guise two letters of almost matchless eloquence and pathos, admirable especially for their loyal and grateful remembrance of all her faithful servants. Between the date of these letters and the day of her execution wellnigh three months of suspense elapsed.

Elizabeth, fearless almost to a fault in face of physical danger, constant in her confidence even after discovery of her narrow escape from the poisoned bullets of household conspirators, was cowardly even to a crime in face of subtler and more complicated peril. She rejected with resolute dignity the intercession of French envoys for the life of the Queen Dowager of France; she allowed the sentence of death to be proclaimed, and welcomed with bonfires and bell-ringing throughout the length of England; she yielded a respite of twelve days to the pleading of the French ambassador, and had a charge trumped up against him of participation in a conspiracy against her life; at length, on February 1, 1587, she signed the death warrant, and then made her secretaries write word to Paulet of her displeasure that in all this time he should not of himself have found out some way to shorten the life of his prisoner, as in duty bound by his oath, and thus relieve her singularly tender conscience from the guilt of bloodshed.

Paulet, with loyal and regretful indignation, declined the disgrace proposed to him in a suggestion "to shed blood without law or warrant"; and on February 7th the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay with the commission of the council for execution of the sentence given against his prisoner. Mary received the announcement with majestic tranquillity, expressing in dignified terms her readiness to die, her conscious-

ness that she was a martyr for her religion, and her total ignorance of any conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth. At night she took a graceful and affectionate leave of her attendants, distributed among them her money and jewels, wrote out in full the various legacies to be conveyed by her will, and charged her apothecary Gorion with her last messages for the King of Spain. In these messages the whole nature of the woman was revealed. Not a single friend, not a single enemy, was forgotten; the slightest service, the slightest wrong, had its place assigned in her faithful and implacable memory for retribution or reward. Forgiveness of injuries was as alien from her fierce and loyal spirit as forgetfulness of benefits; the destruction of England and its liberties by Spanish invasion and conquest was the strongest aspiration of her parting soul.

At eight o'clock next morning she entered the hall of execution, having taken leave of the weeping envoy from Scotland, to whom she gave a brief message for her son; took her seat on the scaffold; listened with an air of even cheerful unconcern to the reading of her sentence; solemnly declared her innocence of the charge conveyed in it, and her consolation in the prospect of ultimate justice; rejected the professional services of Richard Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough; lifted up her voice in Latin against his in English prayer; and when he and his fellow-worshippers had fallen duly silent, prayed aloud for the prosperity of her own Church, for Elizabeth, for her son, and for all the enemies whom she had commended over night to the notice of the Spanish invader; then, with no less courage than had marked every hour and every action of her life, received the stroke of death from the wavering hand of the headsman.

FOUNDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS IN AMERICA

A.D. 1565

GEORGE R. FAIRBANKS

Although Florida was discovered by Ponce de Leon as early as 1513, and was soon after visited by other Spanish explorers, no Spaniard gained permanent foothold there until after the middle of the sixteenth century. But when the Spaniards did secure such a foothold, it was to found the first permanent settlement on the mainland of the United States.

The vast territory which the Spaniards named Florida was claimed by Spain in right of the discoveries of Columbus, the grant of the pope, and various expeditions to the region; by England in right of Cabot's discovery; and by France on account of Verrazano's voyage (1524) and "vague traditions" of French visitors to the coast.

Following the early Spanish attempts at colonization, came the first Huguenot settlers from France, seeking refuge in the New World from persecution at home. What they did and what befell them in the Florida country, and how the founding of our oldest town, St. Augustine, was begun by their Spanish supplanters, is told by Fairbanks in an interesting and carefully verified account.

THE settlement of Florida had its origin in the religious troubles experienced by the Huguenots under Charles IX in France. Their distinguished leader, Admiral Coligny, as early as 1555, projected colonies in America, and sent an expedition to Brazil, which proved unsuccessful. Having procured permission from Charles IX to found a colony in Florida, a designation which embraced in rather an indefinite manner the whole country from the Chesapeake to the Tortugas, he sent an expedition in 1562 from France, under command of Jean Ribault, composed of many young men of good family. They first landed at the St. John's River, where they erected a monument, but finally established a settlement at Port Royal, South Carolina, and erected a fort. After some months, however, in consequence of dissensions among the officers of the garrison and difficulties with the Indians, this settlement was abandoned.

In 1564 another expedition came out under the command of René de Laudonnière, and made their first landing at the River of Dolphins, being the present harbor of St. Augustine, and so named by them in consequence of the great number of dolphins (porpoises) seen by them at its mouth. They afterward coasted to the north, and entered the river St. John's, called by them the river May.

Upon an examination of this river Laudonnière concluded to establish his colony on its banks, and, proceeding about two leagues above its mouth, built a fort upon a pleasant hill of "mean height," which, in honor of his sovereign, he named Fort Caroline. The colonists, after a few months, were reduced to great distress, and were about taking measures to abandon the country a second time, when Ribault arrived with reënforcements.

It is supposed that intelligence of these expeditions was communicated by the enemies of Coligny to the court of Spain. Jealousy of the aggrandizement of the French in the New World, mortification for their own unsuccessful efforts in that quarter, and a still stronger motive of hatred to the faith of the Huguenot, induced the bigoted Philip II of Spain to despatch Pedro Menendez de Aviles, a brave, bigoted, and remorseless soldier, to drive out the French colony, and take possession of the country for himself. The compact made between the King and Menendez was, that he should furnish one galleon completely equipped, and provisions for a force of six hundred men; that he should conquer and settle the country.

He obligated himself to carry one hundred horses, two hundred horned cattle, four hundred hogs, four hundred sheep and some goats, and five hundred slaves—for which he had a permission free of duties—the third part of which should be men, for his own service and that of those who went with him, to aid in cultivating the land and in building; that he should take twelve priests, and four fathers of the Jesuit order. He was to build two or three towns of one hundred families, and in each town should build a fort according to the nature of the country. He was to have the title of *Adelantado* of the country, as also to be entitled a marquis (and his heirs after him), to have a tract of land, receive a salary of two thousand ducats, a percentage of



the royal duties, and have the freedom of all the other ports of New Spain.

His force consisted, at starting, of eleven sail of vessels, with two thousand six hundred men; but, owing to storms and accidents, not more than one-half arrived. He came upon the coast on August 28, 1565, shortly after the arrival of the fleet of Ribault. On September 7th Menendez cast anchor in the River of Dolphins, the harbor of St. Augustine. He had previously discovered and given chase to some of the vessels of Ribault off the mouth of the river May. The Indian village of Seloee then stood upon the site of St. Augustine, and the landing of Menendez was upon the spot where the city of St. Augustine now stands.

Fra Francisco Lopez de Mendoza, the chaplain of the expedition, thus chronicles the disembarkation and attendant ceremonies:

"On Saturday, September 8th, the day of the nativity of Our Lady, the General disembarked, with numerous banners displayed, trumpets and other martial music resounding, and amid salvos of artillery.

"Carrying a cross, I proceeded at the head, chanting the hymn '*Te Deum Laudamus*.' The General marched straight up to the cross, together with all those who accompanied him; and, kneeling, they all kissed the cross. A great number of Indians looked upon these ceremonies, and imitated whatever they saw done. Thereupon the General took possession of the country in the name of his majesty. All the officers then took an oath of allegiance to him, as their general and as adelantado of the whole country."

The name of St. Augustine was given, in the usual manner of the early voyagers, because they had arrived upon the coast on the day dedicated in their calendar to that eminent saint of the primitive Church, revered alike by the good of all ages for his learning and piety.

The first troops who landed, says Mendoza, were well received by the Indians, who gave them a large mansion belonging to the chief, situated near the banks of the river. The engineer officers immediately erected an entrenchment of earth, and a ditch around this house, with a slope made of earth and

fascines, these being the only means of defence which the country presents; for, says the father with surprise, "there is not a stone to be found in the whole country." They landed eighty cannon from the ships, of which the lightest weighed five hundred pounds.

Menendez had by no means forgotten the errand upon which he principally came; and by inquiries of the Indians he soon learned the position of the French fort and the condition of its defenders. Impelled by necessity, Laudonnière had been forced to seize from the Indians food to support his famished garrison, and had thus incurred their enmity, which was soon to produce its sad results.

The Spaniards numbered about six hundred combatants, and the French about the same; but arrangements had been made for further accessions to the Spanish force, to be drawn from Santo Domingo and Havana, and these were daily expected.

It was the habit of those days to devolve almost every event upon the ordering of a special providence; and each nation had come to look upon itself almost in the light of a peculiar people, led like the Israelites of old by signs and wonders; and as in their own view all their actions were directed by the design of advancing God's glory as well as their own purposes, so the blessing of Heaven would surely accompany them in all their undertakings.

So believed the crusaders on the plains of Palestine; so believed the conquerors of Mexico and Peru; so believed the Puritan settlers of New England—alike in their Indian wars and their oppressive social polity—and so believed, also, the followers of Menendez and of Ribault; and in this simple and trusting faith, the worthy chaplain gives us the following account of the miraculous escape and deliverance of a portion of the Spanish fleet:

"God and his Holy Mother have performed another great miracle in our favor. The day following the landing of the General in the fort he said to us that he was very uneasy, because his galley and another vessel were at anchor, isolated and a league at sea, being unable to enter the port on account of the shallowness of the water, and that he feared that the French might come and capture or maltreat them. As soon as this idea came to him

he departed, with fifty men, to go on board of his galleon. He gave orders to three shallops which were moored in the river to go out and take on board the provisions and troops which were on board the galleon. The next day, a shallop having gone out thither, they took on board as much of the provisions as they could, and more than a hundred men who were in the vessel, and returned toward shore; but half a league before arriving at the bar they were overtaken by so complete a calm that they were unable to proceed farther, and thereupon cast anchor and passed the night in that place.

"The day following, at break of day, they raised anchor as ordered by the pilot, as the rising of the tide began to be felt. When it was fully light they saw astern of them, at the poop of the vessel, two French ships which during the night had been in search of them. The enemy arrived with the intention of making an attack upon them. The French made all haste in their movements, for our men had no arms on board, and had only embarked the provisions. When day appeared, and our people discovered the French, they addressed their prayers to Our Lady of *Bon Secours d'Utrera*, and supplicated her to grant them a little wind, for the French were already close up to them. They say that Our Lady descended herself upon the vessel; for the wind freshened and blew fair for the bar, so that the shallop could enter it. The French followed it; but as the bar had but little depth and their vessels were large, they were not able to go over it, so that our men and the provisions made a safe harbor.

"When it became still clearer they perceived, besides the two vessels of the enemy, four others at a distance, being the same which we had seen in the port the evening of our arrival. They were well furnished with troops and artillery, and had directed themselves for our galleon and the other ship, which were alone at sea. In this circumstance God afforded us two favors: the first was, that the same evening after they had discharged the provisions and the troops I have spoken of, at midnight the galleon and the other vessel put to sea without being perceived by the enemy; the one for Spain, and the other for Havana for the purpose of seeking the fleet which was there; and in this way neither was taken.

"The second favor, by which God rendered us a still greater

service, was that on the day following the one I have described there arose a great storm, and so great a tempest that certainly the greater part of the French vessels must have been lost at sea; for they were overtaken upon the most dangerous coast I have ever seen, and were very close to the shore; and if our vessels, that is, the galleon and its consort, are not shipwrecked, it is because they were already more than twelve leagues off the coast, which gave them the facility of manœuvring as well as they could, relying upon the aid of God to preserve them."

Menendez had ascertained from the Indians that a large number of the French troops had embarked on board of the vessels which he had seen off the harbor, and he had good ground for believing that these vessels would either be cast helpless upon the shore, or be driven off by the tempest to such a distance as would render their return for some days impossible. He at once conceived the project of attacking the French fort upon the river May by land.

The troops, having heard mass, marched out in order, preceded by twenty Biscayans and Asturians, having as their captain Martin de Ochoa, a leader of great fidelity and bravery, furnished with axes to open a road where they could not get along. At this moment there arrived two Indians, who said that they had been at the French six days before, and who "seemed like angels" to the soldiers, sent to guide their march. Halting for refreshment and rest wherever suitable places could be found, and the Adelantado always with the vanguard, in four days they reached the vicinity of the fort, and came up within a quarter of a league of it, concealed by a grove of pine trees. It rained heavily, and a severe storm prevailed. The place where they had halted was a very bad one and very marshy; but he decided to stop there, and went back to seek the rear-guard, lest they might lose their way.

About ten at night the last of the troops arrived, very wet indeed, for there had been much rain during the four days; they had passed marshes with the water rising to their waists, and every night there was so great a flood that they were in great danger of losing their powder, their match-fire, and their biscuit; and they became desperate, cursing those who brought them there, and themselves for coming.

Menendez pretended not to hear their complaints, not daring to call a council as to proceeding or returning, for both officers and soldiers went forward very unquietly. Remaining firm in his own resolve, two hours before dawn he called together the Master of the Camp and the captains, to whom he said that during the whole night he had sought of God and his Holy Mother that they would favor and instruct him what he should do most advantageous for their holy service; and he was persuaded that they had all done the same. "But now, gentlemen," he proceeded, "we must make some determination, finding ourselves exhausted, lost, without ammunition or provisions, and without the hope of relief."

Some answered very promptly, "Why should they waste their time in giving reasons? for, unless they returned quickly to St. Augustine, they would be reduced to eating palmettos; and the longer they delayed, the greater trouble they would have."

The Adelantado said to them that what they said seemed very reasonable, but he would ask them to hear some reasons to the contrary, without being offended. He then proceeded—after having smoothed down their somewhat ruffled dispositions, considerably disturbed by their first experience in encountering the hardships of such a march—to show them the danger of retreat was then greater than an advance would be, as they would lose alike the respect of their friends and foes; that if, on the contrary, they attacked the fort, whether they succeeded in taking it or not, they would gain honor and reputation.

Stimulated by the speech of their general, they demanded to be led to the attack, and the arrangements for the assault were at once made. Their French prisoner was placed in the advance; but the darkness of the night and the severity of the storm rendered it impossible to proceed, and they halted in a marsh, with the water up to their knees, to await daylight.

At dawn, the Frenchman recognized the country, and the place where they were, and where stood the fort; upon which the Adelantado ordered them to march, enjoining upon all, at the peril of their lives, to follow him; and coming to a small hill, the Frenchman said that behind that stood the fort, about three bow-shots distant, but lower down, near the river. The General

put the Frenchman into the custody of Castaneda. He went up a little higher, and saw the river and one of the houses, but he was not able to discover the fort, although it was adjoining them; and he returned to Castaneda, with whom now stood the Master of the Camp and Ochoa, and said to them that he wished to go lower down, near to the houses which stood behind the hill, to see the fortress and the garrison, for, as the sun was now up, they could not attack the fort without a reconnoissance. This the Master of the Camp would not permit him to do, saying this duty appertained to him; and he went alone with Ochoa near to the houses, from whence they discovered the fort; and, returning with their information, they came to two paths, and leaving the one by which they came, they took the other.

The Master of the Camp discovered his error, coming to a fallen tree, and turned his face to inform Ochoa, who was following him; and as they turned to seek the right path, he stopped in advance, and the sentinel discovered them, who imagined them to be French; but examining them he perceived they were unknown to him. He hailed, "Who goes there?" Ochoa answered, "Frenchmen." The sentinel was confirmed in his supposition that they were his own people, and approached them; Ochoa did the same; but seeing they were not French, the sentinel retreated. Ochoa closed with him, and with his drawn sword gave him a cut over the head, but did not hurt him much, as the sentinel fended off the blow with his sword; and the Master of the Camp, coming up at that moment, gave him a thrust, from which he fell backward, making a loud outcry. The Master of the Camp, putting his sword to his breast, threatened him with instant death unless he kept silence. They tied him thereupon, and took him to the General, who, hearing the noise, thought the Master of the Camp was being killed, and meeting with the Sergeant-major, Francisco de Recalde, Diego de Maya, and Andres Lopez Patino, with their standards and soldiers, without being able to restrain himself, he cried out, "Santiago! Upon them! Help of God, victory! The French are destroyed. The Master of the Camp is in their fort, and has taken it." Upon which, all rushed forward in the path without order, the General remaining behind, repeating what he had said many times; himself believing it to be certain that the Master of the Camp had

taken with him a considerable force, and had captured the fort.

So great was the joy of the soldiers, and such their speed, that they soon came up with the Master of the Camp and Ochoa, who was hastening to receive the reward of carrying the good news to the General of the capture of the sentinel. But the Master of the Camp, seeing the spirit which animated the soldiery, killed the sentinel, and cried out with a loud voice to those who were pressing forward, "Comrades! do as I do. God is with us;" and turned running toward the fort, and, meeting two Frenchmen on the way, he killed one of them, and Andres Lopez Patino the other. Those in the environs of the fort, seeing this tragedy enacted, set up loud outcries; and in order to know the cause of the alarm, one of the French within opened the postern of the principal gate, which he had no sooner done than it was observed by the Master of the Camp; and, throwing himself upon him, he killed him and entered the gate, followed by the most active of his followers.

The French, awakened by the clamor, some dressed, others in their night-clothes, rushed to the doors of their houses to see what had happened; but they were all killed, except sixty of the more wary, who escaped by leaping the walls.

Immediately the standards of the Sergeant-major and of Diego Mayo were brought in, and set up by Rodrigo Troche and Pedro Valdes Herrera, with two cavaliers, at the same moment. These being hoisted, the trumpets proclaimed the victory, and the band of soldiers who had entered opened the gates and sought the quarters, leaving no Frenchman alive.

The Adelantado, hearing the cries, left Castaneda in his place to collect the people who had not come up, who were at least half the force, and went himself to see if they were in any danger. He arrived at the fort running; and as he perceived that the soldiers gave no quarter to any of the French, he shouted "that, at the penalty of their lives, they should neither wound nor kill any woman, cripple, or child under fifteen years of age." By which seventy persons were saved, the rest were all killed.

Renato de Laudonnière, the commander of the fort, escaped, with his servant and some twenty or thirty others, to a vessel lying in the river.

Such is the Spanish chronicle, contained in Barcia, of the capture of Fort Caroline. Its details in the main correspond with the account of Laudonnière, and of Nicolas Challeux, the author of the letter printed at Lyons, in France, under date of August, 1566, by Jean Saugrain. In some important particulars, however, the historians disagree. It has been already seen that Menendez is represented as having given orders to spare all the women, maimed persons, and all children under fifteen years of age. The French relations of the event, on the contrary, allege that an indiscriminate slaughter took place, and that all were massacred, without respect to age, sex, or condition; but as this statement is principally made upon the authority of a terrified and flying soldier, it is alike due to the probabilities of the case, and more agreeable to the hopes of humanity, to lessen somewhat the horrors of a scene which has need of all the palliation which can be drawn from the slightest evidences of compassion on the part of the stern and bigoted leader.

Some of the fugitives from the fort fled to the Indians; and ten of these were given up to the Spaniards, to be butchered in cold blood, says the French account—to be sent back to France, says the Spanish chronicle.

September 24th being the day of St. Matthew, the name of the fort was changed to San Matteo, by which name it was always subsequently called by the Spaniards; and the name of St. Matthew was also given by them to the river, now called St. John's, on which it was situated.

The Spaniards proceeded at once to strengthen the fortress, deepening and enlarging the ditch, and raised and strengthened the ramparts and wall in such manner, says the boastful Mendoza, "that, if the half of all France had come to attack it, they could not have disturbed it;" a boast upon which the easy conquest of it by De Gourgues, three years subsequently, affords an amusing commentary. They also constructed, subsequently, two small forts at the mouth of the river, one on each side, which probably were located, the one on Batten Island, and the other at Mayport Mills.

Leaving three hundred soldiers as a garrison under his son-in-law, De Valdez, Master of the Camp, who was now appointed governor of the fort, Menendez marched from St. Augustine,

beginning now to feel considerable anxiety lest the French fleet, escaping from the tempest, might return and visit upon his own garrison at St. Augustine the fate of Fort Caroline. He took with him upon his return but fifty soldiers, and, owing to the swollen waters, found great difficulty in retracing his route. When within a league of St. Augustine, he allowed one of the soldiers to go forward to announce his victory and safe return.

The garrison at St. Augustine had been in great anxiety respecting their leader, and from the accounts given by those who had deserted, they feared the total loss of the expedition. The worthy captain thus describes the return of Menendez: "The same day, being Monday, we saw a man coming, crying out loudly. I myself was the first to run to him for the news. He embraced me with transport, crying, 'Victory! Victory! The French fort is ours.' I promised him the present which the bearer of good news deserves, and gave him the best in my power.

"At the hour of vespers our good General arrived, with fifty foot-soldiers very much fatigued. As soon as I learned that he was coming, I ran home and put on a new soutain, the best which I had, and a surplice, and, going out with a crucifix in my hand, I went forward to receive him; and he, a gentleman and a good Christian, before entering, kneeled and all his followers, and returned thanks to the Lord for the great favors which he had received. My companions and myself marched in front in procession chanting, so that we all returned with the demonstrations of joy."

REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS AGAINST SPAIN

RISE OF THE GUEUX OR BEGGARS

A.D. 1566

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

During the later mediæval and early modern periods, European states and provinces passed through many changes of political relation. In those times the territories comprised under the name of the Netherlands—embracing the present Holland and Belgium—belonged successively, in whole or in part, to different governments. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the region was united with Burgundy; in 1477 it passed to the Hapsburgs; and later it came under Spanish dominion.

In the reign of Charles V the Protestant Reformation spread through the Netherlands, whose peoples shared in all the disputes and turbulences of that religious revolution. Often in great peril, the liberties of the Netherlands were more than ever endangered by the absorption of the provinces into the vast empire of Charles. The Emperor issued persecuting edicts against the Protestant inhabitants, introduced the Inquisition with its terrible *auto da fé*, which spared neither character nor sex, and by his severe oppression caused the people of the Netherlands to feel themselves "destined to perpetual slavery." The number of martyrs there during the reign of Charles has been estimated on high authority at one hundred thousand, although some modern historians place it far below. The Inquisition, at all events, did some of its most cruel work in the Netherlands during that period.

Toward the end of Charles' reign the Netherlands secured a certain degree of exemption from these persecutions. Philip II, when he succeeded his father, Charles V, on the throne of Spain, renewed such favorable pledges to the Netherlands as the Emperor had given. But once in full power (1555), Philip began the "dark and bloody reign" which a few years later drove the Netherlanders to their great revolt, under the lead of William, Prince of Orange, called "William the Silent."

In 1563 William and the Counts of Egmont and Horn, members of the council of state, sent to Philip II a petition for the recall of Cardinal Granvella, adviser of the regent, Margaret of Parma, who was violently persecuting the Protestants. Although next year Granvella was recalled, Philip did not change his determination to destroy political and religious liberty in the Netherlands, and his continued oppressions provoked his subjects there to rise in self-defence.

As Schiller's history of the revolt, here presented, covers only the preparatory stage, the brilliant summary, from another portion of his works, is added to give completeness to his account.

A UNIVERSAL spirit of revolt pervaded the whole nation. Men began to investigate the rights of the subject, and to scrutinize the prerogative of kings. "The Netherlanders were not so stupid," many were heard to say, with very little attempt at secrecy, "as not to know right well what was due from the subject to the sovereign, and from the king to the subject; and that, perhaps, means would yet be found to repel force with force, although at present there might be no appearance of it." In Antwerp a placard was set up in several places calling upon the town council to accuse the King of Spain before the supreme court, at Spire, of having broken his oath and violated the liberties of the country, for Brabant, being a portion of the Burgundian circle, was included in the religious peace of Passau and Augsburg.

About this time, too, the Calvinists published their confession of faith, and in a preamble, addressed to the King, declared that they, although a hundred thousand strong, kept themselves, nevertheless, quiet, and, like the rest of his subjects, contributed to all the taxes of the country; from which it was evident, they added, that of themselves they entertained no ideas of insurrection. Bold and incendiary writings were publicly disseminated, which depicted the Spanish tyranny in the most odious colors, and reminded the nation of its privileges and occasionally also of its powers.¹

The warlike preparations of Philip against the Porte, as well as those which, for no intelligible reason, Eric, Duke of Brunswick, about this time made in the vicinity, contributed to strengthen the general suspicion that the Inquisition was to be forcibly imposed on the Netherlands. Many of the most emi-

¹ The Regent mentioned to the King a number (three thousand) of these writings. It is remarkable how important a part printing, and publicity in general, played in the rebellion of the Netherlands. Through this organ one restless spirit spoke to millions. Besides the lampoons, which for the most part were composed with all the low scurrility and brutality that were the distinguishing characteristics of most of the Protestant polemical writings of the time, works were occasionally published which defended religious liberty in the fullest sense of the word.

ment merchants already spoke of quitting their houses and business, to seek in some other part of the world the liberty of which they were here deprived; others looked about for a leader, and let fall hints of forcible resistance and of foreign aid.

That in this distressing position of affairs the Regent might be left entirely without an adviser and without support, she was now deserted by the only person who was at the present moment indispensable to her, and who had contributed to plunge her into this embarrassment. "Without kindling a civil war," wrote to her William of Orange, "it was absolutely impossible to comply now with the orders of the King. If, however, obedience was to be insisted upon, he must beg that his place might be supplied by another, who would better answer the expectations of his majesty and have more power than he had over the minds of the nation. The zeal which on every other occasion he had shown in the service of the crown would, he hoped, secure his present proceeding from misconstruction; for, as the case now stood, he had no alternative between disobeying the King and injuring his country and himself." From this time forth William of Orange retired from the council of state to his town of Breda, where, in observant but scarcely inactive repose, he watched the course of affairs. Count Horn followed his example.

Egmont, ever vacillating between the republic and the throne, ever wearying himself in the vain attempt to unite the good citizen with the obedient subject—Egmont, who was less able than the rest to dispense with the favor of the monarch, and to whom, therefore, it was less an object of indifference, could not bring himself to abandon the bright prospects which were now opening for him at the court of the Regent. The Prince of Orange had, by his superior intellect, gained an influence over the Regent which great minds cannot fail to command from inferior spirits. His retirement had opened a void in her confidence, which Count Egmont was now to fill by virtue of that sympathy which so naturally subsists between timidity, weakness, and good nature. As she was as much afraid of exasperating the people by an exclusive confidence in the adherents of the crown as she was fearful of displeasing the King by too close an understanding with the declared leaders of the faction, a better object for her confidence could now hardly be presented than

this very Count Egmont, of whom it could not be said that he belonged to either of the two conflicting parties.

Up to this point the general peace had, it appears, been the sincere wish of the Prince of Orange, the Counts Egmont and Horn, and their friends. They had pursued the true interest of their sovereign as much as the general weal; at least their exertions and their actions had been as little at variance with the former as with the latter. Nothing had as yet occurred to make their motives suspected or to manifest in them a rebellious spirit. What they had done they had done in discharge of their bounden duty as members of a free state, as the representatives of the nation, as advisers of the King, as men of integrity and honor. The only weapons they had used to oppose the encroachments of the court had been remonstrances, modest complaints, petitions. They had never allowed themselves to be so far carried away by a just zeal for their good cause as to transgress the limits of prudence and moderation, which on many occasions are so easily overstepped by party spirit. But all the nobles of the republic did not now listen to the voice of that prudence, all did not abide within the bounds of moderation.

While in the council of state the great question was discussed, whether the nation was to be miserable or not, while its sworn deputies summoned to their assistance all the arguments of reason and of equity, and while the middle classes and the people contented themselves with empty complaints, menaces, and curses, that part of the nation which of all seemed least called upon, and on whose support least reliance had been placed, began to take more active measures. We have already described a class of the nobility whose services and wants Philip, at his accession, had not considered it necessary to remember. Of these, by far the greater number had asked for promotion from a much more urgent reason than a love of the mere honor. Many of them were deeply sunk in debt, from which by their own resources they could not hope to emancipate themselves. When, then, in filling up appointments, Philip passed them over, he wounded them in a point far more sensitive than their pride.

In these suitors he had by his neglect raised up so many idle spies and merciless judges of his actions, so many collectors and propagators of malicious rumor. As their pride did not quit

them with their prosperity, so now, driven by necessity, they trafficked with the sole capital which they could not alienate—their nobility, and the political influence of their names; and brought into circulation a coin which only in such a period could have found currency—their protection. With a self-pride, to which they gave the more scope as it was all they could now call their own, they looked upon themselves as a strong intermediate power between the sovereign and the citizen, and believed themselves called upon to hasten to the rescue of the oppressed state, which looked imploringly to them for succor.

This idea was ludicrous only so far as their self-conceit was concerned in it; the advantages which they contrived to draw from it were substantial enough. The Protestant merchants, who held in their hands the chief part of the wealth of the Netherlands, and who believed they could not at any price purchase too dearly the undisturbed exercise of their religion, did not fail to make use of this class of people, who stood idle in the market and ready to be hired. These very men, whom at any other time the merchants, in their pride of riches, would most probably have looked down upon, now appeared likely to do them good service through their numbers, their courage, their credit with the populace, their enmity to the Government, nay, through their beggarly pride itself and their despair. On these grounds they zealously endeavored to form a close union with them, and diligently fostered the disposition for rebellion, while they also used every means to keep alive their high opinions of themselves, and, what was most important, lured their poverty by well-applied pecuniary assistance and glittering promises. Few of them were so utterly insignificant as not to possess some influence, if not personally, yet at least by their relationship with higher and more powerful nobles; and, if united, they would be able to raise a formidable voice against the crown. Many of them had either already joined the new sect or were secretly inclined to it; and even those who were zealous Roman Catholics had political or private grounds enough to set them against the decrees of Trent and the Inquisition. All, in fine, felt the cause of vanity sufficiently powerful not to allow the only moment to escape them in which they might possibly make some figure in the republic.

But much as might be expected from the coöperation of these men in a body, it would have been futile and ridiculous to build any hopes on any one of them singly; and the great difficulty was to effect a union among them. Even to bring them together, some unusual occurrence was necessary; and, fortunately, such an incident presented itself. The nuptials of Baron Montigny, one of the Belgian nobles, as also those of the prince Alexander of Parma, which took place about this time in Brussels, assembled in that town a great number of the Belgian nobles. On this occasion relations met relations; new friendships were formed and old renewed; and, while the distress of the country was the topic of conversation, wine and mirth unlocked lips and hearts, hints were dropped of union among themselves and of an alliance with foreign powers. These accidental meetings soon led to concealed ones, and public discussions gave rise to secret consultations. Two German barons, moreover, a Count of Holle and of Schwarzenberg, who happened at this time to be on a visit to the Netherlands, omitted nothing to awaken expectations of assistance from their neighbors. Count Louis of Nassau, too, had also, a short time before, visited several German courts to ascertain their sentiments.¹ It has even been asserted that secret emissaries of the admiral Coligny were seen at this time in Brabant; but this, however, may be reasonably doubted.

If ever a political crisis was favorable to an attempt at revolution, it was the present: a woman at the helm of government; the governors of provinces disaffected themselves, and disposed to wink at insubordination in others; most of the state counsellors quite inefficient; no army to fall back upon; the few troops there were, long since discontented on account of the outstanding arrears of pay, and already too often deceived by false promises to be enticed by new; commanded, moreover, by officers who despised the Inquisition from their hearts, and would have blushed to draw a sword in its behalf; and lastly, no money in the treasury to enlist new troops or to hire for-

¹ It was not without cause that the Prince of Orange suddenly disappeared from Brussels in order to be present at the election of a king of Rome in Frankfurt. An assembly of so many German princes must have greatly favored a negotiation.

eigners. The court at Brussels, as well as the three councils, not only divided by internal dissensions, but in the highest degree venal and corrupt; the Regent without full powers to act on the spot, and the King at a distance; his adherents in the provinces few, uncertain, and dispirited; the faction numerous and powerful; two-thirds of the people irritated against popery and desirous of a change—such was the unfortunate weakness of the Government, and the more unfortunate still that this weakness was so well known to its enemies!

In order to unite so many minds in the prosecution of a common object, a leader was still wanting, and a few influential names, to give political weight to their enterprise. The two were supplied by Count Louis of Nassau, and Henry Count Brederode, both members of the most illustrious houses of the Belgian nobility, who voluntarily placed themselves at the head of the undertaking. Louis of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange, united many splendid qualities, which made him worthy of appearing on so noble and important a stage. In Geneva, where he studied, he had imbibed at once a hatred to the hierarchy and a love to the new religion, and, on his return to his native country, had not failed to enlist proselytes to his opinions. The republican bias which his mind had received in that school kindled in him a bitter hatred of all that bore the Spanish name, which animated his whole conduct, and only left him with his latest breath. Popery and Spanish rule were in his mind identical, as indeed they were in reality; and the abhorrence which he entertained for the one helped to strengthen his dislike to the other.

Closely as the brothers agreed in their inclinations and aversions, the ways by which each sought to gratify them were widely dissimilar. Youth and an ardent temperament did not allow the younger brother to follow the tortuous course through which the elder wound himself to his object. A cold, calm circumspection carried the latter slowly, but surely, to his aim; and with a pliable subtlety he made all things subserve his purpose; with a foolhardy impetuosity, which overthrew all obstacles, the other at times compelled success, but oftener accelerated disaster. For this reason William was a general, and Louis never more than an adventurer; a sure and powerful arm, if only it were

directed by a wise head. Louis' pledge once given was good forever; his alliances survived every vicissitude, for they were mostly formed in a pressing moment of necessity, and misfortune binds more firmly than thoughtless joy. He loved his brother as dearly as he did his cause, and for the latter he died.

Henry of Brederode, Baron of Viane and Burgrave of Utrecht, was descended from the old Dutch counts, who formerly ruled that province as sovereign princes. So ancient a title endeared him to the people, among whom the memory of their former lords still survived and was the more treasured the less they felt they had gained by the change. This hereditary splendor increased the self-conceit of a man upon whose tongue the glory of his ancestors continually hung, and who dwelt the more on former greatness, even amid its ruins, the more unpromising the aspect of his own condition became. Excluded from the honors and employments to which in his opinion his own merits and his noble ancestry fully entitled him—a squadron of light cavalry being all that was intrusted to him—he hated the Government, and did not scruple boldly to canvass and to rail at its measures. By these means he won the hearts of the people.

Besides these two, there were others also from among the most illustrious of the Flemish nobles—the young Count Charles of Mansfeld, a son of that nobleman whom we have found among the most zealous royalists, the Count Kinlemburg, two counts of Bergen and of Battenburg, John of Marnix, Baron of Thoulouse, Philip of Marnix, Baron of St. Aldegonde, with several others, who joined the league, which about the middle of November, in the year 1565, was formed at the house of Von Hammes, king-at-arms of the Golden Fleece. Here it was that six men decided the destiny of their country—as formerly a few confederates consummated the liberty of Switzerland—kindled the torch of a forty-years' war, and laid the basis of a freedom which they themselves were never to enjoy.

The objects of the league were set forth in the following declaration, to which Philip of Marnix was the first to subscribe his name: "Whereas certain ill-disposed persons, under the mask of a pious zeal, but in reality under the impulse of avarice

and ambition, have by their evil counsels persuaded our most gracious sovereign the King to introduce into these countries the abominable tribunal of the Inquisition—a tribunal diametrically opposed to all laws human and divine, and in cruelty far surpassing the barbarous institutions of heathenism—which raises the inquisitors above every other power, and debases man to a perpetual bondage, and by its snares exposes the honest citizen to a constant fear of death, inasmuch as anyone—priest, it may be, or a faithless friend, a Spaniard or a reprobate—has it in his power at any moment to cause whom he will to be dragged before that tribunal, and to be placed in confinement, condemned and executed, without the accused ever being allowed to face his accuser or to adduce proof of his innocence—we, therefore, the undersigned, have bound ourselves to watch over the safety of our families, our estates, and our own persons. To this we hereby pledge ourselves, and to this end bind ourselves as a sacred fraternity, and vow with a solemn oath to oppose to the best of our power the introduction of this tribunal into these countries, whether it be attempted openly or secretly, and under whatever name it may be disguised. We at the same time declare that we are far from intending anything unlawful against the King our sovereign; rather is it our unalterable purpose to support and defend the royal prerogative, and to maintain peace, and, as far as lies in our power to put down all rebellion. In accordance with this purpose we have sworn, and now again swear, to hold sacred the Government, and to respect both in word and deed, which witness almighty God!

“Further, we vow and swear to protect and defend one another, in all times and places, against all attacks whatsoever touching the articles which are set forth in this covenant. We hereby bind ourselves that no accusation of any of our followers, in whatever name it may be clothed, whether rebellion, sedition, or other wise, shall avail to annul our oath toward the accused or absolve us from our obligation toward him. No act which is directed against the Inquisition can deserve the name of a rebellion. Whoever, therefore, shall be placed in arrest on any charge, we here pledge ourselves to assist him to the utmost of our ability, and to endeavor by every allowable means to effect his liberation. In this, however, as in all matters, but especially

in the conduct of all measures against the tribunal of the Inquisition, we submit ourselves to the general regulations of the league, or to the decision of those whom we may unanimously appoint our counsellors and leaders.

"In witness hereof, and in confirmation of this our common league and covenant, we call upon the holy name of the living God, maker of heaven and earth and of all that are therein, who searches the hearts, the consciences, and the thoughts, and knows the purity of ours. We implore the aid of his holy spirit, that success and honor may crown our undertaking to the glory of his name and to the peace and blessing of our country!"

This covenant was immediately translated into several languages and quickly disseminated through the provinces. To swell the league as speedily as possible, each of the confederates assembled all his friends, relations, adherents, and retainers. Great banquets were held, which lasted whole days—irresistible temptations for a sensual luxurious people, in whom the deepest wretchedness could not stifle the propensity for voluptuous living. Whoever repaired to these banquets—and everyone was welcome—was plied with officious assurances of friendship, and, when heated with wine, carried away by the example of numbers and overcome by the fire of a wild eloquence. The hands of many were guided while they subscribed their signatures; the hesitating were derided, the pusillanimous threatened, the scruples of loyalty clamored down; some even were quite ignorant what they were signing, and were ashamed afterward to inquire. To many whom mere levity had brought to the entertainment, the general enthusiasm left no choice, while the splendor of the confederacy allured the mean, and its numbers encouraged the timorous.

The abettors of the league had not scrupled at the artifice of counterfeiting the signature and seals of the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Horn, Megen, and others, a trick which won them hundreds of adherents. This was done especially with a view of influencing the officers of the army, in order to be safe in this quarter if matters should come at last to violence. The device succeeded with many, especially with subalterns, and Count Brederode even drew his sword upon an ensign who

wished time for consideration. Men of all classes and conditions signed it. Religion made no difference. Roman Catholic priests even were associates of the league. The motives were not the same with all, but the pretext was similar. The Roman Catholics desired simply the abolition of the Inquisition and a mitigation of the edicts; the Protestants aimed at unlimited freedom of conscience.

A few daring spirits only entertained so bold a project as the overthrow of the present Government, while the needy and indigent based the vilest hopes on a general anarchy. A farewell entertainment, which about this very time was given to the Counts Schwarzenberg and Holle in Breda, and another shortly afterward in Hogstraten, drew many of the principal nobility to these two places, and of these several had already signed the covenant. The Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont, Horn, and Megen were present at the latter banquet, but without any concert of design, and without having themselves any share in the league, although one of Egmont's own secretaries and some of the servants of the other three noblemen had openly joined it. At this entertainment three hundred persons gave in their adhesion to the covenant, and the question was mooted whether the whole body should present themselves before the Regent armed or unarmed, with a declaration or with a petition? Horn and Orange—Egmont would not countenance the business in any way—were called in as arbiters upon this point, and they decided in favor of the more moderate and submissive procedure. By taking this office upon them, they exposed themselves to the charge of having in no very covert manner lent their sanction to the enterprise of the confederates. In compliance, therefore, with their advice it was determined to present their address unarmed and in the form of a petition, and a day was appointed on which they should assemble in Brussels.

The first intimation the Regent received of this conspiracy of the nobles was given by the Count of Megen soon after his return to the capital. "There was," he said, "an enterprise on foot; no less than three hundred of the nobles were implicated in it; it referred to religion; the members of it had bound themselves together by an oath; they reckoned much on foreign

aid; she would soon know more about it." Though urgently pressed, he would give her no further information. "A nobleman," he said, "had confided it to him under the seal of secrecy, and he had pledged his word of honor to him." What really withheld him from giving her any further explanation was, in all probability, not so much any delicacy about his honor, as his hatred of the Inquisition, which he would not willingly do anything to advance. Soon after him, Count Egmont delivered to the Regent a copy of the covenant, and also gave her the names of the conspirators, with some few exceptions. Nearly at the same time the Prince of Orange wrote to her: "There was, as he had heard, an army enlisted, four hundred officers were already named, and twenty thousand men would presently appear in arms." Thus the rumor was intentionally exaggerated, and the danger was multiplied in every mouth.

The Regent petrified with alarm at the first announcement of these tidings, and guided solely by her fears, hastily called together all the members of the council of state who happened to be then in Brussels, and at the same time sent a pressing summons to the Prince of Orange and Count Horn, inviting them to resume their seats in the senate.

The members of the senate had not yet dispersed, when all Brussels resounded with the report that the confederates were approaching the town. They consisted of no more than two hundred horse, but rumor greatly exaggerated their numbers. Filled with consternation, the Regent consulted with her ministers whether it was best to close the gates on the approaching party or to seek safety in flight. Both suggestions were rejected as dishonorable; and the peaceable entry of the nobles soon allayed all fears of violence. The first morning after their arrival they assembled at Kuilemburg house, where Brederode administered to them a second oath, binding them, before all other duties, to stand by one another, and even with arms if necessary. At this meeting a letter from Spain was produced, in which it was stated that a certain Protestant, whom they all knew and valued, had been burned alive in that country by a slow fire. After these and similar preliminaries he called on them one after another, by name, to take the new oath, and renew the old one in their own names and in those of the absent.

The next day, April 5, 1566, was fixed for the presentation of the petition. Their numbers now amounted to between three hundred and four hundred. Among them were many retainers of the high nobility, as also several servants of the King himself and of the Duchess.

With the Counts of Nassau and Brederode at their head, and formed in ranks of four by four, they advanced in procession to the palace; all Brussels attended the unwonted spectacle in silent astonishment. Here were to be seen a body of men, advancing with too much boldness and confidence to look like supplicants, and led by two men who were not wont to be petitioners and, on the other hand, with so much order and stillness as do not usually accompany rebellion. The Regent received the procession, surrounded by all her counsellors and the Knights of the Fleece. "These noble Netherlanders," thus Brederode respectfully addressed her, "who here present themselves before your highness, wish in their own name, and of many others besides, who are shortly to arrive, to present to you a petition, of whose importance, as well as of their own humility, this solemn procession must convince you. I, as speaker of this body, entreat you to receive our petition, which contains nothing but what is in unison with the laws of our country and the honor of the King."

"Never"—so ran the petition, which, according to some, was drawn up by the celebrated Balduin—"never had they failed in their loyalty to their King, and nothing now could be further from their hearts; but they would rather run the risk of incurring the displeasure of their sovereign than allow him to remain longer in ignorance of the evils with which their native country was menaced, by the forcible introduction of the Inquisition, and the continued enforcement of the edicts. They had long remained consoling themselves with the expectation that a general assembly of the states would be summoned to remedy these grievances; but now that even this hope was extinguished, they held it to be their duty to give timely warning to the Regent. They, therefore, entreated her highness to send to Madrid an envoy, well disposed, and fully acquainted with the state and temper of the times, who should endeavor to persuade the King to comply with the demands of the whole nation, and abolish the

Inquisition, to revoke the edicts, and in their stead cause new and more humane ones to be drawn up at a general assembly of the states. But, in the mean while, until they could learn the King's decision, they prayed that the edicts and the operations of the Inquisition be suspended." "If," they concluded, "no attention should be paid to their humble request, they took God, the King, the Regent and all her counsellors to witness that they had done their part, and were not responsible for any unfortunate result that might happen."

The following day the confederates, marching in the same order of procession, but in still greater numbers—Counts Bergen and Kuilemborg having in the interim joined them with their adherents—appeared before the Regent in order to receive her answer. It was written on the margin of the petition, and was to the effect "that entirely to suspend the Inquisition and the edicts, even temporarily, was beyond her powers; but in compliance with the wishes of the confederates, she was ready to despatch one of the nobles to the King, in Spain, and also to support their petition with all her influence. In the mean time she would recommend the inquisitors to administer their office with moderation; but in return, she should expect, on the part of the league, that they should abstain from all acts of violence, and undertake nothing to the prejudice of the Catholic faith." Little as these vague and general promises satisfied the confederates, they were, nevertheless, as much as they could have reasonably expected to gain at first.

The granting or refusing of the petition had nothing to do with the primary object of the league. Enough for them at present that it was once recognized; enough that it was now, as it were, an established body, which by its power and threats might, if necessary, overawe the Government. The confederates, therefore, acted quite consistently with their designs, in contenting themselves with this answer, and referring the rest to the good pleasure of the King. As, indeed, the whole pantomime of petitioning had only been invented to cover the more daring plan of the league, until it should have strength enough to show itself in its true light; they felt that much more depended on their being able to continue this mask, and on the favorable reception of their petition, than on its speedily being granted. In

a new memorial, which they delivered three days after, they pressed for an express testimonial from the Regent, that they had done no more than their duty, and been guided simply by their zeal for the service of the King. When the Duchess evaded a declaration, they even sent a person to repeat this request in a private interview. "Time alone and their future behavior," she replied to this person, "would enable her to judge of their designs."

The league had its origin in banquets, and a banquet gave it form and perfection. On the very day that the second petition was presented, Brederode entertained the confederates in Kuilemberg house. About three hundred guests assembled; intoxication gave them courage, and their audacity rose with their numbers. During the conversation one of their number happened to remark that he had overheard the Count of Barlaimont whisper in French to the Regent, who was seen to turn pale on the delivery of the petitions, that "she need not be afraid of a band of beggars (*gueux*);" in fact, the majority of them had by their bad management of their incomes only too well deserved this appellation. Now, as the very name of their fraternity was the very thing which had most perplexed them, an expression was eagerly caught up, which, while it cloaked the presumption of their enterprise in humility, was at the same time appropriate to them as petitioners. Immediately they drank to one another under this name, and the cry "Long live the Gueux!" was accompanied with a general shout of applause. After the cloth had been removed, Brederode appeared with a wallet over his shoulder, similar to that which the vagrant pilgrims and mendicant monks of the time used to carry; and after returning thanks to all for their accession to the league, and boldly assuring them that he was ready to venture life and limb for every individual present, he drank to the health of the whole company out of a wooden beaker. The cup went round, and everyone uttered the same vow as he set it to his lips. Then one after the other they received the beggar's purse, and each hung it on a nail which he had appropriated to himself. The shouts and uproar attending this buffoonery attracted the Prince of Orange and Counts Egmont and Horn, who, by chance, were passing the spot at the very moment, and on entering the house were boisterously

pressed by Brederode, as host, to remain and drink a glass with them.¹

The entrance of three such influential personages renewed the mirth of the guests, and their festivities soon passed the bounds of moderation. Many were intoxicated; guests and attendants mingled together without distinction, the serious and the ludicrous; drunken fancies and affairs of state were blended one with another in a burlesque medley; and the discussions on the general distress of the country ended in the wild uproar of a bacchanalian revel. But it did not stop here; what they had resolved on in the moment of intoxication, they attempted when sober to carry into execution. It was necessary to manifest to the people in some striking shape the existence of their protectors, and likewise to fan the zeal of the faction by a visible emblem; for this end nothing could be better than to adopt publicly this name of *Gueux*, and to borrow from it the tokens of the association. In a few days the town of Brussels swarmed with ash-gray garments, such as were usually worn by mendicant friars and penitents. Every confederate put his whole family and domestics in this dress. Some carried wooden bowls thinly overlaid with plates of silver, cups of the same kind, and wooden knives; in short, the whole paraphernalia of the beggar tribe, which they either fixed around their hats or suspended from their girdles. Round the neck they wore a golden or silver coin, afterward called the "*Guesen penny*," of which one side bore the effigy of the King, with the inscription "*True to the King*"; on the other side were seen two hands folded together, holding a wallet, with the words "*as far as the beggar's scrip*." Hence the origin of the name "*Gueux*," which was subsequently borne in the Netherlands by all who seceded from popery and took up arms against the King.

A name decides the whole issue of things. In Madrid that was called rebellion which in Brussels was styled only a lawful

¹ "But," Egmont asserted in his written defence, "we drank only one single small glass, and thereupon they cried, 'Long live the King and the *Gueux*!' This was the first time that I heard that appellation, and it certainly did not please me. But the times were so bad that one was often compelled to share in much that was against one's inclination, and I knew not but I was doing an innocent thing."

remonstrance. The complaints of Brabant required a prudent mediator; Philip II sent an executioner, and the signal for war was given. An unparalleled tyranny assailed both property and life.

The despairing citizens, to whom the choice of death was all that was left, chose the nobler one on the battle-field. A wealthy and luxurious nation loves peace, but becomes warlike as soon as it becomes poor. Then it ceases to tremble for a life which is deprived of everything that had made it desirable. In a moment the rage of rebellion seizes the most distant provinces; trade and commerce are at a standstill, the ships disappear from the harbors, the artisan abandons his workshop, the rustic his uncultivated fields. Thousands fled to distant lands; a thousand victims fell on the bloody field, and fresh thousands pressed on; for divine, indeed, must that doctrine be for which men could die so joyfully. All that was wanting was the last achieving hand, the enlightened enterprising spirit, to seize on this great political crisis and to mature the offspring of chance to the designs of wisdom. William the Silent devoted himself, a second Brutus, to the great cause of liberty. Superior to a timorous selfishness, he sent in to the throne his resignation of offices which devolved on him objectionable duties, and, magnanimously divesting himself of all his princely dignities, he descended to a state of voluntary poverty, and became but a citizen of the world. The cause of justice was staked upon the hazardous game of battle; but the sudden levies of mercenaries and peaceful husbandmen could not withstand the terrible onset of an experienced force. Twice did the brave William lead his dispirited troops against the tyrant, twice was he abandoned by them, but not by his courage.

Philip II sent as many reënforcements as the dreadful importunity of his viceroy begged for. Fugitives whom their fatherland rejected sought a new country on the ocean, and turned to satisfy, on the ships of their enemy, the demon of vengeance and of want. Naval heroes were now formed out of corsairs, and a marine collected out of piratical vessels; and out of morasses arose a republic. Seven provinces threw off the yoke at the same time, to form a new, youthful state, powerful by its waters and its union and despair. A solemn decree of the

whole nation deposed the tyrant, and the Spanish name disappeared from all the laws.

For what had now been done no forgiveness remained; the republic became formidable, because it was no longer possible for her to retrace her steps; factions distracted her within; her terrible element, the sea itself, leaguings with her oppressors, threatened her very infancy with a premature grave. She felt herself succumb to the superior force of the enemy, and cast herself a suppliant before the most powerful thrones of Europe, begging them to accept a dominion which she herself could no longer protect. At last, but with difficulty—so despised at first was this state that even the rapacity of foreign monarchs spurned her opening bloom—a stranger deigned to accept their importunate offer of a dangerous crown. New hopes began to revive her sinking courage; but in this new father of his country, destiny gave her a traitor; and in the critical emergency, when the implacable foe was in full force before her very gates, Charles of Anjou invaded the liberties which he had been called to protect. The assassin's hand, too, tore the steersman from the rudder, and with William of Orange the career, seemingly, of the infant republic and all her guardian angels fled; but the ship continued to scud along in the storm, and the swelling canvas carried her safe without the steersman's help.

Philip II missed the fruits of a deed which cost him his royal honor and perhaps also his self-respect. Liberty struggled on still with despotism in the obstinate and dubious contest; sanguinary battles were fought; a brilliant array of heroes succeeded each other on the field of glory; and Flanders and Brabant were the schools which educated generals for the coming century. A long, devastating war laid waste the open country; victor and vanquished alike were bathed in blood; while the rising republic of the waters gave a welcome to fugitive industry, and out of the ruins erected the noble edifice of its own greatness. For forty years a war lasted, whose happy termination was not to bless the dying eye of Philip; which destroyed one paradise in Europe, to create a new one out of its shattered fragments; which destroyed the choicest flower of military youth; and while it enriched more than a quarter of the globe, impoverished the possessor of the golden Peru. This monarch, who, even without

oppressing his subjects, could expend nine hundred tons of gold, but who by tyrannical means extorted far more, heaped on his depopulated kingdom a debt of one hundred and forty millions of ducats. An implacable hatred of liberty swallowed up all these treasures and consumed in fruitless labor his royal life. But the Reformation throve amid the devastation of his sword, and over the blood of her citizens the banner of the new republic floated victorious.

LEPANTO: DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH NAVAL POWER

A.D. 1571

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL

By the defeat of the Turks in the naval fight near Lepanto their power was so seriously shaken that its decline may be reckoned to have begun with that event. For many years, under their great sultan Solyman the Magnificent, they had kept Europe in terror of their assaults. They had taken a recognized place among European peoples. Before his alliance with Francis I of France (1534), Solyman had made himself master of Hungary, and by threatening Vienna he so alarmed Charles V that the Emperor agreed to the Peace of Nuremberg, in order that he might unite Protestants and Catholics against the Ottoman foe.

Although Solyman withdrew before the united forces of the Christian empire, the Turks continued their depredations, especially on the coasts of Italy and Spain. Charles succeeded in repelling them there, and defeated them (1535) at Tunis, but they soon renewed their frightful ravages along the European shores.

Finally, in the reign of Solyman's successor, Selim II, they were met with effectual resistance through the efforts of the Holy League formed in 1570 by Spain, Venice, and Pope Pius V. Selim in that year captured and pillaged Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus. In May, 1571, the League agreed upon a plan of action, and after a series of indecisive operations the allies accomplished their task in the manner described below. Their forces were commanded by Don John of Austria, a Spanish soldier, illegitimate son of Charles V. Don John had already (1569-1570) defeated the Moriscoes or Moors in Granada. Stirling-Maxwell is the authoritative historian of his remarkable career. Sir William's account of the important victory near Lepanto is one of our most interesting examples of military narration.

THE Gulf of Lepanto is a long inlet of irregular shape, extending east and west, and bounded on the north by the shores of Albania, the ancient Epirus, and on the south by the coast of Morea, and closed at its eastern end by the Isthmus of Corinth. The bold headland on the north side, guarded by the castle of Roumelia, and the lower promontory on the south with the castle of the Morea, advancing from the opposite shores into

its waters, divide the long inlet into two unequal parts. The first of these parts consists of the mouth of the gulf and the lake-like basin, together forming the Gulf of Patras. The second is the long reach of waters within the castled headlands called the Gulf (anciently) of Corinth, and now of Epakte or Lepanto. When the hostile fleets came in sight of each other, that of the League was entering the gulf near its northern shore, while that of the Turk was about fifteen miles within its jaws, his vast crescent-shaped line stretching almost from the broad swampy shallows which lie beneath the Acarnanian mountains to the margin of the rich lowlands of the Morea.

As the two armaments now advanced, each in full view of the other, the sea was somewhat high, and the wind, blowing freshly from the east, was in the teeth of the Christians. But in the course of the morning the waves of the gulf fell to a glassy smoothness, and the breeze shifted to the west, a change fortunate for the sailors of the League, which their spiritual teachers did not fail to declare a special interposition of God in behalf of the fleet which carried the flag of his vicar upon earth.

At the sound of the signal gun each captain began to prepare his ship for action. By order of Don John of Austria the sharp peaks of the galleys, the spurs (*espolones*) as they were called, had been cut off, it being thought expedient to sacrifice those weapons of offence, which were somewhat uncertain in their operation, to insure the more effectual working of the guns on the forecastle and gangway; and the bulwarks had been strengthened, and heightened by means of boarding-nettings. In some vessels the rowers' benches were removed or planked over, to give more space and scope to the soldiers. Throughout the fleet the Christian slaves had their fetters knocked off and were furnished with arms, which they were encouraged to use valiantly by promises of freedom and rewards. Of the Moslem slaves, on the contrary, the chains which secured them to their places were carefully examined, and their rivets secured; and they were, besides, fitted with handcuffs, to disable them from using their hands for any purpose but tugging on the oar. The arquebusier, the musketeer, and the bombardier looked carefully to the state of their weapons, ammunition, and equipments; the sailor sharpened his pike and cutlass; the officer put on his

strongest casque and his best-wrought cuirass; the stewards placed supplies of bread and wine in convenient places, ready to the hands of the combatants; and the surgeons prepared their instruments and bandages, and spread tables in dark and shaded nooks, for the use of the wounded.

While these preparations occupied their subordinate officers, the chiefs of the armament repaired to the flag-ship to learn the final resolution and receive the last instructions of Don John of Austria. Some of these went for the purpose of combating that resolution and objecting to those instructions; for that eagerness to fight, which pervaded the soldiers and sailors, was not unanimously shared by their leaders. Veniero, although he had been hitherto very desirous of meeting the enemy, was now anxious and dispirited. Doria and Ascanio de la Corgnia reminded their young commander that the Turk, who was evidently bent upon fighting, had a convenient harbor and arsenal behind him at Lepanto; while for the fleet of the League, far from accessible ports, a disaster implied total destruction. Some of their colleagues ventured to advise Don John to retire while it was still in his power to do so. He refused to discuss a question which had been decided at Corfu. "Gentlemen," he said, "the time for counsel is past, and the time for fighting has come," and with these words dismissed them to their ships.

While the galleys were taking up their positions, Don John of Austria, in complete armor and attended by Don Luis de Cordoba and his secretary Juan de Soto, transferred himself to a frigate remarkable for speed and armed with a single German gun, and ran along the line to the right of the flag-ship, embracing the whole extent of the right wing. As he neared each galley he addressed a few words of encouragement to the officers and men. He reminded the Venetians of the cruel outrages which the Republic had lately received from the Turk in the Adriatic, Corfu, and especially in Cyprus; and that now was the time to take signal vengeance; and he therefore bid them use their weapons as these recollections and the great opportunity required. To the Spaniards he said: "My children, we are here to conquer or to die as Heaven may determine. Do not let our impious foe ask us, 'Where is your God?' Fight in his holy name, and in death or victory you will win immortality." His words were eminently

successful. They were in all cases received with enthusiastic applause. The soldiers and sailors were delighted and inspired by the gallant bearing and language of their young leader. As he left them, shipmates who had quarrelled as only shipmates can, and who had not spoken for weeks, embraced, and swore to conquer or to die in the sacred cause of Christ.

As the two fleets approached—the Christians wafted gently onward by a light breeze, the Ottomans plying their oars to the utmost—the Turkish commander, who like Don John sailed in the centre of his line, fired a gun. Don John acknowledged the challenge and returned the salute. A second shot elicited a second reply. The two armaments had approached near enough to enable each to distinguish the individual vessels of the other and to scan their various banners and insignia. The Turks advanced to battle shouting and screaming and making a great uproar with ineffectual musketry. The Christians preserved complete silence. At a certain signal a crucifix was raised aloft in every ship in the fleet. Don John of Austria, sheathed in complete armor, and standing in a conspicuous place on the prow of his ship, now knelt down to adore the sacred emblem, and to implore the blessing of God on the great enterprise which he was about to commence. Every man in the fleet followed his example and fell upon his knees. The soldier, poising his firelock, knelt at his post by the bulwarks, the gunner knelt with his lighted match beside his gun. The decks gleamed with prostrate men in mail. In each galley, erect and conspicuous among the martial throng, stood a Franciscan or a Dominican friar, a Theatine or a Jesuit, in his brown or black robe, holding a crucifix in one hand and sprinkling holy water with the other, while he pronounced a general absolution, and promised indulgence in this life, or pardon in the next, to the steadfast warriors who should quit them like men and fight the good fight of faith against infidel.

In the night between October 6th and 7th, 1571, about the same hour that the Christian fleet weighed anchor at Cephalonia, the Turks had left their moorings in the harbor of Lepanto. While Don John, baffled by the winds and waves, was beating off the Curzolarian Isles, the Pacha was sailing down the gulf before a fair breeze. Every Turk on board the Sultan's

fleet believed that he was about to assist in conveying the armament of the Christian powers to the Golden Horn, in obedience to the commands of the Padishah. The soldiers and sailors, lately recruited by large reënforcements, were many of them fresh from quarters on shore. Officers and men were in the highest spirits, eager for the battle which they knew to be at hand, and in which they supposed their success to be certain. For although Ali was well informed as to the position and movements of the fleet of the League, he was no less mistaken as to the strength of the Christians than the Christians were as to his own. He had been more successful in pouring fictions into the ear of Don John than in obtaining accurate intelligence for himself.

The Greek fishermen, in reporting to each leader the condition of his enemy, had, as we have seen, taken care to please and deceive both. Karacosh had indeed been present at the review of Gomenzia, but he had erred considerably in his reckoning of the numbers of the Christian fleet. Either by accident or design, he computed the vessels at fifty less than the real number, and he, besides, greatly underrated the weight of the artillery. Ali was still further deceived by the reports of three Spanish soldiers, captured on the shore near Gomenzia, where they had strayed too far from their boat. These prisoners assured the Pacha that the Christian fleet had not as yet been joined either by the great ships or the galeases, and that forty galleys, sent under Santa Cruz to Otranto for troops, and two galleys with which Andrade had gone on a cruise of observation, had not yet returned. This story confirmed the accounts both of Karacosh and the Greek fishermen. The Pacha was naturally no less anxious to meet Don John with Santa Cruz than Don John had been to meet the Pacha without the Viceroy of Algiers. It was no wonder, then, that the chiefs of the Turkish fleet led their galleys down the gulf in the ardent hope of speedily meeting with an enemy in whom they made certain of finding a rich and easy prey. The three hundred sail of the Sultan moved, as already described, in the form of an immense crescent, stretching nearly from shore to shore.

When the Christian armament first came in sight, nothing was seen of it but the small vanguard of Cardona's Sicilian gal-

leys, and a portion of the right wing under Doria. The rest was hidden by the rocky headlands at the north of the gulf. For a while this circumstance buoyed up the Turks in their belief that the force of the enemy was greatly inferior to their own. As, however, the long lines of the centre under Don John of Austria, and of the left wing under Barbarigo, came galley after galley into view, they began to discover their mistake. The men posted aloft were eagerly questioned by the officers as to the result of their observations, and their answers, always announcing accessions of strength to the Christians, led to misgivings, and to vehement denunciations against Karacosh for the inaccuracy of his report from Gomenzia. When Ali perceived that the Christians had adopted a long straight line of battle, he also caused his fleet to take the same order, drawing in the horns and advancing the centre of his crescent. As the fleets came nearer to each other, the leaders of the League were encouraged by observing that the enemy's rear was not covered by anything that could be called a reserve, but only by a number of small craft. Ali, on the contrary, was surprised to see the galeases which had been pushed forward by the Christians. He inquired what these *mahones* were, and was told that they were not mahones, but galeases; the very vessels, in fact, which he had been led to believe had been separated from the enemy, and whose formidable artillery he did not expect to encounter. He also observed with concern the large number of the galleys which were Spanish, or western (*ponenirinas*, as they were called in the Levant), and of a stronger build than those which were constructed at Venice by the Orientals. He now saw that the victory was not to be so easy as he had anticipated, and that he must neglect no means that might avert defeat. A kind-hearted as well as a brave man, he had always been remarkable for the humanity with which he had cared for the unhappy Christian slaves who rowed his galley. He now walked forward to their benches and said to them in Spanish: "Friends, I expect you to-day to do your duty by me, in return for what I have done for you. If I win the battle, I promise you your liberty; if the day is yours, God has given it to you."

When the fleets neared each other, and the Christians were all prostrate before their crucifixes and friars, and no sound

was heard on their decks but the voices of the holy fathers, the Turks were indulging in every kind of noise which nature or art had furnished them with the means of producing. Shouting and screaming, they bade the Christians come on "like drowned hens" and be slaughtered; then they danced and stamped and clanged their arms; they blew trumpets, clashed cymbals, and fired volleys of useless musketry. When the Christians had ended their devotions and stood to their guns, or in their ordered ranks, each galley, in the long array, seemed on fire, as the noon-tide sun blazed on helmet and corselet, and pointed blades and pikes with flame. The bugles now sounded a charge, and the bands of each vessel began to play. Before Don John retired from the forecastle to his proper place on the quarter-deck, it is said by one of the officers, who had written an account of the battle, that he and two of his gentlemen, "inspired with youthful ardor, danced a galliard on the gun platform to the music of the fifes." The Turkish line, to the glitter of arms, added yet more splendor of color from the brilliant and variegated garb of the janizaries, their tall and fanciful crests and prodigious plumes, and from the multitude of flags and streamers which every galley displayed from every available point and peak. Long before the enemy were within range the Turkish cannon opened. The first shot that took effect carried off the point of the pennant of Don Juan de Cardona, who in his swiftest vessel was hovering along the line, correcting trifling defects of position and order, like a sergeant drilling recruits. About noon a flash was seen to proceed from one of the galeases of the Christian fleet. The shot was aimed at the flag-ship of the Pacha, conspicuous in the centre of the line, and carrying the sacred green standard of the Prophet. Passing through the rigging of the vessel, the ball carried off a portion of the highest of the three splendid lanterns which hung on the lofty stern as symbols of command. The Pacha, from his quarter-deck, looked up on hearing the crash, and perceiving the ominous mischief, said, "God grant we may be able to give a good answer to this question." The next shot split off a great piece of the poop of an adjacent galley. Of the six galeases four were soon pouring a murderous fire into the Turkish centre and right wing; the remaining two, which were intended to gall the left wing, having

been rendered of little use, then and during the battle, by dexterous southerly movements of Aluch Ali. The balls from the galeases appeared to stop the vessels which they struck, and which seemed to have been met as by a wall. Two of them were speedily sunk by the terrible fire. Perceiving the great superiority of the galeases in weight of metal, Ali ordered his galleys not to attempt to attack them, but, avoiding them as well as they could, to push on against the galleys of the Christians. Obedience to this order, however necessary, produced great confusion in the Turkish line.

The Pacha of Alexandria, who led the right wing, endeavored both to elude the galeases and circumvent his antagonists, the Venetians on the Christian left, by passing between them and the shore. Barbarigo observed the movement, and prepared to oppose by adopting it; but his pilots, inferior to those of Sirocco in local knowledge, dreading the shoals and shallows, did not stand toward the coast with sufficient boldness. The Pacha therefore effected his purpose with a few of his vessels and Barbarigo found himself placed between two fires; his own galley at one time being engaged by no less than eight Turkish vessels. As they approached the Christians, the Turks assailed them not only with cannon and musketry, but also with showers of arrows, many of which, from the wounds inflicted by them, were supposed to have been poisoned. As Barbarigo stood giving orders on his quarter-deck, he became a conspicuous mark; and the hail of arrows fell so thick around him that the great lantern which adorned the galley's stern was afterward found to be studded with their shafts. At length one of these ancient missiles pierced the left eye of the gallant commander and compelled his immediate removal below. The wound, in three days, proved mortal. His nephew, Marco Contarini, rushing to his assistance, was also slain. These untoward events for a moment paralyzed the efforts of the Venetians. The galley became the centre of so severe a fire that its defenders were more than once swept away, and it was in great danger of being taken. Frederigo Nano, however, who, by Barbarigo's desire, had assumed the command, succeeded in rallying his men, and not only beat off Sirocco, but made a prize of one of his best galleys and its commander, the corsair Kara Ali. The combat between

the Turks and the Venetians seemed inspired by the intensest personal hatred; the Turks thirsting for fresh conquests, the Venetians for vengeance. That they might the more effectually use their weapons, many of the soldiers of St. Mark uncovered their faces and laid aside their shields. No quarter was given, and the slaughter was very great on both sides. One of the Sultan's galleys near the shore being very hard pressed, the Turks jumped overboard and escaped to land. Some of the Venetians followed and slew them as they ran to the cover of some rocks. One of these pursuers, being armed only with a stick, contrived with that simple weapon to pin his victim through the mouth to the ground, to the great admiration of his comrades.

As the centre divisions of the two fleets closed with each other the wisdom of Don John in retrenching the fore-peaks of his vessels became abundantly apparent. The Turks had neglected to take this precaution; the efficiency of their fore-castle guns was therefore greatly impaired. Their prows were also much higher than the prows of their antagonists. While their shot passed harmlessly over the enemy, his balls struck their galleys close to water-mark with fatal precision. The fire of the Christians was the more murderous because many of the Turkish vessels were crowded with soldiers both on the deck and below.

Ali and Don John had each directed his helmsman to steer for the flag-ship of the enemy. The two galleys soon met, striking each other with great force. The left prow of the Pacha towered high above the lower fore-castle of Don John, and his galley's peak was thrust through the rigging of the other vessel until its point was over the fourth rowing-bench. Thus linked together the two flag-ships became a battle-field which was strongly contested for about two hours. The Pacha had on board four hundred picked janizaries—three hundred armed with the arquebus and one hundred with the bow. Two galliots and ten galleys, all filled with janizaries, lay close astern, the galliots being connected with the Pacha's vessels by ladders, up which reënforcements immediately came when wanted. The galley of Pertau Pacha fought alongside. Don John's consisted of three hundred arquebusiers; but his fore-castle artillery was, for reasons above mentioned, more efficient, while his bulwarks, like those of other Christian vessels, were protected from board-

ers by nettings and other devices with which the Turks had not provided themselves. Requesens, wary and watchful, lay astern with two galleys, from which he led fresh troops into the flag-ship from time to time. Alongside, Vaniero and Colonna were each hotly engaged with an antagonist. The combat between the two chiefs was on the whole not unequal, and it was fought with great gallantry on both sides. From the Turkish forecastle the arquebusiers at first severely galled the Christians. Don Lope de Figueroa, who commanded on the prow of the flag-ship, lost so many of his men that he was compelled to ask for assistance. Don Bernardino de Cardenas, who led a party to his aid, was struck on the chest by a spent ball from an esmeril, and in falling backward received injuries from which he soon expired. Considerable execution was also done by the Turkish arrows, with which portions of the masts and spars bristled. Several of these missiles came from the bow of the Pacha himself, who was probably the last commander-in-chief who ever drew a bowstring in European battle. But on the whole the fire of the Christians was greatly superior to that of the Turks. Twice the deck of Ali was swept clear of defenders, and twice the Spaniards rushed on board and advanced as far as the mainmast. At that point they were on each occasion driven back by the janizaries, who, though led by Ali in person, do not appear to have made good a footing on the deck of Don John. A third attempt was more successful. Not only did the Spaniards pass the mast, but they approached the poop and assailed it with a vigorous fire. The Pacha led on his janizaries to meet them, but it seems with small hope of making a successful resistance, for at the same moment he threw into the sea a small box which was supposed to contain his most precious jewels. A ball from an arquebuse soon afterward struck him in the forehead. He fell forward upon the gangway (*crucija*). A soldier from Malaga, seizing the body, cut off the head and carried it to Don John, who was already on board the Turkish vessel, leading a fresh body of men to the support of their comrades. The trophy was then raised on the point of a lance, to be seen by friend and foe. The Turks paused for a moment panic-stricken; the Christians shouted victory, and, hauling down the Turkish standard, hoisted a flag with a cross in its place. Don John ordered his trumpets to sound, and

the good news was soon proclaimed in the adjacent galleys of the League. The Turks defended their flag-ship but feebly after the death of their Pacha. The vessel, which was the first taken, was in the hands of the Spaniards about two o'clock in the afternoon—about an hour and a half after the two leaders had engaged each other. A brigantine which had been employed in bringing up fresh troops, surrendered almost at the same time. The neighboring galleys of the Sultan had themselves been by this time too severely handled to render much assistance. Only one serious attempt was made to recover the ship of Ali or to avenge its loss. Several galleys from other parts of the line bore down at once upon Don John. The movement was perceived by Santa Cruz, whose vessels of reserve were still untouched. Dashing into the advancing squadron, he had the good-fortune to sink one galley by the force of his fire; and he immediately boarded another and put all the janizaries to the sword. Don John himself dealt with the remaining assailants.

Vaniero and Colonna fought with great gallantry and success, and each vanquished the Turk who had engaged him. The brave old Admiral of Venice fairly earned the Doge's cap, which soon after crowned his hoary brow. He was often in the thickest of the fire; and when, in the absence of many of his men, who had boarded the Turkish flag-ship, his own was also boarded, he repulsed the assailants in person, and, fighting with all the vigor of youth, received a wound in the foot on the deck of the galley of Pertau Pacha, whither he had pursued his advantage. A second Turkish galley, advancing to attack Vaniero, was run into about midships and sunk by Giovanni Contarini. Giovanni de Loredano and Caterino Malipieri were less happy in the enemies whom they encountered, and perished in their sunken vessels. From the flag-ship of Genoa the young Prince of Parma, followed by a single Spanish soldier named Alonso Davalos, leaped into a Turkish galley, fought their way through its defenders without a wound, and might also boast of having, unaided, caused it to strike its flag. Two other Turks afterward surrendered to the Genoese flag-ship, the captain of which, Ettore Spinola, lost his life by an arrow. In the flag-ship of Savoy, under a captain named Leni, of remarkable courage, who was also severely wounded, the Prince of Urbino likewise greatly distinguished

himself. The gallant Karacosh was compelled to surrender to Juan Bautista Cortez, a captain of the King of Spain, although his galley was defended by one hundred fifty picked janizaries and was one of the best built and equipped vessels in the fleet. The Eleugina of the Pope had the credit of taking the guard-ship of Rhodes; and the Toscana, also a papal galley, in making a prize of the vessel of the Turkish paymaster recovered to the pontifical squadron the flag-ship of the contingent of Pius IV in the unfortunate battle of Gerbi. The crowning achievement of the central division was performed by the Grand Commander, who attacked and captured after an obstinate and bloody contest, a fine galley, in which were the sons of the deceased Ali Pacha. These lads—Mahomet Bey, aged seventeen years, and Said Bey, aged thirteen—had been brought to sea by their father for the first time. Their capture was of importance, because the mother of one of them was a sister of Sultan Selim.

Juan de Cardona, who sailed on the left of the right wing, finding no enemy opposed to him, brought his vessel round to the rear of the Turkish centre, and attacked Pertau Pacha, with whom Paolo Giordano Orsini was engaged in a somewhat unequal conflict. After a stout resistance the Christians entered the Turkish galley, out of which the Pacha, though wounded, succeeded in escaping in a boat.

The right wing of the Christians and the Turkish left wing did not engage each other until some time after the other divisions were in deadly conflict. Doria and Aluch Ali were, each of them, bent on outmanœuvring the other. The Algerine did not succeed, like Sirocco, in insinuating himself between his adversary and the shore. But the seamen whose skill and daring were the admiration of the Mediterranean were not easily baffled. Finding himself foiled in his first attempt, he slackened his course, and, threatening sometimes one vessel and sometimes another, drew the Genoese eastward, until the inferior speed of some of the galleys had caused an opening at the northern end of the Christian line. Upon this opening the crafty corsair immediately bore down with all the speed of his oars, and passed through it with most of his galleys. This evolution placed him in the rear of the whole Christian line of battle. On the extreme right of the centre division sailed Prior Giustiniani, the commo-

dore of the small Maltese squadron. This officer had hitherto fought with no less success than skill, and had already captured four Turkish galleys. The Viceroy of Algiers had, the year before, captured three galleys of Malta, and was fond of boasting of being the peculiar scourge and terror of the Order of St. John. The well-known white cross banner, rising over the smoke of battle, soon attracted his eye and was marked for his prey. Wheeling round like a hawk, he bore down from behind upon the unhappy prior. The three war-worn vessels of St. John were no match for seven stout Algerines which had not yet fired a shot. The knights and their men defended themselves with a valor worthy of their heroic order. A youth named Bernardino de Heredia, son of the Count of Fuentes, signally distinguished himself; and a Saragossan knight, Geronimo Ramirez, although riddled with arrows like another St. Sebastian, fought with such desperation that none of the Algerine boarders cared to approach him until they saw that he was dead. A knight of Burgundy leaped alone into one of the enemy's galleys, killed four Turks, and defended himself until overpowered by numbers. On board the prior's vessel, when he was taken, he himself, pierced with five arrow wounds, was the sole survivor, except two knights, a Spaniard and a Sicilian, who, being senseless from their wounds, were considered as dead. Having secured the banner of St. John, Aluch Ali took the prior's ship in tow, and was making the best of his way out of a battle which his skilful eye soon discovered to be irretrievably lost. He had not, however, sailed far when he was in turn descried by the Marquess of Santa Cruz, who, with his squadron of reserve, was moving about redressing the wrongs of Christian fortune. Aluch Ali had no mind for the fate of Giustiniani, and resolved to content himself with the banner of Malta. Cutting his prize adrift, he plied his oars and escaped, leaving the prior grievously wounded to the care of his friends, and once more master, not only of his ship, but of three hundred dead enemies who cumbered the deck, a few living Algerine mariners who were to navigate the vessel, and some Turkish soldiers, from whom he had just purchased his life. This struggle cost the order, in killed alone, upward of thirty knights, among whom was the Grand Bailiff of Germany, commander-in-chief of its land forces. A few were also

made prisoners, most of them desperately wounded. For one of them, Borgianni Gianfigliuzzi, his relations at Florence, supposing him dead, performed funeral obsequies, in spite of which he returned home from captivity, and was afterward ambassador from the Grand Duke to Sultan Amurath. Two other knights, Mastrillo and Caraffa, finding themselves unsupported in an enemy's brigantine, had given themselves up, and had just bribed their captor to spare their lives and admit them to a ransom, when a Neapolitan galley coming by boarded the brigantine and turned their new master into their slave.

The main body of the Turkish left wing, though long of engaging the Christian right, fought with perhaps greater fierceness than any other part of the fleet. The battle was raging in that part of the line with very doubtful aspect, when Don John of Austria found himself free from the attacks of the enemies immediately around him. Thither, therefore, he steered to the assistance of his comrades. The Turks, perceiving the approach of a succoring squadron, and surmising the disasters which had occurred in the centre, immediately gave way and dispersed. Sixteen of the Algerine galleys, however, retired together, and rallying at a little distance, adopted the tactics of their chief, by making a circuit toward the shore of the Morea, and endeavoring to sweep round upon the rear of the Christians. Their manœuvres were closely watched by Don Juan de Cardona, who placed himself in their path with eight galleys. The encounter which took place between the two unequal squadrons was one of the bloodiest episodes of the battle. Cardona was completely successful, disabling some of his antagonists and putting the rest to flight. His loss was, however, very severe. His own galley suffered more damage than any vessel in the fleet which was not rendered absolutely unfit for service. The forecastle was a ruin; the bulwark and defences of all kinds were shattered to pieces; and the masts and spars were stuck full of arrows. Cardona himself, after escaping a ball from an arquebus, which was turned by a cuirass of fine steel given to him at Genoa by the Prince of Tuscany, received a severe wound in the throat, of which he died. Of the five hundred Sicilian soldiers who fought on board his galleys only fifty remained unwounded. Many of the officers were slain, and not one escaped without a

wound. Others had suffered even greater loss. In the Florence, a papal galley, not only many knights of St. Stephen were killed, but also every soldier and slave; and the captain, Tommaso de' Medicis, himself severely wounded, found himself at the head of only seventeen wounded seamen. In the San Giovanni, another vessel of the Pope, the soldiers were also killed to a man, the rowing-benches occupied by corpses, and a captain laid for dead with two musket-balls in his neck. The Piemontesa of Savoy had likewise lost her commander and all of her soldiers and rowers.

Although Doria, having suffered himself to be outmanœuvred by Aluch Ali, and having failed to exchange a shot with that leader, could not claim any considerable part of the laurels of the day, he was nevertheless frequently engaged with other foes and made several prizes. He escaped without a wound, though he was covered with blood of a soldier killed by a cannon-ball close behind him.

On the left wing of the Christian fleet, the battle, which had begun so unpropitiously, was also brought to a prosperous issue. The wound of Barbarigo transferred the command to the commissary Canale. Aided by Nano, who commanded Barbarigo's galley, Canale engaged and sunk the vessel of the Pacha of Alexandria. Mahomet Sirocco himself, severely wounded, was fished out of the sea by Gian Contarini, and sent on board Canale's galley. As the wound of the Turk appeared to be mortal, the Venetian relieved him from further suffering by cutting off his head. Marco Quirini likewise did gallant service, compelling several of the enemy to strike their flags. Of the remaining galleys many were run ashore by their crews, of whom the greater number were slain or drowned as they attempted to swim to land.

The victory of the Christians at Lepanto was in a great measure to be ascribed to the admirable tactics of their chief. The shock of the Turkish onset was effectually broken by the dexterous disposition made of the galleases of Venice. Indeed, had the great ships been there to strengthen the sparse line formed by these six vessels, it is not impossible that the Turks would have failed in forcing their way through the wall of that terrible fire. Each Christian vessel, by the retrenchment of its

peak, enjoyed an advantage over its antagonist in the freer play of its artillery. When, however, the galleys of Selim came to close combat with the galleys of the League, the battle became a series of isolated struggles which depended more upon individual mind and manhood than upon any comprehensive plan of far-seeing calculation. But Don John of Austria had the merit or the good-fortune of bringing his forces into action in the highest moral and material perfection; of placing admirable means in the hands of men whose spirit was in the right temper to use them. He struck his great blow at the happy moment when great dangers are cheerfully confronted and great things easily accomplished.

His plan of battle was on the whole admirably executed. The galleys of the various confederates were so studiously intermingled that each vessel was incited to do its utmost by the spur of rivalry. Vaniero and Colonna deserve their full share of the credit of the day; and the gallant Santa Cruz, although at first stationed in the rear, soon found and employed his opportunity of earning his share of laurels. On Doria alone Roman and Venetian critics, and indeed public opinion, pronounced a less favorable verdict. His shoreward movement unquestionably had the effect of enabling Aluch Ali to cut the Christian line and fall with damaging force upon its rear, and of rendering the victory more costly in blood and less rich in prizes. This movement was ascribed to the desire of the Genoese to spare his own ships, and to secure a safe retreat for himself in case of a disaster; and he was further even taunted with cowardice for hauling down the gilded celestial sphere, the proud cognizance of his house, which usually surmounted his flag-staff. To the latter charge his friends replied that the sphere was taken down to secure it from injury, it being the gift of his wife, and that his ship was too well known to both the fleets to find safety in the want of her usual badge. The other accusations, they considered, were disposed of by the necessity of shaping his course according to the tactics of the Algerine, and abundantly refuted by the vigor and success with which he at last attacked the enemy. It is not improbable that the true explanation of his conduct is that offered by the captain of a Neapolitan galley, present at the battle, that he wished to gain an advantage over

Aluch Ali by seamanship, and that the renegade, no less skilled in the game, played it on this occasion better than he.

Although in numbers, both of men and vessels, the Sultan's fleet was superior to the fleet of the League, this superiority was more than counterbalanced by other important advantages possessed by the Christians. The artillery of the West was of greater power and far better served than the ordnance of the East; and its fire was rendered doubly disastrous by the thronged condition of the Turkish vessels. The lofty-peaked prows of these vessels seriously interfered, as we have already seen, with the working of their guns. A great number of their combatants were armed with the bow instead of the firelock, which placed them at an obvious disadvantage, except during heavy rains, which extinguished the match of the latter weapon. Of the Turks who carried the musket or arquebus few could handle them with the expertness of a Christian soldier. The advantages which the League derived from its galleases were heightened by the fact that a large proportion of its other vessels were superior to their antagonists. The galleys of the King of Spain were, in general, both more strongly built and more carefully protected against boarders than those of the Sultan. Even early in the battle the Moslems began to discover that they were over-matched. In many of the galleys the guns were at once silenced by the heavier artillery of the Christians, in whose hands the fire of the arquebus and the musket, when they came to close quarters, proved so withering that the enemy's deck was sometimes swept clean before they boarded, and the turbaned heads of the janizaries were seen crouching beneath the benches of the slaves. When the conflict was transferred to the Turkish decks, the Christians, however, found themselves fiercely met, and among other means of opposing their progress they perceived that the central gangway (*corsia*) had been torn up, or they slipped upon planking which had been smeared with butter, oil, or even, it is said, with honey, to render the footing insecure. So efficient were the nettings and other precautions with which Don John of Austria defended the bulwarks of his ships that he was able to inform Philip II that not a Turk had set foot upon a single deck belonging to his majesty.

Such were some of the chief causes of the success of the arms

of the League. In the sixteenth century, in a vast concourse of men of the South, hot from battle and largely leavened with priests and friars, it was natural that the victory should be by many ascribed to a more mysterious agency. In the opinion of these persons the Almighty had evidently been fighting on the side of the Pope and the Cross, although they would perhaps have demurred to the logical deduction from that opinion that at Cyprus he had steadily adhered to the drunken Sultan and the Crescent. It was not only in the victory that they saw the finger of Omnipotence, but in many accidents and incidents of the day. The wind, which wafted the Turks swiftly to destruction, changed at the precise moment when it was needed to aid the onset of the Christians. The boisterous sea also sank to smoothness in the special interest of the League. Of the clergy and friars who ministered on the Spanish decks to the wounded and dying, although some of them were struck, not one was killed. The Venetians were less fortunate, having four chaplains killed and three wounded; and the Pope likewise lost one of his friars, who died of his wounds soon after the battle. The churchmen exposed themselves as freely as the combatants, whom they encouraged from conspicuous posts either on deck or in the rigging, and sometimes by example as well as precept. A Spanish Capuchin, an old soldier, had tied his crucifix to a halbert, and, crying that Christ would fight for his faith, led the boarders of his galley over the bulwarks of her antagonist; after using his weapon manfully, he returned victorious and untouched.

An Italian priest, with a great gilded crucifix in one hand and a sword in another, stood cheering on his spiritual sons, unharmed in the fiercest centre of the arrowy sleet and iron hail. A Roman Capuchin, finding his flock getting the worst of it, seized a boat-hook, and, pulling his peaked hood over his face, rushed into the fray, laid about him until he had slain seven Turks and driven the rest from the deck, and lived to call a smile to the thin lips of Pius V by telling the story of his prowess. The green banner of Mecca, brought from the Prophet's tomb, and unfurled from the main-top of Ali, was riddled with shot, which rendered illegible many of the sacred words with which it was embroidered. But the azure standard of the League, blessed by the supreme Pontiff and emblazoned with

the image of the crucified Redeemer, remained untouched by bolt or bullet, although masts, spars, and shrouds around were torn and shattered from top to bottom.

The battle was over about four o'clock in the afternoon. The rout of the centre and right wing of the Turk was complete. The vessels which composed these divisions were either sunk or taken, or they had singly sought safety in flight. A few galleys of the left wing still followed the banner of the Viceroy of Algiers. After hovering for a while near the coast of the Morea he made sail for St. Maura. Don John of Austria, with Doria and some other captains, gave him chase, but was compelled to desist for want of oarsmen. The pursuit, however, was not altogether unsuccessful, for several of the panic-stricken Algerines ran their galleys ashore, where some of them suffered shipwreck on the rocks. In the course of the night Aluch Ali and his little squadron of fugitives stole back from St. Maura to Lepanto. That harbor afforded a refuge to about nine-and-twenty vessels, most of them much shattered, the sole remains of the proud and confident armament which had so lately sailed out from between the two castles.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

A.D. 1572

HENRY WHITE

ISAAC D'ISRAELI

JNO. RUDD

Among the numberless butcheries which history, both ancient and modern, records, there has been none more remarkable in motive, execution, and number of victims than the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is scarcely less remarkable as being one of those historic crimes which defeat their own purpose by reacting against the perpetrators and advancing the cause of those who suffer outrage.

The tragedy of St. Bartholomew's Day marked the culmination of the great struggle which devastated France in the latter half of the sixteenth century. During the reign of Francis I (1515-1547) and his immediate successors, Henry II (1547-1559), Francis II (1559-1560), and Charles IX (1560-1574), "the Huguenot (French Protestant) character was formed, and the nation gradually separated into two parties so fanatically hostile that the extermination of the weaker seemed the only possible means of reëstablishing the unity of France."

The "Puritans of France" were persecuted under all these kings. During the minority of Charles IX his mother, Catherine de' Medici, was regent, and throughout his reign she dictated the King's policy. Under this rule the persecutions continued with increasing violence.

From 1562 to 1570 France was torn with civil wars between Catholics and Protestants. On the Protestant side the great leaders were the Prince of Condé, Admiral Coligny, and later Henry of Navarre. Condé was murdered in 1569. By the Peace of St. Germain (1570) the Huguenots received some favorable concessions. The weak Charles IX, now in fear of Philip II of Spain, was inclining to the Protestant side. Seconded by Coligny, he planned alliances with all the enemies of Philip in Europe. But Catherine overruled him. Charles and Coligny, however, had their way in the marriage of the King's sister, Margaret of Valois, to Henry of Navarre. Coligny now gained a stronger influence over the young Charles. He was followed by a large body of exulting Protestants to Paris, and the Catholic party, headed by Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, and the Guises, became greatly enraged.

Of the terrible massacre which followed, and in which the number killed throughout France has been estimated at from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand, Coligny was the first victim. One attempt to assassinate him failed; he was only wounded; and the Queen-mother then plied her weak son with argument and persuasion in order to make him consent to the admiral's murder and to the massacre which had been

arranged, with profound secrecy, for August 24th. She told him of a Huguenot plot, in which, at a signal from Coligny, conspirators were to rise throughout the kingdom, overturn the throne, take Charles himself prisoner, and destroy the Queen-mother and the Catholic nobility. She showed him some proofs, "forged or real," of his personal danger.

As a counter-view to the intensely bitter picture of Catherine presented by most non-Catholic historians, and represented here by White, the explanation of Charles IX himself, in the letter furnished by D'Israeli, possesses a peculiar interest.

HENRY WHITE

THE King sat moody and silent, biting his nails, as was his wont. He would come to no decision. He asked for proofs, and none was forthcoming, except some idle gossip of the streets and the foolish threats of a few hot-headed Huguenots. Charles had learned to love the admiral: could he believe that the gentle Coligny and that Rochefoucault, the companion of his rough sports, were guilty of this meditated plot? He desired to be the king of France—of Huguenots and Catholics alike—not a king of party. Catherine, in her despair, employed her last argument. She whispered in his ear, "Perhaps, sire, you are afraid." As if struck by an arrow, he started from his chair. Raving like a madman, he bade them hold their tongues, and with fearful oaths exclaimed: "Kill the admiral, if you like, but kill all the Huguenots with him—all—all—all—so that not one be left to reproach me hereafter. See to it at once—at once; do you hear?" And he dashed furiously out of the closet, leaving the conspirators aghast at his violence.

But there was no time to be lost; the King might change his mind; the Huguenots might get wind of the plot. The murderous scheme must be carried out that very night, and accordingly the Duke of Guise was summoned to the Louvre. And now the different parts of the tragedy were arranged, Guise undertaking, on the strength of his popularity with the Parisian mob, to lead them to the work of blood. We may also imagine him begging as a favor the privilege of despatching the admiral in retaliation for his father's murder. The city was parted into districts, each of which was assigned to some trusty officer, Marshal Tavannes having the general superintendence of the military arrangements. The conspirators now separated, intending to meet again at ten o'clock. Guise went into the city,

where he communicated his plans to such of the mob leaders as could be trusted. He told them of a bloody conspiracy among the Huguenot chiefs to destroy the King and the royal family and extirpate Catholicism; that a renewal of war was inevitable, but it was better that war should come in the streets of Paris than in the open field, for the leaders would thus be far more effectually punished and their followers crushed. He affirmed that letters had been intercepted in which the admiral had sought the aid of German reiters and Swiss pikemen, and that Montmorency was approaching with twenty-five thousand men to burn the city, as the Huguenots had often threatened. And, as if to give color to this idle story, a small body of cavalry had been seen from the walls in the early part of the day.

Such arguments and such falsehoods were admirably adapted to his hearers, who swore to carry out the Duke's orders with secrecy and despatch. "It is the will of our lord the King," continued Henry of Guise, "that every good citizen should take up arms to purge the city of that rebel Coligny and his heretical followers. The signal will be given by the great bell of the Palace of Justice. Then let every true Catholic tie a white band on his arm and put a white cross in his cap, and begin the vengeance of God." Finding upon inquiry that Le Charron, the provost of the merchants, was too weak and tender-hearted for the work before him, the Duke suggested that the municipality should temporarily confer his power on the ex-provost Marcel, a man of very different stamp.

About four in the afternoon Anjou rode through the crowded streets in company with his bastard brother Angoulême. He watched the aspect of the populace, and let fall a few insidious expressions in no degree calculated to quiet the turbulent passions of the citizens. One account says he distributed money, which is not probable, his afternoon ride being merely a sort of reconnaissance. The journals of the Hôtel de Ville still attest the anxiety of the court—of Catherine and her fellow-conspirator—that the massacre should be sweeping and complete. "Very late in the evening"—it must have been after dark, for the King went to lie down at eight, and did not rise until ten—the provost was sent for. At the Louvre he found Charles, the Queen-mother, and the Duke of Anjou, with other princes and

nobles, among whom we may safely include Guise, De Retz, and Tavannes. The King now repeated to him the story of the Huguenot plot which had already been whispered abroad by Guise of Anjou, and bade him shut the gates of the city, so that no one could pass in or out, and take possession of the keys. He was also to draw up all the boats on the river bank and chain them together, to remove the ferry, to muster under arms the able-bodied men of each ward under their proper officers, and hold them in readiness at the usual mustering-places to receive the orders of his majesty. The city artillery, which does not appear to have been as formidable as the word would imply, was to be stationed at the Grève to protect the Hôtel de Ville or for any other duty required of it. With these instructions the provost returned to the Hôtel de Ville, where he spent great part of the night in preparing the necessary orders, which were issued "very early the next morning." There is reason for believing that these measures were simply precautions in case the Huguenots should resist and a bloody struggle should have to be fought in the streets of their capital. The municipality certainly took no part in the earlier massacres, whatever they may have done later. Tavannes complains of the "want of zeal" in some of the citizens, and Brantome admits that "it was necessary to threaten to hang some of the laggards."

That evening the King had supped in public, and, the hours being much earlier than with us, the time was probably between six and seven. The courtiers admitted to witness the meal appear to have been as numerous as ever, Huguenots as well as Catholics, victims and executioners. Charles, who retired before eight o'clock, kept Francis, Count of La Rochefoucault, with him for some time, as if unwilling to part with him. "Do not go," he said; "it is late. We will sit and talk all night."

"Excuse me, sire, I am tired and sleepy."

"You must stay; you can sleep with my valets." But as Charles was rather too fond of rough practical jokes, the Count still declined, and went away, suspecting no evil, to pay his usual evening visit to the Dowager Princess of Condé. He must have remained some time in her apartments, for it was past twelve o'clock when he went to bid Navarre good-night. As he was leaving the palace a man stopped him at the foot of the stairs

and whispered in his ear. When the stranger left, La Rochefoucault bade Mergey, one of his suite, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, return and tell Henry that Guise and Nevers were about the city. During Mergey's brief absence something more appears to have been told the Count, for he returned upstairs with Nancay, captain of the guard, who, lifting the tapestry which closed the entrance to Navarre's antechamber, looked for some time at the gentlemen within, playing at cards or dice, others talking. At last he said: "Gentlemen, if any one of you wishes to retire, you must do so at once, for we are going to shut the gates." No one moved, as it would appear, for at Charles' express desire, it is said—which is scarcely probable—these Huguenot gentlemen had gathered round the King of Navarre to protect him against any outrage of the Guises. In the court-yard Mergey found the guard under arms. "M. Rambouillet, who loved me," he continues, "was sitting by the wicket as I passed out. He took my hand, and with a piteous look said: 'Adieu, Mergey; adieu, my friend,' not daring to say more, as he told me afterward."

Coligny's hotel had been crowded all day by visitors; the Queen of Navarre had paid him a visit, and most of the gentlemen in Paris, Catholic as well as Huguenot, had gone to express their sympathy. For the Frenchman is a gallant enemy and respects brave men; and the foul attempt upon the admiral, whom they had so often encountered on the battle-field, was felt as a personal injury. A council had been held that day, at which the propriety of removing in a body from Paris and carrying the admiral with them had again been discussed. Navarre and Condé opposed the proposition, and it was finally resolved to petition to the King "to order all the Guisians out of Paris, because they had too much sway with the people of the town." One Bouchavannes, a traitor, was among them, greedily listening to every word, which he reported to Anjou, strengthening him in his determination to make a clean sweep that very night.

As the evening came on, the admiral's visitors took their leave. Teligny, his son-in-law, was the last to quit his bedside. To the question whether the admiral would like any of them to keep watch in his house during the night, he answered, says the

contemporary biographer, "that it was labor more than needed, and gave them thanks with very loving words." It was after midnight when Teligny and Guerchy departed, leaving Ambrose Paré and Pastor Merlin with the wounded man. There were besides in the house two of his gentlemen, Cornaton, afterward his biographer, and La Bonne; his squire Yolet, five Switzers belonging to the King of Navarre's guard, and about as many domestic servants. It was the last night on earth for all except two of that household.

It is strange that the arrangements in the city, which must have been attended with no little commotion, did not rouse the suspicion of the Huguenots. Probably, in their blind confidence, they trusted implicitly in the King's word that these movements of arms and artillery, these postings of guards and midnight musters, were intended to keep the Guisian faction in order. There is a story that some gentlemen, aroused by the measured tread of the soldiers and the glare of torches—for no lamps then lit up the streets of Paris—went outdoors and asked what it meant. Receiving an unsatisfactory reply, they proceeded to the Louvre, where they found the outer court filled with armed men, who, seeing them without the white cross and the scarf, abused them as "accursed Huguenots," whose turn would come next. One of them who replied to this insolent threat, was immediately run through with a spear. This, if the incident be true, occurred about one o'clock on Sunday morning, August 24th, the festival of St. Bartholomew.

Shortly after midnight the Queen-mother rose and went to the King's chamber, attended only by one lady, the Duchess of Nemours, whose thirst for revenge was to be satisfied at last. She found Charles pacing the room in one of those fits of passion which he at times assumed to conceal his infirmity of purpose. At one moment he swore he would raise the Huguenots and call them to protect their sovereign's life as well as their own. Then he burst out into violent imprecations against his brother Anjou, who had entered the room but did not dare say a word. Presently the other conspirators arrived—Guise, Nevers, Birague, De Retz, and Tavannes. Catherine alone ventured to interpose, and, in a tone of sternness well calculated to impress the mind of her weak son, she declared that there was now no turning

back: "It is too late to retreat, even were it possible. We must cut off the rotten limb, hurt it ever so much; if you delay, you will lose the finest opportunity God ever gave man of getting rid of his enemies at a blow." And then, as if struck with compassion for the fate of her victims, she repeated in a low tone—as if talking to herself—the words of a famous Italian preacher, which she had often been heard to quote before: "*E la pietà lor ser crudele, e la crudeltà lor ser pietosa*" ("Mercy would be cruel to them, and cruelty merciful"). Catherine's resolution again prevailed over the King's weakness, and, the final orders being given, the Duke of Guise quitted the Louvre, followed by two companies of arquebusiers and the whole of Anjou's guard.

As soon as Guise had left, the chief criminals—each afraid to lose sight of the other, each needing the presence of the other to keep his courage up—went to a room adjoining the tennis-court overlooking the Place Bassecour. Of all the party—Charles, Catherine, Anjou, and De Retz—Charles was the least guilty and the most to be pitied. They went to the window, anxiously listening for the signal that the work of death had begun. Their consciences, no less than their impatience, made it impossible for them to sit calmly within the palace. Anjou's narrative continues: "While we were pondering over the events and the consequences of such a mighty enterprise, of which, to tell the truth, we had not thought much until then, we heard a pistol shot. The sound produced such an effect upon all three of us that it confounded our senses and deprived us of judgment. We were smitten with terror and apprehension of the great disorders about to be perpetrated." Catherine, who was a timid woman, adds Tavannes, would willingly have recalled her orders, and with that intent hastily despatched a gentleman to the Duke of Guise expressly desiring him to return and attempt nothing against the admiral. "It is too late," was the answer brought back; "the admiral is dead"—a statement at variance with other accounts. "Thereupon," continues Anjou, "we returned to our former deliberations, and let things take their course."

Between three and four in the morning the noise of horses and measured tramp of foot-soldiers broke the silence of the narrow street in which Coligny lay wounded. It was the murderers seeking their victims: they were Henry of Guise with his

uncle the Duke of Aumale, the bastard of Angoulême, and the Duke of Nevers, with other foreigners, Italian and Swiss, namely, Fesinghi (or Tosinghi) and his nephew Antonio, Captain Petrucci, Captain Studer of Winkelbach with his soldiers, Martin Koch of Freyberg, Conrad Burg, Leonard Grunenfelder of Glaris, and Carl Dianowitz, surnamed Behm (the Bohemian?). There were, besides, one Captain Attin, in the household of Aumale, and Sarlabous, a renegade Huguenot and commandant of Havre. It is well to record the names even of these obscure individuals who stained their hands in the best blood of France. De Cosseins, too, was there with his guard, some of whom he posted with their arquebuses opposite the windows of Coligny's hotel, that none might escape.

Presently there was a loud knock at the outer gate—"Open in the King's name." La Bonne, imagining it to be a message from the Louvre, hastened with the keys, withdrew the bolt, and was immediately butchered by the assassins who rushed into the house. The alarmed domestics ran half awake to see what was the uproar: some were killed outright, others escaped upstairs, closing the door at the foot and placing some furniture against it. This feeble barrier was soon broken down, and the Swiss who had attempted to resist were shot. The tumult woke Coligny from his slumbers, and divining what it meant—that Guise had made an attack on the house—he was lifted from his bed, and, folding his *robe-de-chambre* round him, sat down prepared to meet his fate. Cornaton entering the room at this moment, Ambrose Paré asked him what was the meaning of the noise. Turning to his beloved master he replied: "Sir, it is God calling us to himself. They have broken into the house, and we can do nothing."

"I have been long prepared to die," said the admiral. "But you must all flee for your lives, if it be not too late; you cannot save me. I commit my soul to God's mercy." They obeyed him, but only two succeeded in making their way over the roofs. Pastor Merlin lay hid for three days in a loft, where he was fed by a hen, that every morning laid an egg within his reach.

Paré and Coligny were left alone—Coligny looking as calm and collected as if no danger impended. After a brief interval of suspense the door was dashed open, and Cosseins, wearing

a corselet and brandishing a bloody sword in his hand, entered the room, followed by Behm, Sarlabous, and others; a party of Anjou's Swiss guard, in their tricolored uniform of black, white, and green, keeping in the rear. Expecting resistance, the ruffians were for a moment staggered at seeing only two unarmed men. But his brutal instincts rapidly regaining the mastery, Behm stepped forward, and pointing his sword at Coligny's breast asked, "Are you not the admiral?"

"I am, but, young man, you should respect my gray hairs, and not attack a wounded man. Yet what matters it? You cannot shorten my life except by God's permission." The German soldier, uttering a blasphemous oath, plunged his sword into the admiral's breast.

*"Jugulumque parans, immota tonebat
Ora senex."*

Others in the room struck him also, Behm repeating his blows until the admiral fell to the floor. The murderer now ran to the window and shouted into the court-yard, "It is all over." Henry of Guise, who had been impatiently ordering his creatures to make haste, was not satisfied. "Monsieur d'Angoulême will not believe it unless he sees him," returned the Duke. Behm raised the body from the ground, and dragged it to the window to throw it out; but life was not quite extinct, and the admiral placed his foot against the wall, faintly resisting the attempt. "Is it so, old fox?" exclaimed the murderer, who drew his dagger and stabbed him several times. Then, assisted by Sarlabous, he threw the body down. It was hardly to be recognized. The bastard of Angoulême—the chevalier as he is called in some of the narratives—wiped the blood from the face of the corpse. "Yes, it is he; I know him well," said Guise, kicking the body as he spoke. "Well done, my men," he continued, "we have made a good beginning. Forward—by the King's command." He mounted his horse and rode out of the court-yard, followed by Nevers, who cynically exclaimed as he looked at the body, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" Tosinghi took the chain of gold—the insignia of his office—from the admiral's neck, and Petrucci, a gentleman in the train of the Duke of Nevers, cut off the head and carried it away carefully to the

Louvre. Of all who were found in the house, not one was spared except Ambrose Paré, who was escorted in safety to the palace by a detachment of Anjou's guard.

Coligny's headless trunk was left for some hours where it fell, until it became the sport of rabble children, who dragged it all round Paris. They tried to burn it, but did little more than scorch and blacken the remains, which were first thrown into the river, and then taken out again "as unworthy to be food for fish," says Claude Haton. In accordance with the old sentence of the Paris Parliament, it was dragged by the hangman to the common gallows at Montfaucon, and there hanged up by the heels. All the court went to gratify their eyes with the sight, and Charles, unconsciously imitating the language of Vitellius, said, as he drew near the offensive corpse, "The smell of a dead enemy is always sweet." The body was left hanging for a fortnight or more, after which it was privily taken down by the admiral's cousin, Marshal Montmorency, and it now rests, after many removals, in a wall among the ruins of his hereditary castle of Chatillon-sur-Loing. What became of the head no one knows.

When Guise left the admiral's corpse lying in the court-yard, he went to the adjoining house, in which Teligny lived. All the inmates were killed, but he escaped by the roof. Twice he fell into the hands of the enemy, and twice he was spared; he perished at last by the sword of a man who knew not his amiable and inoffensive character. His neighbor La Rochefoucault was perhaps more fortunate in his fate. He had hardly fallen asleep when he was disturbed by the noise in the street. He heard shouts and the sound of many footsteps; and scarcely awake and utterly unsuspecting, he went to his bedroom door at the first summons in the King's name. He seems to have thought that Charles, indulging in one of his usual mad frolics, had come to punish him as he had punished others, like schoolboys. He opened the door and fell dead across the threshold, pierced by a dozen weapons.

When the messenger returned from the Duke of Guise with the answer that it was "too late," Catherine, fearing that such disobedience to the royal commands might incense the King and awaken him to a sense of all the horrors that were about to be

perpetrated in his name, privately gave orders to anticipate the hour. Instead of waiting until the matin bell should ring out from the old clock tower of the Palace of Justice, she directed the signal to be given from the nearer belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. As the harsh sound rang through the air of that warm summer night, it was caught up and echoed from tower to tower, rousing all Paris from their slumbers.

Immediately from every quarter of that ancient city uprose a tumult as of hell. The clanging of bells, the crashing doors, the rush of armed men, the musket-shots, the shrieks of their victims, and high over all the yells of the mob, fiercer and more pitiless than hungry wolves—made such an uproar that the stoutest hearts shrank appalled, and the sanest appear to have lost their reason. Women unsexed, men wanting but the strength of the wild beast, children without a single charm of youth or innocence, crowded the streets where rising day still struggled with the glare of a thousand torches. They smelt the odor of blood, and, thirsting to indulge their passions for once with impunity, committed horrors that have become the marvel of history.

Within the walls of the Louvre, within the hearing of Charles and his mother, if not actually within their sight, one of the foulest scenes of this detestable tragedy was enacted. At daybreak, says Queen Margaret of Navarre, her husband rose to go and play tennis, with a determination to be present at the King's *lever*, and demand justice for the assault on the admiral. He left his apartment, accompanied by the Huguenot gentlemen who had kept watch around him during the night. At the foot of the stairs he was arrested, while the gentlemen with him were disarmed, apparently without any attempt at resistance. A list of them had been carefully drawn up, which the sire D'O, quartermaster of the guards, read out. As each man answered his name, he stepped into the court-yard, where he had to make his way through a double line of Swiss mercenaries. Sword, spear, and halberd made short work of them, and two hundred, according to Davila, of the best blood of France soon lay a ghastly pile beneath the windows of the palace. Charles, it is said, looked on coldly at the horrid deed, the victims appealing in vain to his mercy. Among the gentlemen they murdered

were two who had been boldest in their language to the King not many hours before—Segur, Baron of Pardaillan, and Armand de Clermont, Baron of Pilles, who with stentorian voices called upon the King to be true to his word. De Pilles took off his rich cloak and offered it to someone whom he recognized: "Here is a present from the hand of De Pilles, basely and traitorously murdered."

"I am not the man you take me for," said the other, refusing the cloak. The Swiss plundered their victims as they fell, and, pointing to the heap of half-naked bodies, described them to the spectators as the men who had conspired to kill the King and all the royal family in their sleep, and make France a republic. But more disgraceful than even this massacre was the conduct of some of the ladies in Catherine's train, of her "flying squadron," who, later in the day, inspected and laughed at the corpses as they lay stripped in the court-yard, being especially curious about the body of Soubise, from whom his wife had sought to be divorced on the ground of nullity of marriage.

A few gentlemen succeeded in escaping from this slaughter. Margaret, "seeing it was daylight," and imagining the danger past of which her sister had told her, fell asleep. But her slumbers were soon rudely broken. "An hour later," she continues, "I was awoke by a man knocking at the door and calling, 'Navarre! Navarre!' The nurse, thinking it was my husband, ran and opened it. It was a gentleman named L ran, who had received a sword-cut in the elbow and a spear-thrust in the arm; four soldiers were pursuing him, and they all rushed into my chamber after him. Wishing to save his life, he threw himself upon my bed. Finding myself clasped in his arms, I got out on the other side; he followed me, still clinging to me. I did not know the man, and could not tell whether he came to insult me or whether the soldiers were after him or me. We both shouted out, being equally frightened. At last, by God's mercy, Captain de Nan ay of the guards came in, and, seeing me in this condition, could not help laughing, although commiserating me. Severely reprimanding the soldiers for their indiscretion, he turned them out of the room, and granted me the life of the poor man who still clung to me. I made him lie down and had his wounds dressed in my closet until he was quite cured. While

changing my night-dress, which was all covered with blood, the captain told me what had happened, and assured me that my husband was with the King and quite unharmed. He then conducted me to the room of my sister of Lorraine, which I reached more dead than alive. As I entered the anteroom, the doors of which were open, a gentleman named Bourse, running from the soldiers who pursued him, was pierced by a halberd three paces from me. I fell almost fainting into Captain de Nançay's arms, imagining the same thrust had pierced us both. Being somewhat recovered, I entered the little room where my sister slept. While there De Moissans, my husband's first gentleman, and Armagnac, his first *valet-de-chambre*, came and begged me to save their lives. I went and threw myself at the feet of the King and the Queen—my mother—to ask the favor, which they at last granted me."

When Captain de Nançay arrived so opportunely, he was leaving the King's chamber, whither he had conducted Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé. The tumult and excitement had worked Charles up to such a pitch of fury that the lives of the princes were hardly safe. But they were gentlemen, and their first words were to reproach the King for his breach of faith. Charles bade them be silent—"Messe ou mort"—("Apostatize or die"). Henry demanded time to consider; while the Prince boldly declared that he would not change his religion: "With God's help it is my intention to remain firm in my profession." Charles, exasperated still more by this opposition to his will, angrily walked up and down the room, and swore that if they did not change in three days he would have their heads. They were then dismissed, but kept close prisoners within the palace.

The houses in which the Huguenots lodged, having been registered, were easily known. The soldiers burst into them, killing all they found, without regard to age or sex, and if any escaped to the roof they were shot down like pigeons. Daylight served to facilitate a work that was too foul even for the blackest midnight. Restraint of every kind was thrown aside, and while the men were the victims of bigoted fury, the women were exposed to violence unutterable. As if the popular frenzy needed excitement, Marshal Tavannes, the military director of this

deed of treachery, rode through the streets with dripping sword, shouting: "Kill! Kill! Bloodletting is as good in August as in May." One would charitably hope that this was the language of excitement, and that in his calmer moods he would have repented of his share in the massacre. But he was consistent to the last. On his death-bed he made a general confession of his sins, in which he did not mention the day of St. Bartholomew; and when his son expressed surprise at the omission, he observed, "I look upon that as a meritorious action, which ought to atone for all the sins of my life."

The massacre soon exceeded the bounds upon which Charles and his mother had calculated. They were willing enough that the Huguenots should be murdered; but the murderers might not always be able to draw the line between orthodoxy and heresy. Things were fast getting beyond all control; the thirst for plunder was even keener than the thirst for blood. And it is certain that among the many ignoble motives by which Charles was induced to permit the massacre, was the hope of enriching himself and paying his debts out of the property of the murdered Huguenots. Nor were Anjou and others insensible to the charms of heretical property. Hence we find the provost of Paris remonstrating with the King about "the pillaging of the houses and the murders in the streets by the guards and others in the service of his majesty and the princes." Charles, in reply, bade the magistrates "mount their horses, and with all the force of the city put an end to such irregularities, and remain on the watch day and night." Another proclamation, countersigned by Nevers, was issued about five in the afternoon, commanding the people to lay down the arms which they had taken up "that day by the King's orders," and to leave the streets to the soldiers only—as if implying that they alone were to kill and plunder.

The massacre, commenced on Sunday, was continued through that and the two following days. Capilupi tells us, with wonderful simplicity, "that it was a holiday, and therefore the people could more conveniently find leisure to kill and plunder." It is impossible to assign to each day its task of blood; in all but a few exceptional cases, we know merely that the victims perished in the general slaughter. Writing in the midst of the carnage, probably not later than noon on the 24th,

the nuncio Salviati says: "The whole city is in arms; the houses of the Huguenots have been forced with great loss of life, and sacked by the populace with incredible avidity. Many a man to-night will have his horses and his carriage, and will eat and drink off plate, who had never dreamed of it in his life before. In order that matters may not go too far, and to prevent the revolting disorders occasioned by the insolence of the mob, a proclamation has just been issued, declaring that there shall be three hours in the day during which it shall be unlawful to rob and kill; and the order is observed, though not universally. You can see nothing in the streets but white crosses in the hats and caps of everyone you meet, which has a fine effect!" The nuncio says nothing of the streets encumbered with bleeding corpses, nothing of the cart-loads of bodies conveyed to the Seine, and then flung into the river, "so that not only were all the waters in it turned to blood, but so many corpses grounded on the bank of the little island of Louvre that the air became infected with the smell of corruption. The living, tied hand and foot, were thrown off the bridges. One man—probably a rag-gatherer—brought two little children in his creel, and tossed them into the water as carelessly as if they had been blind kittens. An infant, yet unable to walk, had a cord tied round its neck, and was dragged through the streets by a troop of children nine or ten years old. Another played with the beard and smiled in the face of the man who carried him; but the innocent caress exasperated instead of softened the ruffian, who stabbed the child, and with an oath threw it into the Seine. Among the earliest victims was the wife of the King's *plumassier*. The murderers broke into her house on the Notre-Dame bridge, about four in the morning, stabbed her, and flung her still breathing into the river. She clung for some time to the wooden piles of the bridge, and was killed at last with stones, her body remaining for four days entangled by her long hair among the woodwork. The story goes that her husband's corpse, being thrown over, fell against hers and set it free, both floating away together down the stream. Madeleine Briçonnet, the widow of Theobald of Yverni, disguised herself as a woman of the people, so that she might save her life, but was betrayed by the fine petticoat which hung below her coarse gown. As she would not

recant, she was allowed a few moments' prayer, and then tossed into the water. Her son-in-law, the marquis Renel, escaping in his shirt, was chased by the murderers to the bank of the river, where he succeeded in unfastening a boat. He would have got away altogether but for his cousin Bussy d'Amboise, who shot him down with a pistol. One Keny, who had been stabbed and flung into the Seine, was revived by the reaction of the cold water. Feeble as he was he swam to a boat and clung to it, but was quickly pursued. One hand was soon cut off with a hatchet, and as he still continued to steer the boat down the stream, he was "quieted" by a musket-shot. One Puviaut, or Pluviaut, who met with a similar fate, became the subject of a ballad.

Captain Moneins had been put into a safe hiding-place by his friend Fervacques, who went and begged the King to spare the life of the fugitive. Charles not only refused, but ordered him to kill Moneins if he desired to save his own life. Fervacques would not stain his own hands, but made his friend's hiding-place known.

Brion, governor of the young Marquis of Conti, the Prince of Condé's brother, snatched the child from his bed, and, without stopping to dress him, was hurrying away to a place of safety, when the boy was torn from his arms, and he himself murdered before the eyes of his pupil. We are told that the child "cried and begged they would save his tutor's life."

The houses on the bridge of Notre-Dame, inhabited principally by Protestants, were witnesses to many a scene of cruelty. All the inmates of one house were massacred, except a little girl, who was dipped stark naked in the blood of her father and mother and threatened to be served like them if she turned Huguenot. The Protestant booksellers and printers were particularly sought after. Spire Niquet was burned over a slow fire made out of his own books, and thrown lifeless, but not dead, into the river. Oudin Petit fell a victim to the covetousness of his son-in-law, who was a Catholic bookseller. René Bianchi, the Queen's perfumer, is reported to have killed with his own hands a young man, a cripple, who had already displayed much skill in goldsmith's work. This is the only man whose death

the King lamented, "because of his excellent workmanship, for his shop was entirely stripped."

Mezeray writes that seven hundred or eight hundred people had taken refuge in the prisons, hoping they would be safe "under the wings of Justice"; but the officers selected for this work had brought them into the fitly named "Valley of Misery," and there beat them to death with clubs and threw their bodies into the river. The Venetian ambassador corroborates this story, adding that they were murdered in batches of ten. Where all were cruel, some few persons distinguished themselves by especial ferocity. A gold-beater, named Crozier, one of those prison-murderers, bared his sinewy arm and boasted of having killed four thousand persons with his own hands. Another man—for the sake of human nature we would fain wish him to be the same—affirmed that unaided he had "despatched" eighty Huguenots in one day. He would eat his food with hands dripping with gore, declaring "that it was an honor to him, because it was the blood of heretics." On Tuesday a butcher, Crozier's comrade, boasted to the King that he had killed one hundred fifty the night before. Coconnas, one of the *mignons* of Anjou, prided himself on having ransomed from the populace as many as thirty Huguenots, for the pleasure of making them abjure, and then killing them with his own hand, after he had "secured them for hell."

About seven o'clock the King was at one of the windows of his palace, enjoying the air of that beautiful August morning, when he was startled by shouts of "Kill, kill!" They were raised by a body of guards, who were firing with much more noise than execution at a number of Huguenots who had crossed the river—"to seek the King's protection," says one account; "to help the King against the Guises," says another. Charles, who had just been telling his mother that "the weather seemed to rejoice at the slaughter of the Huguenots," felt all his savage instincts kindle at the sight. He had hunted wild beasts; now he would hunt men, and, calling for an arquebuse, he fired at the fugitives, who were fortunately out of range. Some modern writers deny this fact, on the ground that the balcony from which Charles is said to have fired was not built until after 1572. Were this true, it would only show that tradition had misplaced

the locality. Brantome expressly says the King fired on the Huguenots—not from a balcony, but—“from his bedroom window.” Marshal Tesse heard the story, according to Voltaire, from the man who loaded the arquebuse. Henault, in his *Abrégé chronologique*, mentions it with a “*dit-on*,” and it is significant that the passage is suppressed in Latin editions. Simon Goulart, in his contemporary narrative, uses the same words of caution.

Not many of the Huguenot gentlemen escaped from the toils so skilfully drawn round them on that fatal Saturday night: yet there were a few. The Count of Montgomery—the same who was the innocent cause of the death of Henry II—got away safe, having been forewarned by a friend who swam across the river to him. Guise set off in hot pursuit, and would probably have caught him up had he not been waiting for the keys of the city gate. Some sixty gentlemen, also, lodging near him in the Faubourg St. Germain, were the companions of his flight.

Sully, afterward the famous minister of Henry IV, had a narrow escape. He was in his twelfth year, and had gone to Paris in the train of Joan of Navarre for the purpose of continuing his studies. “About three after midnight,” he says, “I was awoke by the ringing of bells and the confused cries of the populace. My governor, St. Julian, with my *valet-de-chambre*, went out to know the cause; and I never heard of them afterward. They, no doubt, were among the first sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when in a few moments my landlord entered, pale and in the most utmost consternation. He was of the Reformed religion, and, having learned what was the matter, had consented to go to mass to save his life and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the College of Burgundy, where I had studied; though the great distance between the house in which I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar’s gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, running from all parts, forcing open the houses, and shouting out: ‘Kill, kill! Massacre

the Huguenots!’ The blood which I saw shed before my eyes, redoubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards, who stopped and questioned me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book that I carried was perceived and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good-fortune. At last I arrived at the College of Burgundy, where a danger still greater than any that I had yet met with awaited me. The porter having twice refused me entrance, I continued standing in the midst of the street, at the mercy of the savage murderers, whose number increased every moment, and who were evidently seeking for their prey, when it came into my head to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put in his hand, admitted me; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests whom I heard mention ‘*Sicilian Vespers*,’ wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was, not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny, and saw no one but a servant of my friend’s, who came from time to time to bring me provisions.”

Not until the second day does there appear to have been any remorse or pity for the horrors inflicted upon the wretched Huguenots. Elizabeth of Austria, the young Queen who hoped shortly to become a mother, interceded for Condé, and so great was her agitation and distress that her “features were quite disfigured by the tears she had shed night and day.” And, the Duke of Alençon, a youth of by no means lovable character, “wept much,” we are told, “over the fate of those brave captains and soldiers.” For this tenderness he was so bitterly reproached by Charles and his mother that he was forced to keep out of their sight. Alençon was partial to Coligny, and when there was found among the admiral’s papers a report in which he condemned appanages, the grants usually given by the crown to the younger members of the royal family, Catherine exultingly showed it to him—“See what a fine friend he was to you.”

"I know not how far he may have been my friend," replied the Duke, "but the advice he gave me was very good."

If Mezeray is to be trusted, Charles broke down on the second day of the massacre. Since Saturday he had been in a state of extraordinary excitement, more like madness than sanity, and at last his mind gave way under the pressure. To his surgeon, Ambrose Paré, who kept at his side all through these dreadful hours, he said: "I do not know what ails me. For these two or three days past, both mind and body have been quite upset. I burn with fever; all around me grin pale blood-stained faces. Ah! Ambrose, if they had but spared the weak and innocent." A change, indeed, had come over him; he became more restless than ever, his looks savage, his buffoonery coarser and more boisterous. "*Ne mai poteva pigliar requie*," says Sigismond Cavalli. Like Macbeth, he had murdered sleep. "I saw the King on my return from Rochelle," says Brantome, "and found him entirely changed. His features had lost all the gentleness [*douceur*] usually visible in them."

"About a week after the massacre," says a contemporary, "a number of crows flew croaking round and settled on the Louvre. The noise they made drew everybody out to see them, and the superstitious women infected the King with their own timidity. That very night Charles had not been in bed two hours when he jumped up and called for the King of Navarre, to listen to a horrible tumult in the air; shrieks, groans, yells, mingled with blasphemous oaths and threats, just as they were heard on the night of the massacre. The sound returned seven successive nights, precisely at the same hour." Juvenal des Ursins tells the story rather differently. "On August 31st I supped at the Louvre with Madame de Fiesque. As the day was very hot we went down into the garden and sat in an arbor by the river. Suddenly the air was filled with a horrible noise of tumultuous voices and groans, mingled with cries of rage and madness. We could not move for terror; we turned pale and were unable to speak. The noise lasted for half an hour, and was heard by the King, who was so terrified that he could not sleep the rest of the night." As for Catherine; knowing that strong emotions would spoil her digestion and impair her good looks, she kept up her spirits. "For my part," she said, "there are only six

of them on my conscience;" which is a lie, for when she ordered the tocsin to be rung, she must have foreseen the horrors—perhaps not all the horrors—that would ensue.

ISAAC D'ISRAELI

An original document now lying before me, the autograph letter of Charles IX, will prove that that unparalleled massacre, called by the world religious, was, in the French cabinet, considered merely as political; one of those revolting state expedients which a pretended instant necessity has too often inflicted on that part of a nation which, like the under-current, subterranously works its way, and runs counter to the great stream, till the critical moment arrives when one or the other must cease.

The massacre began on St. Bartholomew Day, in August, 1572, lasted in France during seven days; that awful event interrupted the correspondence of our court with that of France. A long silence ensued; the one did not dare tell the tale which the other could not listen to. But sovereigns know how to convert a mere domestic event into a political expedient. Charles IX, on the birth of a daughter, sent over an ambassador extraordinary to request Elizabeth to stand as sponsor; by this the French monarch obtained a double purpose; it served to renew his interrupted intercourse with the silent Queen, and alarmed the French Protestants by abating their hopes, which long rested on the aid of the English Queen.

The following letter, dated February 8, 1573, is addressed by the King to La Motte Fénelon, his resident ambassador at London. The King in this letter minutely details a confidential intercourse with his mother, Catherine de' Medici, who, perhaps, may have dictated this letter to the secretary, although signed by the King with his own hand. Such minute particulars could only have been known to herself. The Earl of Wolchester (Worcester) was now taking departure, having come to Paris on the baptism of the princess; and accompanied by Walsingham, our resident ambassador, after taking leave of Charles, had the following interview with Catherine de' Medici. An interview with the young monarch was usually concluded by a separate audience with his mother, who probably was still the directress of his councils.

After Catherine de' Medici had assured the Earl of Worcester of her great affection for the Queen of England, and the King's strict intention to preserve it, she took this opportunity of inquiring of the Earl of Worcester the cause of the Queen his mistress' marked coolness toward them. The narrative becomes now dramatic.

"On this, Walsingham, who always kept close by the side of the Count [Earl of Worcester], here took on himself to answer, acknowledging that the said Count had indeed been charged to speak on this head; and he then addressed some words in English to Worcester. And afterward the Count gave to my lady and mother to understand that the Queen his mistress had been waiting for an answer on two articles; the one concerning religion, and the other for an interview.

"In regard to what has occurred these latter days, that he must have seen how it happened by the fault of the chiefs of those who remained here; for when the late admiral was treacherously wounded at Notre Dame, he knew the affliction it threw us into—fearful that it might have occasioned great troubles in this kingdom—and the diligence we used to verify judicially whence it proceeded; and the verification was nearly finished, when they were so forgetful as to raise a conspiracy, to attempt the lives of myself, my lady and mother, and my brothers, and endanger the whole state; which was the cause that to avoid this I was compelled, to my very great regret, to permit what had happened in Paris; but as he had witnessed, I gave orders to stop, as soon as possible, this fury of the people, and place everyone on repose. On this, the Sieur Walsingham replied to my lady and mother that the exercise of the said religion had been interdicted in this kingdom. To which she also answered that this had not been done but for a good and holy purpose; namely, that the fury of the Catholic people might the sooner be allayed, who else had been reminded of the past calamities, and would again have been let loose against those of the said religion had they continued to preach in this kingdom. Also should these once more fix on any chiefs, which I will prevent as much as possible, giving him clearly and pointedly to understand that what is done here is much the same as what has been done and is now practised by the Queen his mistress in her kingdom. For she permits the

exercise but of one religion, although there are many of her people who are of another; and having also during her reign punished those of her subjects whom she found seditious and rebellious. It is true this has been done by the laws, but I, indeed, could not act in the same manner; for finding myself in such imminent peril, and the conspiracy raised against me and mine and my kingdom ready to be executed, I had no time to arraign and try in open justice as much as I wished, but was constrained, to my very great regret, to strike the blow [*lascher la main*] in what has been done in this city."

This letter of Charles IX, however, does not here conclude. "My lady and mother" plainly acquaints the Earl of Worcester and Sir Francis Walsingham that her son had never interfered between their mistress and her subjects, and in return expects the same favor although, by accounts they had received from England, many ships were arming to assist their rebels at La Rochelle. "My lady and mother" advances another step, and declares that Elizabeth by treaty is bound to assist her son against his rebellious subjects; and they expect, at least, that Elizabeth will not only stop these armaments in all her ports, but exemplarily punish the offenders. I resume the letter.

"And on hearing this, the said Walsingham changed color, and appeared somewhat astonished, as my lady and mother well perceived by his face; and on this he requested the Count of Worcester to mention the order which he knew the Queen his mistress had issued to prevent these people from assisting those of La Rochelle; but that in England, so numerous were the seamen and others who gained their livelihood by maritime affairs, and who would starve without the entire freedom of the seas, that it was impossible to interdict them."

Such is the first letter on English affairs which Charles IX despatched to his ambassador, after an awful silence of six months, during which time La Motte Fénelon was not admitted into the presence of Elizabeth. The apology for the massacre of St. Bartholomew comes from the King himself, and contains several remarkable expressions, which are at least divested of that style of bigotry and exultation we might have expected: on the contrary, this sanguinary and inconsiderate young monarch,

as he is represented, writes in a subdued and sorrowing tone, lamenting his hard necessity, regretting he could not have recourse to the laws, and appealing to others for his efforts to check the fury of the people, which he himself had let loose. Catherine de' Medici, who had governed from the tender age of eleven years, when he ascended the throne, might unquestionably have persuaded him that a conspiracy was on the point of explosion. Charles IX died young, and his character is unfavorably viewed by the historians. In the voluminous correspondence which I have examined, could we judge by state letters of the character of him who subscribes them, we must form a very different notion; they are so prolix and so earnest that one might conceive they were dictated by the young monarch himself!

JNO. RUDD

Popular error has done more injury to the memory of Catherine de' Medici than to that of any other woman famous in history. To understand Catherine, and the part she played on the stage of French politics, her training and the position she held must be understood. It is one thing to look upon her on the obverse as wholly without heart, a trafficker in human life, a ghoul who smiled with complacency on the victims of her hate, and another to look on the reverse of the medal. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew is pointed to as a crime—a religious crime. But is this true? It may not have been an act in accordance with twentieth-century morality, but bad, horrible indeed as it was, were there not extenuating circumstances attending it—looked upon in the light of that age? To Catherine de' Medici—perhaps justly—has been given the credit—or infamy, if you will—of its conception and execution.

“Historians are privileged liars”—this is a truism as valid to-day as when expressed by its brilliant creator. The throne of France was saved by Catherine de' Medici, the royal power was maintained by her under such difficulties as few rulers would have withstood. She is painted by Catholic and Protestant writers alike as standing without the gates of the Louvre, the morning after the massacre, and there gloating over the bodies of the slain lying about the palace entrance.

Apart from her political duty, as she understood it, and which



and yet his manner was so kind and
so to say his great heart was
as to his manner was so kind and
so to say his great heart was
as to his manner was so kind and
so to say his great heart was





meant the upholding of the monarchy, Catherine was a true woman; kind to her suite, faithful to her friends. She had none of the weaknesses of her sex; she lived chaste amid the debauchery of the most licentious court in Europe. The losses to art caused by the destructive Calvinists she replaced by erecting noble buildings and beautifying Paris. But she had the sense of royalty developed to the utmost; she defended it to the extreme. In France the opposition was always Protestant. It was her enemy, the enemy of the crown, the arch-enemy of France. It is laid to her charge that she coquetted with the Huguenots, whom she afterward slew. This there is no denying; she had but her craft with which to oppose the Guise faction, the various court cliques, and the Huguenots themselves.

An expert at the game, she played one piece against another, skillfully avoiding the checkmate. Pawns might be lost, bishops fall to her hand, knights be unhorsed, but her king was secured. She could only triumph by cunning.

A state cannot be governed by the same rule of morality as that which should govern individual conduct; it is impossible that it should be so. Professor Saintsbury says: "Every cool-headed student of history and ethics will admit that it was precisely the abuse of the principle at this time, and by the persons of whom Catherine de' Medici, if not the most blamable, *has had the most blame put on her*, that brought the principle itself into discredit."¹

Casimir Périer, the noted French statesman, wrote, "All power is a permanent conspiracy." This is as true to-day in republican America as it was at that time in monarchical France. And it was not religion, as such, that led to the horrible scenes of that fatal August 24th; it was a move in the game of politics. Protestantism spelt republicanism; to one raised as Catherine had been, taught her life through by bitter experience, any means available, any course adopted, was righteous if it answered the purpose of saving the realm.

Research into this period will amply repay the explorer with enlarged ideas of its meaning and its issues. Of the Queen-

¹ The author, not Professor Saintsbury, is responsible for the Italics.

mother "naught extenuate nor aught set down in malice." Catherine compares more than favorably with Marie de' Medici, whom history has painted in brighter hue. Bigotry has blasted the name of one who for her time was at least the equal of any ruler in Europe.

HEROIC AGE OF THE NETHERLANDS

SIEGE OF LEYDEN

A.D. 1573

THOMAS HENRY DYER

Events followed one another rapidly after the rising of the Netherlanders in 1566. The organization of the Gueux ("beggars"), the league of noblemen pledged to resist the introduction of the Inquisition into the Low Countries by Philip II of Spain, had shown itself prepared for extreme action in self-defence. The name Gueux, first used in contempt, was borne in honor by the patriots in the ensuing war, which Philip conducted as a "war of extermination."

In 1567 the Duke of Alva, a famous veteran of the wars of Charles V and of Philip, was sent to the Netherlands as governor, where his cruelties soon made him notorious. He established the court known as the Council of Blood, which first sat in September, 1567. In less than three months this tribunal put to death eighteen hundred persons, including Horn, Egmont, and other eminent patriots. As many as one hundred thousand of the population are said to have emigrated at this time to England.

William of Orange, the great leader of the Netherlanders, refused to appear before the Council of Blood. He had resigned his offices, civil and military, and now retired to Dillenburg, still proclaiming his adhesion to the Protestant faith. But in 1568 he gathered two armies. Alva destroyed one of them, and the other was disbanded. In 1570 William issued letters of marque to seamen who were nicknamed "Sea Beggars," and bore a prominent part in the war of independence. In 1572 they captured Briel. That year Mons was captured by Louis of Nassau, William's brother, but in September it was retaken by Alva. In Dyer's narrative the subsequent course of events, to the Pacification of Ghent, is clearly and succinctly traced.

SOON after the capture of Mons, Alva went to Brussels and left the conduct of the war to his son, Frederick de Toledo. Zutphen and Naarden successively yielded to Frederick's arms, and became the scenes of the most detestable violence. Alva ordered his son not to leave a single man alive in Zutphen, and to burn down all the houses—commands which were almost

literally obeyed. The treatment of Naarden was still more revolting. The town had capitulated, and Don Julian Romero, an officer of Don Frederick's, had pledged his word that the lives and property of the inhabitants should be respected. Romero then entered the town with some five hundred musketeers, for whom the citizens provided a sumptuous feast; and he summoned the inhabitants to assemble in the Gast Huis Church, then used as a town hall. More than five hundred of them had entered the church when a priest, suddenly rushing in, bade them prepare for death. Scarcely had the announcement been made when a band of Spanish soldiers entered and, after discharging a volley into the defenceless crowd, attacked them sword in hand. The church was then fired and the dead and dying consumed together.

But these cruelties only steelled the Hollanders to a more obstinate resistance; nor must it be concealed that in these *plusquam civilia bella*, where civil hatred was still further embittered by sectarian malignancy, the Dutch sometimes displayed as much savageness as their adversaries. Thus, during the struggle in Zeeland, a surgeon at Veer cut out the heart of a Spanish prisoner, and, fixing it on the prow of a vessel, invited his fellow-townsmen to fix their teeth in it, an invitation with which many complied.

The war was continued during the winter (1572-1573). In December the Spaniards marched to attack a fleet frozen up near Amsterdam. It was defended by a body of Dutch musketeers on skates, who, by the superior skill of their evolutions, drove the enemy back and killed great numbers of them. In consequence of this extraordinary combat, Alva ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and directed his soldiers to be instructed in their use. Siege was then laid to Haarlem, which town, warned by the fate of Zutphen and Naarden, made a defence that astonished all Europe. A corps of three hundred respectable women, armed with musket, sword, and dagger, and led by Kenan Hasselaer, a widow lady of distinguished family, about forty-seven years of age, enrolled themselves among its defenders, and partook in some of the most fiercely contested actions. Battles took place upon Haarlem Lake, on which the Prince of Orange had more than a hundred sail of various kinds; till at

length Bossu, whose vessels were larger, though less numerous, entirely defeated the Hollanders, and swept the lake in triumph (May 28, 1573). The siege had lasted seven months, and Frederick de Toledo, who had lost a great part of his army by hunger, cold, and pestilence, was inclined to abandon the enterprise; but he was kept to it by the threats of his father, and on the 12th of July Haarlem surrendered. Don Frederick had written a letter solemnly assuring the besieged that no punishment should be inflicted except on those who deserved it in the opinion of the citizens themselves, yet he was in possession of strict orders from his father to put to death the whole garrison, except the Germans, and also to execute a large number of the inhabitants. Between two and three thousand were slaughtered; three hundred were drowned in the lake tied by twos back to back.

The resistance of Haarlem and other places determined Alva to try what might be done by an affectation of clemency; and on the 26th of July he issued a proclamation in which Philip was compared to a hen gathering its chickens under the parental wing. But in the same breath his subjects were admonished not to excite his rage, cruelty, and fury, and they were threatened that if his gracious offers of mercy were neglected, his majesty would strip bare and utterly depopulate the land, and cause it to be again inhabited by strangers. So ludicrous a specimen of paternal love was not calculated to excite much confidence in the breasts of the Hollanders, and Alkmaar, the next town to which Don Frederick laid siege, though defended only by eight hundred soldiers and thirteen hundred citizens against sixteen thousand veterans, also resolved to hold out to the last extremity. Enraged at this contempt of what he called his clemency, at Haarlem, Alva resolved to make Alkmaar an example of his cruelty, and he wrote to Philip that everyone in it should be put to the sword. But the inhabitants made a heroic defence and repulsed the besiegers in many a bloody assault; till at length the superstitious Spaniards, believing that the place was defended by the devil, whom they thought that the Protestants worshipped, refused to mount to the attack, suffering themselves rather to be run through the body by their officers; and Don Frederick, finding from an intercepted letter that the Prince of Orange contemplated cutting the dikes and flooding the country, in order to

prevent the place from being surrendered, raised the siege (October 8th) after it had lasted seven weeks.

About this time William published his *Epistle in the form of supplication to his Royal Majesty of Spain, from the Prince of Orange and States of Holland and Zealand*, which produced a profound impression. It demanded that the privileges of the country should be restored, and insisted on the recall of the Duke of Alva, whose atrocities were vigorously described and condemned. Orange, as stadtholder, was now acting as the King's representative in Holland, and gave all his orders in Philip's name. He had recently turned Calvinist, and in October publicly joined the Church at Dort. It was reserved for the two greatest princes of the age to alleviate by their apostasy, which, however, approached more nearly than the orthodoxy of their adversaries, the spirit of true Christianity, the evils inflicted on society by a consistent but bloody-minded and intolerant bigotry.

The siege of Alkmaar was one of the last acts under Alva's auspices in the Netherlands, and formed a fitting termination to his career. He had himself solicited to be recalled, and in December, 1573, he was superseded by Don Luis de Requesens, Grand Commander of St. Jago. In fact, Philip had found this war of extermination too expensive for his exhausted treasury. Alva boasted on his journey back that he had caused eighteen thousand six hundred Netherlanders to be executed. He was well received by Philip, but soon after his return was imprisoned along with his son, Don Frederick; the latter for having seduced a maid of honor, his father for recommending him not to marry his victim. Alva was, however, subsequently released to undertake the conquest of Portugal.

Requesens, the new Governor, had been vice-admiral to Don John of Austria, had distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto, and had subsequently governed the Milanese with reputation. He was mild and just and more liberal than the generality of Spaniards, though inferior to Alva in military talent. He attempted immediately after his arrival in the Netherlands to bring about a peace through the mediation of St. Aldegonde, but Orange was too suspicious to enter into it. Requesens put down robbery and murder, but he was neither able to abro-

gate the Council of Blood nor to alleviate the oppressive taxes. Philip had selected him as governor of the Netherlands, as a pledge of the more conciliatory policy which he had thought it prudent to adopt; yet Requesens' hands were tied up with such injunctions as rendered all conciliation hopeless, and he was instructed to bring forward no measures which had not for their basis the maintenance of the King's absolute authority and the prohibition of all worship except the Roman Catholic.

The Gueux de Mer were at this time most troublesome to the Spaniards, as their small vessels enabled them to penetrate up the rivers and canals. A naval action had been fought (October 11, 1573) on the Zuyder Zee between Count Bossu, who had collected a considerable fleet at Amsterdam, and the patriot admiral Dirkzoon, in which Bossu was completely defeated and taken prisoner. One of the first acts of Requesens was to send a fleet under Sancho Davila, Julian Romero, and Admiral Glimes to the relief of Middelburg, which had been besieged by the patriots upward of eighteen months and was now reduced to the last extremity. Orange visited the Zeeland fleet under the command of Louis Boissot (January 20, 1574), and an action ensued a few days later, in which the Spaniards were completely beaten. Requesens himself beheld the action from the lofty dike of Schakerloo, where he stood all day in a drenching rain; and Romero, who had escaped by jumping out of a porthole, swam ashore and landed at the very feet of the Grand Commander. The Hollanders and Zealanders were now masters of the coast, but the Spaniards still held their ground in the interior of Holland. After raising the siege of Alkmaar, they had invested Leyden and cut off all communication between the Dutch cities.

The efforts of the patriots were less fortunate on land, where they were no match for the Spanish generals and their veteran troops. It had been arranged that Louis of Nassau should march out of Germany with an army of newly levied recruits and form a junction with his brother William, who was at Bommel on the Waal. Toward the end of February, 1574, Louis encamped within four miles of Maestricht, with the design of taking that town; but finding that he could not accomplish this object, and having suffered some losses, he marched down the

right bank of the Meuse to join his brother. When, however, he arrived at Mook, a village on the Meuse a few miles south of Nimwegen, he found himself intercepted by the Spaniards under Davila, who, having outmarched him on the opposite bank, had crossed the river at a lower point on a bridge of boats, and placed himself directly in his path. There was now no alternative but to fight, and battle was delivered on the following day on the heath of Mook, when fortune declared against the patriots. The gallant Louis, seeing that the day was lost, put himself at the head of a little band of troopers, and, accompanied by his brother Henry, and Duke Christopher, son of the Elector Palatine Frederick III, made a desperate charge in which they all perished, and were never heard of more. The only effect of Louis' invasion was to cause the Spaniards to raise the siege of Leyden; before which place, however, they afterward again sat down (May 26th).

The defence of Leyden formed a worthy parallel to that of Haarlem and Alkmaar, and acquired for the garrison and the inhabitants the respect and admiration of all Europe. A modern historian has aptly observed that this was the heroic age of Protestantism. Never have the virtues which spring from true patriotism and sincere religious conviction been more strikingly developed and displayed. Leyden was defended by John van der Does, Lord of Nordwyck, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished by his learning and genius, and his Latin poetry published under the name of Joannes Douza. The garrison of Leyden was small, and it relied for its defence chiefly on the exertions of the inhabitants. The revictualling of the city had been neglected after the raising of the first siege, and at the end of June it became necessary to put the inhabitants on short allowance; yet they held out more than three months longer. Orange, whose head-quarters were at Delft and Rotterdam, had no means of relieving Leyden except by breaking down the dikes on the Meuse and the Yssel, and thus flooding the country, a step which would involve the destruction of the growing crops, besides other extraordinary expenses; yet he succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Dutch States to this extreme and desperate measure. On the 3d of August he superintended in person the rupture of the dikes on the Yssel; at

the same time the sluices of Rotterdam and Schiedam were opened; the flood began to pour over the land, while the citizens of Leyden watched with anxious eyes from the tower of Hengist the rising of the waters.

A flotilla of two hundred flat-bottomed vessels had been provided, stored with provisions, and manned by two thousand five hundred veterans under the command of Boissot. But unexpected obstacles arose. Fresh dikes appeared above the water, and had to be cut through amid the resistance of the Spaniards. Twice the waters receded under the influence of the east wind, and left the fleet aground; twice it was floated again, as if by a providential interposition, by violent gales from the north and west, which accumulated on the coast the waters of the ocean. Meanwhile the besieged were suffering all the extremities of famine; the most disgusting garbage was used for food, and caused a pestilence which carried off thousands. In this extremity a number of the citizens surrounded the burgomaster, Adrian van der Werf, demanding with loud threats and clamors that he should either provide them with food or surrender the city to the enemy. To these menaces Adrian calmly replied, "I have taken an oath that I will never put myself or my fellow-citizens in the power of the cruel and perfidious Spaniards, and I will rather die than violate it." Then drawing his sword he offered it to the surrounding crowd and bade them plunge it in his bosom and devour his flesh if such an action could relieve them from their direful necessity. This extraordinary address filled the people with amazement and admiration and inspired them with a new courage. Their constancy was soon rewarded with deliverance. On the night of October 1st a fresh gale set in from the northwest; the ocean rushed furiously through the ruined dikes; the fleet had soon two feet of water, and sailed on their onward course amid storm and darkness. They had still to contend with the vessels of the enemy, and a naval battle was fought amid the boughs of orchards and the chimney-stacks of houses. But this was the last attempt at resistance on the part of the Spaniards. Appalled both by the constancy of their adversaries and by the rising flood, which was gradually driving them into a narrow circle, the Spaniards abandoned the two remaining forts of Zoetermonde and Lammen, which still stood between the fleet

and the city. From the latter they fled in alarm at the noise of the falling of a large portion of the town walls which had been thrown down by the waters, and which in the darkness they luckily mistook for some operation of their adversaries; otherwise they might easily have entered and captured Leyden. The fleet of Boissot approached the city on the morning of October 3d. After the pangs of hunger were relieved the whole population repaired to church to return thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance. On October 4th another providential gale from the northeast assisted in clearing off the water from the land. In commemoration of this remarkable defence, and as a reward for the heroism of the citizens, was founded the University of Leyden, as well as a ten days' annual fair, free from all tolls and taxes. During this siege the Gueux had been again successful at sea. On May 30th Boissot defeated between Lilloo and Kalloo a Spanish fleet, took the admiral and three ships, and chased the rest into Antwerp.

The bankrupt state of Philip II's exchequer, and the reverses which his arms had sustained, induced him to accept in the following year the proffered mediation of the emperor Maximilian, which he had before arrogantly rejected, and a congress was held at Breda from March till June, 1575. But the insurgents were suspicious, and Philip was inflexible; he could not be induced to dismiss his Spanish troops, to allow the meeting of the States-General, or to admit the slightest toleration in matters of religion; and the contest was therefore renewed with more fury than ever. The situation of the patriots became very critical when the enemy, by occupying the islands of Duyveland and Schouwen, cut off the communication between Holland and Zeeland, especially as all hope of succor from England had expired. Toward the close of the year envoys were despatched to solicit the aid of Elizabeth, and to offer her, under certain conditions, the sovereignty of Holland and Zeeland. Requesens sent Champagny to counteract these negotiations, which ended in nothing. The English Queen was afraid of provoking the power of Spain, and could not even be induced to grant the Hollanders a loan. The attitude assumed at that time by the Duke of Alençon in France also prevented them from entering into any negotiations with that Prince.

In these trying circumstances William the Silent displayed the greatest firmness and courage. It was now that he is said to have contemplated abandoning Holland and seeking with its inhabitants a home in the New World, having first restored the country to its ancient state of a waste of waters, a thought, however, which he probably never seriously entertained, though he may have given utterance to it in a moment of irritation or despondency. On June 12, 1575, William had married Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. The Prince's second wife, Anne of Saxony, had turned out a drunken, violent character, and at length an intrigue which she formed with John Rubens, an exiled magistrate of Antwerp, and father of the celebrated painter, justified William in divorcing her. She subsequently became insane. Charlotte de Bourbon had been brought up a Calvinist, but at a later period, her father having joined the party of the persecutors, she took refuge with the Elector Palatine, and it was under these circumstances that she received the addresses of the Prince of Orange.

The unexpected death of Requesens, who expired of a fever, March 5, 1576, after a few days' illness, threw the government into confusion. Philip II had given Requesens a *carte blanche* to name his successor, but the nature of his illness had prevented him from filling it up. The government, therefore, devolved to the council of state, the members of which were at variance with one another; but Philip found himself obliged to intrust it *ad interim* with the administration till a successor to Requesens could be appointed. Count Mansfeld was made commander-in-chief, but was totally unable to restrain the licentious soldiery. The Spaniards, whose pay was in arrear, had now lost all discipline. After the raising of the siege of Leyden they had beset Utrecht and pillaged and maltreated the inhabitants, till Valdez contrived to furnish their pay. No sooner had Requesens expired than they broke into open mutiny and acted as if they were entire masters of the country. After wandering about some time and threatening Brussels, they seized and plundered Alost, where they established themselves; and they were soon after joined by the Walloon and German troops. To repress their violence, the council of state restored to the Netherlands the arms of which they had been deprived, and called upon them

by a proclamation to repress force by force, but these citizen-soldiers were dispersed with great slaughter by the disciplined troops in various rencounters. Ghent, Utrecht, Valenciennes, Maestricht were taken and plundered by the mutineers; and at last the storm fell upon Antwerp, which the Spaniards entered early in November, and sacked during three days. More than a thousand houses were burnt, eight thousand citizens are said to have been slain, and enormous sums in ready money were plundered. The whole damage was estimated at twenty-four million florins. The horrible excesses committed in this sack procured for it the name of the "Spanish Fury."

The government was at this period conducted in the name of the State of Brabant. On September 5th De Hèze, a young Brabant gentleman who was in secret intelligence with the Prince of Orange, had, at the head of five hundred soldiers, entered the palace where the council of state was assembled, and seized and imprisoned the members. William, taking advantage of the alarm created at Brussels by the sack of Antwerp, persuaded the provisional government to summon the States-General, although such a course was at direct variance with the commands of the King. To this assembly all the provinces except Luxemburg sent deputies. The nobles of the southern provinces, although they viewed the Prince of Orange with suspicion, feeling that there was no security for them so long as the Spanish troops remained in possession of Ghent, sought his assistance in expelling them, which William consented to grant only on condition that an alliance should be effected between the northern and the southern, or Catholic, provinces of the Netherlands. This proposal was agreed to, and toward the end of September Orange sent several thousand men from Zealand to Ghent, at whose approach the Spaniards, who had valorously defended themselves for two months under the conduct of the wife of their absent general, Mondragon, surrendered and evacuated the citadel. The proposed alliance was now converted into a formal union, by the treaty called the Pacification of Ghent, signed November 8, 1576, by which it was agreed, without waiting for the sanction of Philip, whose authority, however, was nominally recognized, to renew the edict of banishment against the Spanish troops, to procure the suspension of the de-

crees against the Protestant religion, to summon the States-General of the northern and southern provinces, according to the model of the assembly which had received the abdication of Charles V, to provide for the toleration and practice of the Protestant religion in Holland and Zealand, together with other provisions of a similar character. About the same time with the Pacification of Ghent, all Zealand, with the exception of the island of Tholen, was recovered from the Spaniards.

SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE BY FROBISHER

A.D. 1576

GEORGE BEST

Martin Frobisher, the English navigator, was born in Yorkshire about 1535. When a lad he went to sea, and seems early to have dreamed of a shorter route to China through the Arctic Ocean. He became the pioneer in the long search for a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the northern coasts of the American continent. He even contemplated the planting of English colonies on the Pacific shore of the New World.

Columbus had found the western way to China barred by the continent of America. Magellan discovered a southwest passage around that continent. Half a century later Frobisher entered upon the northern quest.

Frobisher was poorly educated, and wrote with difficulty. The narrative of his first voyage was written by George Best from an account furnished by Frobisher himself, whom Best accompanied on his second and third voyages. The present narrative has therefore all the value of a first-hand record, and it is included in the *Principal Navigations* of Hakluyt.

Although over two hundred voyages have now been made in search of this passage, which in 1850-1854 was achieved by Sir Robert McClure, the long-cherished hopes of its advantages have not been realized. The route, for commercial purposes, is thus far quite useless, owing to arctic conditions. Great gains, however, through these expeditions, have been made in scientific knowledge.

WHICH thing being well considered and familiarly known to our General, Captain Frobisher, as well for that he is thoroughly furnished of the knowledge of the sphere and all other skills appertaining to the art of navigation, as also for the confirmation he hath of the same by many years' experience both by sea and land; and being persuaded of a new and nearer passage to Cataya¹ than by Cabo de Buona Sperança, which the Portugals yearly use, he began first with himself to devise, and

¹ Cathay (China).

then with his friends to confer, and laid a plain plot unto them that that voyage was not only possible by the northwest, but also, he could prove, easy to be performed. And further, he determined and resolved with himself to go make full proof thereof, and to accomplish or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to return again; knowing this to be the only thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.

But although his will were great to perform this notable voyage,¹ whereof he had conceived in his mind a great hope by sundry sure reasons and secret intelligence, which here, for sundry causes, I leave untouched; yet he wanted altogether means and ability to set forward and perform the same. Long time he conferred with his private friends of these secrets, and made also many offers for the performing of the same in effect unto sundry merchants of our country, above fifteen years before he attempted the same, as by good witness shall well appear, albeit some evil-willers, which challenge to themselves the fruits of other men's labors, have greatly injured him in the reports of the same, saying that they have been the first authors of that action, and that they have learned him the way, which themselves as yet have never gone. But perceiving that hardly he was hearkened unto of the merchants, which never regard virtue without sure, certain, and present gains, he repaired to the court, from whence, as from the fountain of our common wealth, all good causes have their chief increase and maintenance, and there laid open to many great estates and learned men the plot and sum of his device. And among many honorable minds which favored his honest and commendable enterprise, he was specially bound and beholding to the Right Honorable Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, whose favorable mind and good disposition hath always been ready to countenance and advance all honest actions, with the authors and executors of the same. And so by means of my lord his honorable countenance he received some

¹ Further details of this voyage may be gathered from the log of Christopher Hall, master of the *Gabriel*, printed in Hakluyt. The present narrative, prefixed to Best's accounts of the second and third voyages, was preceded by a treatise intended to prove all parts of the earth, even the poles, equally habitable.

comfort of his cause, and by little and little, with no small expense and pain, brought his cause to some perfection, and had drawn together so many adventurers and such sums of money as might well defray a reasonable charge to furnish himself to sea withal.

He prepared two small barks of twenty and five-and-twenty ton apiece, wherein he intended to accomplish his pretended voyage. Wherefore, being furnished with the aforesaid two barks, and one small pinnace of ten ton burden, having therein victuals and other necessities for twelve months' provision, he departed upon the said voyage from Blackwall, the 15. of June,¹ Anno Domini 1576.

One of the barks wherein he went was named the Gabriel, and the other the Michael; and, sailing northwest from England upon the 11. of July he had sight of an high and ragged land, which he judged to be Frisland,² whereof some authors have made mention; but durst not approach the same by reason of the great store of ice that lay alongst the coast, and the great mists that troubled them not a little. Not far from thence he lost company of his small pinnace, which by means of the great storm he supposed to be swallowed up of the sea; wherein he lost only four men. Also the other bark, named the Michael, mistrusting the matter, conveyed themselves privily away from him, and returned home, with great report that he was cast away.

The worthy captain, notwithstanding these discomforts, although his mast was sprung and his topmast blown overboard with extreme foul weather, continued his course toward the northwest, knowing that the sea at length must needs have an ending and that some land should have a beginning that way;

¹ The date is incorrect. Hall quitted his moorings at Ratcliffe on the 7th, and left Deptford on the 8th. In passing the royal palace of Greenwich, says Hall, "we shot off our ordnance, and made the best show we could. Her majesty, beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farewell, with shaking her hand at us out of the window." Gravesend was passed on the 12th.

² The land was Greenland. Friesland was the name given to the Faroe Islands in the voyage of the brothers Zeni. Hall saw the rocky spires of the coast "rising like pinnacles of steeples" in the afternoon sun.

and determined therefore at the least to bring true proof what land and sea the same might be so far to the northwestward, beyond any that man hath heretofore discovered. And the 20. of July he had sight of an high land, which he called "Queen Elizabeth's Foreland,"¹ after her majesty's name. And sailing more northerly alongst that coast, he descried another foreland,² with a great gut, bay, or passage, dividing as it were two main lands or continents asunder. There he met with store of exceeding great ice all this coast along, and, coveting still to continue his course to the northward, was always by contrary wind detained overthwart these straits, and could not get beyond.

Within few days after, he perceived the ice to be well consumed and gone, either there engulfed in by some swift currents or indrafts, carried more to the southward of the same straits, or else conveyed some other way; wherefore he determined to make proof of this place, to see how far that gut had continuance, and whether he might carry himself through the same into some open sea on the back side, whereof he conceived no small hope; and so entered the same the one-and-twentieth of July, and passed above fifty leagues therein, as he reported, having upon either hand a great main or continent. And that land upon his right hand as he sailed westward he judged to be the continent of Asia, and there to be divided from the firm of America, which lieth upon the left hand over against the same.

This place he named after his name, "Frobisher's Straits,"³ like as Magellanus at the southwest end of the world, having discovered the passage to the South Sea, where America is divided from the continent of that land, which lieth under the south pole, and called the same straits "Magellan's Straits."

After he had passed sixty leagues into this aforesaid strait, he went ashore, and found signs where fire had been made. He saw mighty deer, that seemed to be mankind, which ran at him; and hardly he escaped with his life in a narrow way, where he was fain to use defence and policy to save his life. In this place he saw and perceived sundry tokens of the peoples resorting thither.

¹ The northeast corner of the island to the north of Resolution Island.

² The North Foreland, at the southeast corner of Hall's Island.

³ Afterward called Frobisher Bay.

And being ashore upon the top of a hill, he perceived a number of small things fleeting in the sea afar off, which he supposed to be porpoises, or seals, or some kind of strange fish; but coming nearer, he discovered them to be men in small boats made of leather. And before he could descend down from the hill, certain of those people had almost cut off his boat from him, having stolen secretly behind the rocks for that purpose; where he speedily hastened to his boat, and bent himself to his halberd, and narrowly escaped the danger, and saved his boat.

Afterward he had sundry conferences with them, and they came aboard his ship, and brought him salmon and raw flesh and fish, and greedily devoured the same before our men's faces. And to show their agility, they tried many masteries upon the ropes of the ship after our mariners' fashion, and appeared to be very strong of their arms and nimble of their bodies. They exchanged coats of seals' and bears' skins, and such like, with our men, and received bells, looking-glasses, and other toys in recompense thereof again. After great courtesy and many meetings, our mariners, contrary to their captain's direction, began more easily to trust them; and five of our men going ashore were by them intercepted with their boat, and were never since heard of to this day again; so that the captain being destitute of boat, bark, and all company, had scarcely sufficient number to conduct back his bark again.

He could now neither convey himself ashore to rescue his men, if he had been able, for want of a boat; and again the subtle traitors were so wary, as they would after that never come within our men's danger. The captain, notwithstanding, desirous of bringing some token from thence of his being there, was greatly discontented that he had not before apprehended some of them; and, therefore, to deceive the deceivers, he wrought a pretty policy. For knowing well how they greatly delighted in our toys, and specially in bells, he rang a pretty loud bell, making signs that he would give him the same who would come and fetch it. And because they would not come within his danger for fear, he flung one bell unto them, which of purpose he threw short, that it might fall into the sea and be lost. And to make them more greedy of the matter he rang a louder bell, so that in the end one of them came near the ship side to receive the bell.

Which when he thought to take at the captain's hand, he was thereby taken himself; for the captain, being readily provided, let the bell fall, and caught the man fast, and plucked him with main force, boat and all, into his bark out of the sea. Whereupon, when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdain he bit his tongue in twain within his mouth; notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but lived until he came in England, and then he died of cold which he had taken at sea.

Now with this new prey, which was a sufficient witness of the captain's far and tedious travel toward the unknown parts of the world, as did well appear by this strange infidel, whose like was never seen, read, nor heard of before, and whose language was neither known nor understood of any, the said Captain Frobisher returned homeward, and arrived in England, in Harwich, the second of October following, and thence came to London, 1576, where he was highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cataya.

And it is especially to be remembered that at their first arrival in those parts there lay so great store of ice all the coast along, so thick together, that hardly his boat could pass unto the shore. At length, after divers attempts, he commanded his company, if by any possible means they could get ashore, to bring him whatsoever thing they could first find, whether it were living or dead, stock or stone, in token of Christian possession, which thereby he took in behalf of the Queen's most excellent majesty, thinking that thereby he might justify the having and enjoying of the same things that grew in these unknown parts.

Some of his company brought flowers, some green grass; and one brought a piece of black stone, much like to a sea coal in color, which by the weight seemed to be some kind of metal or mineral. This was a thing of no account in the judgment of the captain at first sight; and yet for novelty it was kept, in respect of the place from whence it came. After his arrival in London, being demanded of sundry his friends what thing he had brought them home out of that country, he had nothing left to present them withal but a piece of this black stone. And it fortun'd a gentlewoman, one of the adventurer's wives, to have a piece thereof, which by chance she threw and burned in the fire, so

long that at the length being taken forth, and quenched in a little vinegar, it glistened with a bright marquesite of gold. Whereupon the matter being called in some question, it was brought to certain gold-finers in London to make assay thereof, who gave out that it held gold, and that very richly for the quantity.¹ Afterward the same gold-finers promised great matters thereof if there were any store to be found, and offered themselves to adventure for the searching of those parts from whence the same was brought. Some that had great hope of the matter sought secretly to have a lease at her majesty's hands of those places, whereby to enjoy the mass of so great a public profit unto their own private gains.

In conclusion, the hope of more of the same gold ore to be found kindled a greater opinion in the hearts of many to advance the voyage again. Whereupon preparation was made for a new voyage against the year following, and the captain more specially directed by commission for the searching more of this gold ore than for the searching any further discovery of the passage. And being well accompanied with divers resolute and forward gentlemen, her majesty then lying at the Right Honorable the Lord of Warwick's house, in Essex, he came to take his leave; and kissing her highness' hands, with gracious countenance and comfortable words departed toward his charge.

¹ The English assayers all pronounced the stone worthless. An Italian, Giovanni Baptista Agnello, reported it to contain gold. On being questioned as to how it was that he alone was able to produce gold from the stone, he is said to have replied, "*Bisogna sapere adular la natura*" ("Nature requires coaxing"). Agnello's assay necessarily involved the addition of other substances for the purpose of separating the gold; and it has been suggested that the gold produced by him was itself added during this process. There is no good reason for thinking so. Pyrites often contains a minute proportion of gold. Admitting the possibility of trickery in the case of the small specimen submitted to Agnello, it is incredible that the fraud should have been successfully repeated when the two hundred tons of mineral brought back by the second expedition came to be tested. The mineral undoubtedly contained gold, but not enough to pay for the carriage and working.

BUILDING OF THE FIRST THEATRE IN ENGLAND

A.D. 1576

KARL MANTZIUS

A History of the Theatre, the scholarly work of Mantzius, has had no time to become a classic—published 1904—but certainly the author has delved into his subject with a minuteness and presented it with a lively interest which fully justify the selection of his work for presentation here.

The theatre has become so prominent an institution among us that its origin must be of interest to all; and the building of the first theatre is inextricably interwoven with the larger and vaguer story of the rise of the modern drama itself. The dramatic arts of Greece and Rome had never been wholly forgotten. Their traditions survived in Italy in the crude pantomime performances of the common people. Practically, however, the Middle Ages invented a new dramatic art of their own, developed from the gorgeous religious pantomime of the church services. The theatre was born of the cathedral; the stage, of the altar.

The plays, at first purely religious, rapidly developed a comic side, which by degrees became their central theme. The moral purpose of the performance was forgotten; and the Church disowned its evil changeling. To none of these early plays can the term "drama" be accurately applied; for each and all of them lack plot. They are merely a series of disconnected scenes, pictures having small connection and less development. The idea of pursuing a single, slowly developing story to its climax and conclusion dawns upon the modern stage only with the English Elizabethan drama.

Despite our imperfect knowledge of the plays and players of that time, one feels almost justified in saying that the modern drama was created about 1580 by Christopher Marlowe and was raised to the highest point of its development about 1600 by William Shakespeare.

AT the date of Shakespeare's birth, 1564, no permanent theatre as yet existed in England. But there had long existed a class of professional actors, descended partly from the mystery- and the miracle-playing artisans of the Middle Ages, partly from the strolling players, equilibrists, jugglers, and jesters.

Professional Italian actors, players of the *commedia dell'*

arte, who in the sixteenth century spread their gay and varied art all over Europe, also supplied English players with that touch of professional technique in which their somewhat vacillating and half-amateurish arts were still wanting.

While, however, as far as France is concerned, the Italian influence must strike everybody who studies the stage history of the country, the evidence of a fertilization of English scenic art by the *commedia dell'arte* is scanty. Yet I think it is sufficient to deserve more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon it.

In any case there is sufficient evidence to prove that Italian professional actors penetrated into England and exercised their art there.

In January, 1577, an Italian comedian came to London with his company. The English called him Drousiano, but his real name was Drousiano Martinelli, the same who, with his brother Tristano, visited the court of Philip II, and there is no reason to suppose that he was either the first or the last of his countrymen who tried to carry off English gold from merry London. The typical Italian masks are quite well known to the authors of that period. Thus Thomas Heywood mentions all these doctors, zanies, pantaloons, and harlequins, in which the French, and still more the Italians, distinguished themselves. In Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, and in Ben Jonson's *The Case is Altered*, mention is made of the Italian improvised comedy, and a few of the well-known types of character in the dramatic literature of the time bear distinct traces of having been influenced by Italian masks, *e.g.*, Ralph Roister Doister in Udall's comedy of that name; as well as the splendid Captain Bobadill and his no less amusing companion, Captain Tucca, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *The Poetaster*, all of which are reproductions of the typical *capitano*.

However, it is not these literary testimonies that I consider the most striking evidence of the influence of Italian professional technique on English professional actors. It is a remarkable discovery made by the highly esteemed Shakespearean archæologist, Edmund Malone, about a century ago, in Dulwich College, that mine of ancient English dramatic research, founded by the actor Edward Alleyn.

Among the notes left by the old pawnbroker and theatrical manager, Henslowe, and the various papers, letters, parts, accounts, etc., of his son-in-law, the famous and very wealthy actor Alleyn, among these rare documents, to which we owe a great part of our knowledge of the Shakespearean stage, Malone found four remarkable card-board tables, on which the plots of as many plays were put down, together with the names of the persons represented, their entrances and exits, cues for music, sonnets, etc.

According to Collier's description, these tables—one of which only is preserved, the three others having disappeared through the carelessness and disorder which at that time prevailed in the Dulwich treasury—were about fifteen inches in length and nine in breadth. They were divided into two columns, and between these, toward the top of the table, there was a square hole for hanging it up on a hook or some such thing. They bore the following titles:

1. The Plotte of the Deade Man's Fortune.
2. The Plotte of the First Parte of Tamar Cain.
3. The Plotte of Frederick and Basilea.
4. The Plotte of the Second Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns.

The last-mentioned play is known for certain to have been composed by the excellent comic actor, Richard Tarlton. Gabriel Harvey, the astrologist, and the implacable antagonist of Thomas Nash, tells us in his letters how Tarlton himself in Oxford invited him to see his celebrated play on *The Seven Deadly Sins*; Harvey asked him which of the seven was his own deadly sin, and he instantly replied, "By G—, the sinne of other gentlemen, lechery."

Tarlton died in the year 1588, and some of the other plays, especially *The Dead Man's Fortune*, are considered to be a good deal older than his. They belong, therefore, to an early period of the English Renaissance stage.

These four tables caused considerable trouble to Malone and his contemporary Steevens, as well as to later investigators, as they are without equals in the archæology of the English stage. If these men had known that such tables, containing the plot of the piece which was acted at the time, were always hung upon the stage of the Italian *commedia dell' arte* in order to assist the

memory of the improvising actors, they would have seen instantly that their essential historical importance to us consists in their showing by documentary evidence how the early Elizabethan scenic art in its outer form was influenced and improved by the Italians.

The fact that one of the principal characters in the oldest scenario, *The Dead Man's Fortune*, bears the name of "Panteloun" further confirms this supposition.

This is not the place to investigate how far the English were influenced by Italian professional dramatic art. At any rate, the English national character differed too much from the Italian to allow it to receive more than an outward and formal stamp. And even this superficial effect is much less significant in England than in France. Still, we are certainly not mistaken in assuming that it helped to strengthen English dramatic art, which already possessed no small amount of power; and we may take it for granted that about the time of Shakespeare's birth London possessed a socially and professionally organized class of actors, in spite of the fact that they did not yet possess a theatre of their own.

Before proper theatres were built, and after the time of the great mysteries, the actors found a refuge for their art chiefly in the inns, those splendid and expensive old public-houses which convey to our minds the idea of old-fashioned and picturesque comfort; where the nobility and clergy sought their quarters in winter, and where the carriers unloaded their goods in the large square yards, which were surrounded on all sides by the walls of the inn. On these walls there were galleries running all round, supported by wooden pillars and with steep picturesque ladders running up to them.

It was in these yards of the Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street, of The Bull in Bishopsgate Street, La Belle Sauvage on Ludgate Hill, or the Tabbard Inn in Southwark that the actors set up their stages. Perhaps it was this very circumstance that became one of the indirect reasons why they finally were obliged to build a house for themselves.

Certainly the inns offered advantages to the actors; they were meeting-places for the public, frequented by lords and other persons of distinction; probably the companies paid next to noth-

ing for the use of them. In themselves they afforded good room for the audience, with a natural pit for ordinary people in the yard, and with more comfortable "boxes" for the more distinguished part of the audience on the surrounding balconies and at the windows facing the yard.

On the other hand, these inn-theatres had their drawbacks. In the first place, the actors were not on their own ground, and so, after all, they were only tolerated. Secondly, it must have been very difficult for them to keep to regular prices, and especially to secure the payment of the entrance fee, as they had probably to collect the money during or after the performance, thus depending on the liberality of the public for their remuneration. And finally, worst of all, they were led into quarrels with the lord mayor and with the citizens.

Indeed, it is not unlikely that these performances in the inns caused a good deal of noise and disturbance in the quarters where they took place, and that the joyous, but by no means refined or quiet, "pit," when going home, excited by one of Tarlton's jigs and by the strong ale of the inn, was not animated by very respectful feelings toward their sour Puritan fellow-citizens, who were scandalized as they watched "merry London" crowding past their windows. Nor is it improbable that these anything but respectful feelings vented themselves in some of the coarse expressions in which the plays of those times abound, where Puritanism, the sworn enemy, is concerned; "this barbarous sect," as it is called by a modern English author, "from whose inherited and contagious tyranny this nation is as yet but imperfectly released."

It is certain, at any rate, that the Puritan citizens entertained a deep and sincere hatred of anything connected with plays and actors, and if it had been in their power to do what they liked, the world would once for all have been relieved of such pernicious and wicked vagabonds as William Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, and Ben Jonson.

Fortunately, however, this power did not lie with the Puritans only.

Luckily, this sect, which like a malicious growth seemed to have gathered to itself all the stubbornness, insensibility, and rude obstinacy of the nation, was counterbalanced by a refined

and intellectual nobility, which was inspired by the new artistic and philosophical thought of the Renaissance, and seemed to foresee, if not fully to recognize, what a mine of poetry the English theatre of those times was destined to be. Thanks to men like Sir Francis Walsingham, Lords Leicester, Nottingham, Strange, and Sussex, the drama resisted for a time the violent and unwearied attacks of the Puritans. Most fortunately for the actors also, Queen Elizabeth, as well as her successors, James I and Charles I, was fond of plays and favorably inclined toward their performers.

Elizabeth rendered a great service to the actors by placing them under the patronage of the nobility. The municipal authorities, who were frequently Puritan, considered neither dramatic art nor dramatic poetry as an acceptable means of livelihood; consequently, those who cultivated these noble arts easily exposed themselves to being treated as "masterless men," unless they could give a reference to some distinguished aristocratic name.

The Queen ordered by law—in a statute which has often been misunderstood—"that all common players of interludes wandering abroad, other than players of interludes belonging to any baron of this realme, or any other honorable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seale of arms of such baron or personage, shall be adjudged and deemed rogues and vagabonds"; in other words, the Queen urged all actors, for their own sakes, to place themselves under the patronage of some nobleman, in order to protect them against the persecution of the Puritan citizens.

But even such mighty protection could not entirely shield them, and it was this very power of the London corporation to injure the actors that caused the establishment of the first London theatre.

In the year 1572 the plague broke out in London; it killed many thousands of people, and kept recurring at certain intervals during the next twenty or thirty years, carrying horror and death with it. Under these circumstances all dramatic performances were prohibited for a time in London, a precaution which was reasonable enough, as the dense crowding of people might have helped to spread the disease. But the mag-

istrate seems to have caught eagerly at this opportunity of interfering.

In Harrison's *Description of England* the event is reported as follows: "Plaies are banished for a time out of London, lest the resort unto them should ingender a plague, or rather disperse it, being already begonne. Would to God these comon plaies were exiled for altogether as seminaries of impiety, and their theatres pulled downe as no better than houses of baudrie. It is an evident token of a wicked time when plaiers wexe so rich that they can build suche houses. As moche I wish also to our comon beare baitinges used on the Sabaothe daies."

We cannot help noticing the predilection of the Puritans for the coarse bear-fights, which in their opinion were only displeasing to God when performed on a Sabbath, whereas the playhouses at any time were no better than the "ill-famed stews" in Southwark. It cannot be denied, however, that under the prevailing circumstances it was quite right that the playhouses should be temporarily forbidden.

But the sudden and unwarranted expulsion of all dramatic performances from the precincts of London a few years later, 1575, cannot be accounted for otherwise than by the increasing popularity which these plays enjoyed among the non-Puritan public, and the envy with which the clergy saw the people crowding much more to the places where actors interpreted the rising poets than to those where the preachers themselves enunciated their gloomy doctrine.

In the year 1574 the actor James Burbage, with four other actors, all belonging to the retinue of the Earl of Leicester, had received permission from the Queen to perform all kinds of plays anywhere in England, "for the recreation of her beloved subjects as well as for her own comfort and pleasure, if it should please her to see them."

Perhaps it was a counter-move on the part of the Puritan community when the lord mayor and the corporation in the following year straightway forbade all plays within the precincts of the town. If so, it proved a failure. James Burbage resolutely hired a liberty outside the city, and here, in 1576, on the premises of an ancient Roman Catholic priory, he built the first English playhouse, which he named "The Theatre."

In the following year The Theatre gained an ally in "The Curtain," which was built in the same neighborhood, both, of course, causing great indignation among the Puritans. In 1577, the year after the first playhouse had been erected, there appeared a furious pamphlet, by John Northbrooke, against "dic-ing, dancing, plays and interludes as well as other idle pastimes."

No doubt all possible means were taken to have plays forbidden and the playhouses pulled down, but though the attack of the Black Army never ceased for a moment, the Puritans did not succeed in getting the better of the theatres till the year 1642, when they acquired political power through the civil war; and, fortunately for the part of mankind which appreciates art, this precious flower of culture, one of the richest and most remarkable periods in the life of dramatic art, had developed into full bloom before the outbreak of the war.

In a sermon of 1578 we read the following bitter and deep-drawn sigh by the clergyman John Stockwood: "Wyll not a fylthye playe wyth the blast of a trumpette sooner call thyther a thousande than an houres tolling of a bell bring to the sermon a hundred?—nay, even heere in the Citie, without it be at this place and some other certaine ordinarie audience, where shall you finde a reasonable company?—whereas, if you resort to the Theatre, The Curtayne, and other places of playes in the Citie, you shall on the Lord's Day have these places, with many other that I cannot reckon, so full as possible they can throng."

That the bold defiance with which James Burbage and the other actors met the lord mayor and the corporation should prove so successful lay almost in the nature of things. The prohibition of plays within the bounds of the city of London did not mean that they were looked upon with animosity by the people, but merely that a majority of the corporation was unfriendly to them. It was soon shown that, though the wise city fathers could easily forbid the actors to perform their plays in London, they could not prevent the enthusiastic public from walking in crowds a mile out of town in order to see such performances, especially as people were quite accustomed to the journey. Burbage, who was a business-like man, had chosen his ground quite close to the public places, where the Londoners practised their

open-air sports and amused themselves with tennis and football, stone-throwing, cock-fights, and archery.

Although Burbage called his new building "The Theatre," the title was not intended to mean *the* theatre *par excellence*, for the word "theatre" was not then commonly used to denote a building in which dramatic representations were performed. It is more probable that he thought he had succeeded in choosing an elegant name with a certain suggestion of the old classics, which was euphonious and not quite common.

The usual name for a theatre was the playhouse, a house intended for all kinds of games and sport, such as fencing, bear-fights, bull-fights, jigs, morris-dances, and pantomimes, as well as for dramatic performances.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that the theatrical entertainments of those times were something more or less literary; anyhow, something quite apart from the dramatic performances of the present day. They were meant to satisfy mixed desires in the nation; but, besides satisfying its craving for beautiful, picturesque language, fine spectacles, and merry jests, they also gratified its desire for the display of physical strength, for shallow rhyming tricks and competitions, graceful exercises of the body, indeed for all that might be included under the notion of sport and give opportunity for betting.

Therefore, the plays, properly so called, alternated with fights between animals, in which bears and bulls were baited by great blood-thirsty bulldogs, or with fencing-matches fought by celebrated English and foreign fencing-masters, with rope-dancing, acrobatic tricks, and boxing. Even the serious performances ended with a more or less absurd jig, in which the clown sang endless songs about the events of the day, and danced interminable morris-dances.

Shakespeare and his contemporaries, whose works are now reckoned among the first literature—so much so that they are scarcely read any longer—at the time of which we are speaking were nothing but practical playwrights, and Shakespeare was so far from dreaming that the time would come when his plays would be counted among the most precious treasures of posterity that, as we know, he did not even take the trouble to have a printed edition of his works published.

The many fighting-scenes in the plays of the time, in Shakespeare's among the rest, the wrestling-match in *As You Like It*, the duel between Macduff and Macbeth, the fencing-scene between Hamlet and Laertes, no doubt afforded opportunities for magnificent displays of skill in the use of arms and in physical exercises, and we may be sure that the spectators followed those scenes with an interest which was perhaps more of a sporting than of a literary nature.

It was according to a well-calculated plan, therefore, that the elder Burbage erected his playhouse north of the city, in Finsbury Fields, where from ancient times the people had been accustomed to see and practise military exercises and other sports, and where the soldiers were still in the habit of practising archery and musketry.

And it was with equally sound calculation that he gave the theatre its particular form, which remained essentially the same in all the playhouses of the Shakespearean period.

Before the establishment of the permanent theatres there had long existed amphitheatres for the performance of fights between animals, the so-called "rings." These rings—the auditorium as well as the arena—were open all round, and the seats, like those of the ancient Greek theatre, were placed according to the natural formation of the ground.

Burbage retained the circular amphitheatrical form; being a joiner as well as an actor and manager, he was no doubt his own architect in his new theatrical enterprise.

But instead of the roofless, open-air auditorium, he constructed a covered circular wooden building with stories or galleries, which was made so as to contain a number of boxes for the distinguished and well-paying public, and which entirely enclosed the open, uncovered arena, which, as it recalled the inn-yards, was called the "yard," or afterward, perhaps on account of the high pitlike construction surrounding it, the "pit," whence the poorest and humblest spectators enjoyed the performances.

Finally, he built a covered "tire-house"—or "tiring-house," as it was called in those times—for the actors, a place in which also all the requisites and the so-called "properties" were kept. This tiring-house stood within the circle, and its roof towered up above the auditorium.

From the tiring-house the stage—a simple wooden platform resting on rams—was pushed forward, and it might be removed when the arena was to be used for fights between animals, etc., instead of dramatic performances.

By this reform of the building—a reform which became epoch-making to the whole Shakespearean period—James Burbage obtained a threefold advantage: more comfortable seats for the more distinguished portion of the audience, where they were sheltered from wind and weather; the use of the house both for plays and the baiting of animals; and the power to oblige the public to pay their admission at certain doors of his building, which spared him the unpleasant and unsafe collection of money from spectators, who might not always be very willing to pay.

But this result was not obtained without considerable expense.

Though we are not so fortunate as to possess a drawing of the outside or inside of The Theatre, about the shape of which, therefore, we must partly draw our conclusions from analogy with other playhouses, we are comparatively well informed as to its outward history till it was pulled down, in 1598–1599.

Thus we know that the enterprise cost James Burbage six hundred sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings fourpence, a considerable sum in those days, which would be equal to about eightfold that amount in our own time.

This money Burbage borrowed of his father-in-law, John Braynes, to whom he had to pay high interest, and it represented only the cost of the building itself, for he did not buy the ground on which it stood. This ground belonged to one Giles Allen, and in the contract between him and Burbage it was settled, among other points, that if, in the course of the first ten years after the drawing up of the lease, Burbage spent a sum of two hundred pounds or more on the building, he should have a right to remove it after the expiration of the lease.

The lease was drawn up in the year 1576, for a period of twenty-one years. In spite of many pecuniary difficulties, which the heavy rent and high interest naturally entailed on Burbage—who for some time even seems to have been obliged to mort-

gage his entire property—and innumerable annoyances from the Puritans, Burbage succeeded in keeping his theatre above water till the expiration of the lease and till his own death, which occurred in 1597.

But before this date he had been negotiating with the proprietor, Giles Allen, about a prolongation of the lease. Allen, who was evidently as grasping as he was difficult to deal with, and who may not unjustly be suspected of having been an instrument in the hands of the Puritan authorities, had caused him a good deal of trouble in the course of years. On seeing how people crowded to the theatre, he had tried, for one thing, to press Burbage for a higher rent, and partly for religious, partly for moral reasons, had threatened to forbid the running of a playhouse on his property. The negotiations about the new lease had not come to an end when the elder Burbage died, and left his two sons, Cuthbert, who was a bookseller, and Richard, who was the leading actor of his time, not only burdened with the playhouse, the long lease of which had expired, but opposed by a proprietor with whom it was impossible to come to terms, and by a magistrate who was more eager than ever to deal a blow at the playhouses.

In the same year, when the two brothers took on *The Theatre*, the lord mayor of London actually succeeded in inducing the privy council to issue an order of suppression against it and other playhouses. The order begins as follows: "*Her Majestie being informed that there are verie greate disorders committed in the common playhouses both by lewd matters that are handled on the stages, and by resorte and confluence of bad people, hathe given direction that not onlie no playes shall be used within London or about the Citty, or in any public place, during this tyme of sommer, but that all those playhouses that are erected and built only for suche purposes shall be plucked downe, namelie The Curtayne and The Theatre nere to Shorditch, or any other within that county.*"

It is not known whether the order was withdrawn or whether the disregard of it was winked at—the court very likely was not particularly inclined to see the sentence or condemnation carried out. At all events, neither *The Curtain* nor *The Theatre* was pulled down at the time. But the order shows how much

power the Puritans possessed, and what difficulties the brothers Burbage had to contend with.

They seem, however, to have inherited their father's resolute character. Since it seemed quite impossible to come to terms with the grasping proprietor, Allen, the brothers were sensible enough to avail themselves of the clause in the now expired lease, which permitted them to pull down and remove the buildings they had erected on the premises, in case they had spent at least two hundred pounds on them during the first ten years. This sum had been much exceeded at the time, and one day, to the great consternation and anger of the astonished Giles Allen, they simply removed The Theatre.

One of the paragraphs in the account of the subsequent lawsuit between Allen and the Burbages gives a very vivid idea of this remarkable removal. Allen accuses Cuthbert Burbage of "unlawfully combininge and confederatinge himselfe with the sayd Richard Burbage, and one Peter Streat, William Smyth and divers other persons, to the number of twelve, to your subject unknowne, did aboute the eight and twentyth daye of December in the one and fortyth yeere of your Highnes raygne (1598) ryotouslye assemble themselves together, and then and there armed themselves with dyvers and manye unlawfull and offensive weapons, as, namelye, swordes, daggers, billes, axes, and such like, and so armed, did then repayre unto the sayd Theatre, and then and there, armed as aforesayd, in verye ryotous, outragious and forcyble manner, and contrarye to the lawes of your highnes realme, attempted to pull down the sayd Theatre, whereupon divers of your subjectes, servauntes, and farmers, there goinge aboute in peaceable manner to procure them to desist from that their unlawfull enterpryse, they the sayd ryotous persons aforesayd notwithstanding procured then therein with greate vyolence, not only then and there forcyblye and ryotouslye resisting your subjectes, servauntes, and farmers, but also then and there pulling, breaking, and throwing downe the sayd Theatre in verye outragious, violent, and riotous sort, to the great disturbance and terrefyeing not onlye of your subjectes sayd servauntes and farmers, but of divers others of your Majesties loving subjectes there neere inhabitinge; and having so done, did then alsoe in most forcible and ryotous manner take and carrye

away from thence all the wood and timber thereof, unto the Bancksyde in the parishe of St. Marye Overyes, and there erected a newe playehouse with the sayd timber and wood."

Such was the end of the first short-lived London playhouse. But the new house, which was built out of its materials on the "Bankside," was the celebrated "Globe," the name of which is inseparably connected with that of Shakespeare.

As we said above, James Burbage, the creator of The Theatre, belonged to the company which played under the patronage of Lord Leicester, and therefore went under the name of "Lord Leicester's Servants" or "Men." The four other actors, who in 1574 received a royal license to act from Queen Elizabeth, were John Perkin, John Lanham, William Jonson, and Robert Wilson.

While James Burbage was no doubt the leader of the company, Robert Wilson is supposed to have been its chief actor, at all events of comic parts, and he was the only one among the five who was also a dramatic author. Under his name, but after his death, Cuthbert Burbage published, in 1594, *The Prophecy of the Cobbler*; and among anonymous plays the following are ascribed to him: *Fair Eve*, *The Miller's Daughter from Manchester*, *The Three Ladies of London*, etc.

Most likely some of Wilson's plays were acted in The Theatre. With this exception the internal history of this playhouse is rather obscure, and very little is known of its *répertoire*. A few titles may be found in contemporary literature, such as *The Blacksmith's Daughter*, mentioned by the Puritan Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, as "containing the treachery of Turks, the honorable bounty of a noble mind, the shining of virtue in distress," *The Conspiracy of Catilina*, *Cæsar and Pompey*, and *The Play about the Fabians*.

All these must have belonged to the earliest *répertoire* of The Theatre, for Gosson's *School of Abuse* appeared in 1579.

It is of more interest that Thomas Lodge mentions the original pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet* as having been acted in The Theatre. He speaks of one who "looks as pale as the visard of the ghost which cries so miserably at The Theatre, like an oister-wife, 'Hamlet revenge.'"

The same company, originally "Lord Leicester's Servants,"

continued to act in *The Theatre* till it was pulled down. But the company several times changed its patron and consequently its name. In 1588 Lord Leicester died, and after his death Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, became the patron of the company; till 1592, therefore, the actors were called "Lord Strange's Men." But in 1592 Lord Strange was created earl of Derby; consequently the troupe became for two years "The Earl of Derby's Men." In 1594 the Earl of Derby died, and Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon and lord chamberlain, undertook to become patron of the company, which, therefore, adopted the name of "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants." The son of Lord Hunsdon, George Carey, second Lord Hunsdon, after his father's death (in 1596) also inherited the patronage of the actors, and for almost a year they had to content themselves with being called "Lord Hunsdon's Men," until Lord Hunsdon became lord chamberlain, like his father, and allowed the company to resume the title of "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants," 1597. This name the actors retained until the accession of King James, in 1603, after which they were promoted to the title of "The King's Players"; this title put them in the first rank, which, indeed, they had long held in reality, and which they kept till the suppression of the playhouses in 1642.

It is no slight task for one who desires to study theatrical affairs in the time of Shakespeare, to make himself acquainted with the varying names of the companies of actors; but without such knowledge it would be very difficult to pursue the thread of the history even of the leading companies.

About the year 1590 our company received an addition in the person of a young man, who was not only a skilled and useful actor, but who also possessed the accomplishment of being able to adapt older plays to the taste of the times, and even proved to have the gift of writing tolerably good plays himself, though older and jealous colleagues might hint at their not being altogether original. This young man, whose capacities became of no slight use to the company and *The Theatre*, was named William Shakespeare.

At this time the leading actors of *The Theatre* were the great tragedian Richard Burbage, who was then quite a young man, Henry Condell, and John Heminge, who continued to be the

mainstays of the company. There was also the clown, Augustine Phillips, an excellent comic actor of the old school. These four became the most intimate friends of Shakespeare, and to Con-dell and Heminge posterity owes special gratitude, since it was they who, after the death of Shakespeare, undertook the publication of the first printed collection of his plays.

It is impossible to decide definitely which of Shakespeare's plays belonged to the répertoire of The Theatre. It is probable that his first plays, *Love's Labor Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and his first tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, saw the light on this stage between 1589 and 1591. Afterward, between 1594 and 1597, these were possibly increased by *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard the Second*, *King John*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Henry IV*.

The répertoire of The Theatre also included the so-called "jigs," merry after-plays, mostly consisting of songs and dances, with frequent allusions to the events of the day, sneering at the Puritans, the magistrates, and other enemies of the playhouses.

It has been briefly mentioned above that not long after the establishment of The Theatre—at the latest in the following year—this playhouse gained a companion in The Curtain, which thus became the second of its kind in London.

The two playhouses were very close to each other, but for this very reason it seems natural to suppose that they were rather meant to support than to rival each other. They were like a kind of double-barrelled gun directed against the corporation, and they seem, indeed, to an equal extent, to have roused the anger of the Puritans, for they are generally mentioned together in the Puritan pamphlets directed against playhouses and all other wickedness.

However, the history of The Curtain is almost unknown to us. While we know a good deal about the outward circumstances of The Theatre on account of the constant troubles which the Burbage family had to endure from the proprietor of the ground and the municipal authorities, and of the subsequent lawsuit, the reports we find about The Curtain are extremely meagre. We know neither when nor by whom it was built nor when it was pulled down.

By a mistake which is natural enough, its name has been

connected with the front curtain of the stage. We shall see later that no such curtain existed in the time of Shakespeare, and we do not know that the background draperies of that period had the fixed name of "curtain."

Anyhow, the possibility of this derivation is absolutely excluded by the fact that the spot on which the second London playhouse was built, for some unknown reason, bore the name of "Curtayne Close." So the playhouse was simply named after the spot on which it was built.

As long as The Theatre stood close beside it, the two companies shared almost the same fate. We have seen that in 1597 an order was issued to pull down both playhouses; this order, however, was never carried out. But after the removal of The Theatre to Bankside, The Curtain seems to have gone its own way. The actors, on the whole, were not afraid of pleading their cause from the stage, and of retorting on the attacks of their assailants by lashing them with the whip of caricature, and it seems that those of The Curtain had gone a little too far in their Aristophanic parodies of their worthy fellow-citizens and chief magistrate; for in May, 1601, the justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex received the following admonition from the privy council: "We doo understand that certaine players that used to recyte their playes at the Curtaine in Moorefeilds, do represent upon the stage in their interludes the persons of some gent of good desert and quality that are yet alive under obscure manner, but yet in such sorte that all the hearers may take notice both of the matter and the persons that are meant thereby. This beinge a thinge verye unfitte, offensive and contrary, to such direction as have been heretofore taken, that no plaies should be openly shewed but such as were first perused and allowed, and that minister no occasion of offence or scandall, wee do hereby require you that you do forthwith forbidd those players to whomsoever they appertaine that do play at the Curtaine in Moorefeildes to represent any such play, and that you will examine them who made that play and to shew the same unto you, and as you in your discrecions shall thincke the same unfitte to be publiquely shewed to forbidd them from henceforth to play the same eyther privately or publiquely; and if upon veiwe of the said play you shall finde the subject so odious and inconven-

ient as is informed, wee require you to take bond of the chieftest of them to aunswere their rashe and indiscreete dealing before us."

We know nothing of the result of this prosecution, but we may be allowed to assume that it did not result in very severe measures. We seem to read a certain concealed sympathy in the writ of the great lords, and we cannot help suspecting that it was the Puritan citizens who felt themselves hit and who brought the complaint. If the lords had been the butt of the mockery, no doubt the proceeding of the actors would have appeared to them much worse than "rashe and indiscreete."

Until the Globe theatre was built, the Burbages most likely possessed a share in The Curtain. At any rate, their company used that building alternately with their own; no doubt, for instance, during the period between the pulling down of The Theatre and the building of the Globe. During this period they played (as "The Lord Chamberlain's Men"), among other things, no less famous a piece than Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, which, according to old tradition, was accepted on the recommendation of Shakespeare, after having been put aside contemptuously by the other leading actors. This splendid play had an enormous success. Of Shakespeare's plays, *Much Ado about Nothing* and *The Second Part of King Henry IV* were acted.

There is scarcely any reason for assuming, with Halliwell-Phillipps and Ordish, that the first performance of *Henry V* took place at The Curtain. At the appearance of this play, in 1599, the Globe theatre was built, and we cannot doubt that it was here that this popular play saw the light. So the frequently mentioned "wooden O" in the prologue does not allude to The Curtain, but to the Globe.

The outward shape of The Curtain we must imagine to have been, like that of The Theatre, circular, and unroofed in the centre. It is generally supposed to have been somewhat smaller than Burbage's first theatre.

The last period of the existence of The Curtain is enveloped in obscurity. But there is no reason to suppose that it did not continue to exist till all playhouses were put down, during the civil war, 1642-1647. If The Curtain was preserved as long as that, its life was longer than that of any other playhouse of the Shakespearean period.

COSSACK CONQUEST OF SIBERIA

A.D. 1581

NIKOLAI M. KARAMZIN¹

Siberia, the northern home of the Tartars, was little known, even to the Russians, until the latter part of the sixteenth century. The Cossack conquest of the western portion of the region now called Siberia opened that vast territory to Muscovite occupation, and gradually it has become known to the world as part of the Russian empire.

Nothing certain is known of the origin of the Cossack tribes, and no final agreement has been reached as to the derivation of their name. According to later supposition, their nucleus was a body of refugees from the ancient Russian lands invaded by Tartars in the thirteenth century. Some of those refugees settled between the embouchures of the Ural River, others near the mouth of the Don. Driven by invasion to form themselves into a military organization, the Cossacks of the Don became a formidable confederacy. Since 1549 they have been under the protection of Russia, and have rendered great service to the empire.

Although they have always, since the time of Ivan IV, called the "Terrible" (1547-1584), furnished valorous soldiers to Russia, the Cossacks of the Don have often rebelled and disowned her authority. Russian troops have frequently been ordered to exterminate them.

During the last years of Ivan IV these Cossacks entered upon that eastern conquest which led to Russian expansion into Asia. Karamzin, the Russian historian, is the most eminent authority on this subject.

AMONG the enterprising leaders of the Cossacks at this time were Iermak Timofeif, John Koltzo—condemned to death by the Czar—James Mikhailoff, Necetas Pan, and Matthew Meschteriak, all noted for their rare intrepidity. The Stroganoffs, having heard of the terror inspired by their audacity among peaceful travellers, as well as amid the nomad tribes of the neighborhood, proposed an honorable service to these five brave men. On April 6, 1579, they sent them presents, accompanied by a letter in which they urged them to quit an occupation unworthy of Christian soldiers, to leave the class of brigands, and to become warriors of the White Czar, the monarch of

¹ Translated by Chauncey C. Starkweather.

Muscovy; to seek, in fine, dangers exempt from dishonor, by making peace with God and Russia. "We have," they added, "lands and fortresses, but few soldiers; come and defend great Perm and the Christian countries of the North." At these propositions Iermak and his companions shed tears of emotion. The hope of effacing their disgrace by glorious deeds, by services rendered to the State, the idea of exchanging the title of audacious brigands for that of brave defenders of their country, caused a keen sensibility in these men, uncouth, if you will, but with hearts still susceptible of remorse. Unfurling their standard on the bank of the Volga, they made an appeal to their comrades, and assembled five hundred fifty bold partisans, at the head of whom they arrived, burning with zeal, in the presence of the Stroganoffs, who received them with joy, as the annalist relates. The desires of the former, the promises of the latter, were realized. The Cossack leaders became the bucklers of the Christian country. The infidels trembled at the aspect of death which met them wherever they dared to show themselves. Indeed, on July 22, 1581, the Cossacks completely overthrew the mirza Begouly, who at the head of seven hundred Vogulitches and Ostiaks, had ravaged the colonies founded upon the Silva and the Tchusovaya. This success was the forerunner of more considerable advantages.

The Stroganoffs had in view not merely the defence of their cities, in calling the Cossacks to their service. When they had sufficiently tested the courage and fidelity of these warriors, and had learned the talent and boldness of Iermak Timofeif, their principal leader—of obscure origin, the annals say, but illustrious by his greatness of soul—they formed a troop especially composed of Tartars subject to Russia, of Lithuanians and of Germans, ransomed from captivity among the Nogais, for the latter brought, as a matter of custom in their encampments, the prisoners whom they made in war, as mercenaries of the Czar. In fine, after having made provisions of arms and of food, the Stroganoffs openly announced an expedition, which, under the orders of Iermak, should have Siberia for its objective point. The number of fighting men amounted to eight hundred forty, all animated with zeal and transported with joy. Some dreamed of honor, others thought of the spoils.

The hope of meriting their pardon by the Czar inflamed the Cossacks, and the German or Polish captives, who sighed for liberty, considering Siberia the road to their fatherland. Iermak began by organizing his little army. He named the hetmans, subaltern officers, and appointed the brave John Koltzo as second in command. Long-boats were laden with munitions of war and food, light artillery and long arquebuses. He procured guides, interpreters, priests, had prayers said, and received the final instructions of the Stroganoffs. The latter were conceived in the following terms: "Go in peace to scour the country of Siberia and put to flight the impious Kutchum." After having taken the oath of valor and chastity, Iermak set out, on September 1, 1581, at the sound of warlike trumpets, on the Tchusovaya, and directed his march toward the Ural Mountains, preparing himself for great activity, without counting upon any assistance. This expedition was even made without the knowledge of the Czar, for the Stroganoffs, who had obtained the grant of the countries situated on the other side of the chain of rocky mountains, thought themselves able to dispense with soliciting of the Czar a new sanction for their important enterprise. We shall see that Ivan did not share this opinion.

At the moment when the states of Kutchum were to become the conquest of the Russian Pizarro—as redoubtable for the savages as he of Spain, but less terrible for humanity—the Prince of Pelim with the Vogulitches, the Ostiaks, the Siberian Tartars, and the Bashkirs made a sudden irruption upon the borders of the Kama. He destroyed the Russian colonies near Tcherdin, Ussolie, as well as many other new fortresses of the Stroganoffs, and put to death or dragged into captivity a great number of Christians who were deprived of defenders. But at the news of the march of the Cossacks against Siberia he left our frontiers to fly to the defence of his own states.

The crime of these depredations was laid to the Stroganoffs. Upon a report of Basile Pilepitsin, Governor of Tcherdin, Ivan wrote him that he was either unable or unwilling to look after the frontiers. "You have taken upon yourself," he added, "to recall proscribed Cossacks, true bandits, whom you have sent to make war upon Siberia. This enterprise, suited to irritate the Prince of Pelim and the sultan Kutchum, is a treason

worthy of the last punishment! I command you to cause Iermak and his companions to start without delay for Perm and Ussolie on the Kama, where they may be able to efface their faults by forcing the Ostiaks and the Vogulitches to submission. You may retain at the most one hundred Cossacks for the security of your little towns. In case you shall not execute my commands to the letter, if in the future Perm has still to suffer the attacks of the Prince of Pelim or of the Sultan of Siberia, I shall overwhelm you with the weight of my disgrace and I shall have all those traitors of Cossacks hanged." This menacing despatch made the Stroganoffs tremble. Nevertheless, a brilliant, unexpected success justified their enterprise and changed into favor the wrath of their sovereign.

In beginning the story of the exploits of Iermak we shall at first say that, like everything that is extraordinary, they have made a strong impression upon the imagination of the vulgar, and have given birth to many fables, which are confused in the traditions with the real facts. Under the title of "annals" they have led the historians themselves into error. It is thus, for instance, that some hundreds of warriors, led by Iermak, have been metamorphosed into an army, and, like the soldiers of Cortés or Pizarro, have been counted as thousands. The months became years. A somewhat difficult navigation appeared marvellous. Leaving at one side the fabulous assertions we shall, for the principal facts, base our statements upon official documents and on the most truthful contemporaneous account of a conquest which was, indeed, of a most surprising character.

In the first place, the Cossacks ascended, for four days, the course of the Tchusovaya, rapid and sown with rocks, as far as the chain of the Ural Mountains. The two following days, in the shadow of the masses of stone with which the interior of these mountains is covered, they reached, by means of the river Serebrennaia, the passage called the "Route of Siberia." There they stopped, and, ignorant of what might next happen to them, they constructed for their safety a kind of redoubt to which they gave the name of *kokui*. They had so far found only deserts and a small number of inhabitants. Then they moved, towing their small crafts as far as the river of Iaravle. These places are, even to this day, marked by the monuments

of Iermak; rocks, caverns, remains of fortifications, bear his name. It is asserted that the big boats abandoned by him between the Serebrennaia and the Barantcha are not, in our time, entirely decayed, and that lofty trees shade their ruins, half reduced to dust. By the Iaravle and the Taghil the Cossacks, reaching the Tura, which waters one of the provinces of the empire of Siberia, for the first time drew the sword of conquerors. At the place where the city of Turinsk now stands there then existed a little town, the domain of the prince Yepantcha. He commanded a large number of Tartars and Vogulitches, and received these audacious strangers with a hail of arrows, shot from the banks of the river, at the place where is seen the present village of Usseninovo; but, frightened by a discharge of artillery, he forthwith took flight. Iermak caused the town to be destroyed, of which the name alone remains, for the residents still give to Turinsk the name "Town of Yepantcha." The camps and villages situated along the Tura were devastated.

The Cossack leaders having taken, at the mouth of the Tavda, an officer of Kutchum's, named Tausak, he, desirous of saving his life, communicated to them important information regarding the country. As the price of his frankness, his liberty was given him, and he hastened to announce to his master that the predictions of the soothsayers of Siberia were being realized, for according to some accounts these pretended sorcerers had for a long time proclaimed the near and inevitable downfall of this state by an invasion of Christians. Tausak spoke of the Cossacks as wonderful men and invincible heroes, lancing fire and thunder which penetrate through the cuirasses. Nevertheless, Kutchum, although deprived of sight, had a strong soul. He made ready to defend his country and his faith with courage. He at once gathered all his subjects, made his nephew Mahmetkul enter the campaign at the head of a large force of cavalry, and he himself threw up fortifications on the bank of the Irtysh, at the foot of the Tchuvache mountain, thus closing to the Cossacks the road to Isker.

The conquest of Siberia resembles, in more than one regard, that of Mexico and Peru. Here, also, it was a handful of men who, by means of fire-arms, put to flight thousands of soldiers

armed with arrows or javelins. For the Moguls, like the Tartars of the North, were ignorant of the use of gunpowder, and toward the end of the sixteenth century they still used the arms employed in the time of Genghis. Each one of Iermak's warriors faced a crowd of the enemy. If his bullet only killed one of them, the frightful detonation of his gun put to flight twenty or thirty. In the first combat, held on the bank of the Tobol, at a place called Babassan, Iermak, under shelter of intrenchments, checked by some discharges of musketry the impetuosity of ten thousand men of Mahmetkul's cavalry, who rushed forward to crush him. He at once attacks them himself, carries off a complete victory, and opened, as far as the mouth of the Tobol, a route whose perils were not yet all dissipated. Indeed, from the height of the steep banks of the river called Dolojaj-Yar the natives poured a shower of arrows on the boats of the Cossacks.

Another less important affair took place sixteen versts from Irtysh, in a country governed by a tribal chief named Karatcha, situated on the shore of a lake which up to to-day bears the name of this intimate counsellor of the sovereign of Siberia. Iermak having made himself master of the enemy's camp, found rich booty there, consisting of provisions of all kinds, as well as a large number of tuns of honey, intended for the consumption of the sovereign.

The third combat, on the Irtysh, was bloody, and stubbornly fought. It cost some companions of Iermak their lives, and served to prove how dear even to barbarians is the independence of their fatherland; for the defenders of Siberia displayed resolution and intrepidity. Nevertheless, they yielded the victory to the Russians toward the end of the day, awaiting a new battle, and without losing either courage or hope. The blind Kutchum left the fortifications in order to camp upon the Tchuvache mountain. Mahmetkul was intrusted with the guard of the intrenchments, and the Cossacks, who the same evening captured the little town of Atik-Murza, dared not take repose for fear of an attack.

Already the troops of Iermak were visibly diminished. Some Cossacks had been killed and many wounded, and amid constant fatigues a great number of them had no strength nor

valor left. The leaders profited by this night of unrest to hold a council on the course to take, and in this consultation the voice of the weaklings was heard.

"We have satiated our vengeance," they said. "It is time to turn back. New combats will be dangerous for us, since very soon we shall be unable to conquer any more for lack of fighters."

"Brothers," answered the leaders, "there is left only one road for us, and that is the one in the front of us. The rivers are already covered with ice. In turning our backs, we shall perish amid the snows. And if we were fortunate enough to get home to Russia, we should arrive there with the tarnish of perjury, for we have pledged ourselves to conquer Kutchum or to blot out our faults by a generous death. We have lived long with a dishonored reputation. Let us know how to die after having acquired a glorious one! It is God who awards the victory, and often to the weaker, blessed be his name!"

"Amen!" responded the troop. At the first rays of the sun the Cossacks hurled themselves on the intrenchments through a cloud of arrows, crying, "God is for us!" The enemy themselves threw down their palisades at three different points. The Siberians rushed out sabre or lance in hand, and engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict which was disadvantageous for the warriors of Iermak, who were too inferior in numbers. Men fell on all sides; but the Cossacks, Germans, and Poles formed an unshakable wall, loaded their guns in good order, and, by a sustained attack, thinned the ranks of the enemy, whom they drove toward their intrenchments. Iermak and Koltzo, at the first line, accomplished prodigies of valor, repeating in a loud voice, "God is for us!" while the blind Kutchum, placed upon the mountain, in the midst of his imams and his mollahs, invoked Mahomet for the salvation of his true believers.

Happily for the Russians, Mahmetkul, being wounded, was obliged to quit the fight, and the mirzas carried him in a skiff to the other bank of the Irtysh. At this news, consternation spread throughout the hostile army. Deprived of its leader it despaired of victory. The Ostiak princes take flight. They are followed by the Tartars. And Kutchum, learning that the Christian banners are already floating over the intrenchments,

seeks his safety in the deserts of Ischim, having hardly had time to remove a part of his treasure from his capital city. This general and bloody battle decided the domination of the Russians from the chain of Ural Mountains to the shores of the Obi and the Tobol. It cost the Cossacks one hundred seven of their bravest warriors, and up to the present day prayers for the repose of their souls are offered in the Cathedral of Tobolsk.

On October 27th Iermak, already illustrious for history, after returning thanks to heaven, made his triumphant entry into the town of Isker, or Sibir, situated on an elevation on the bank of the Irtysh. It was defended on one side by intrenchments and a deep moat; on the other, by a triple rampart. According to the annalist, the conquerers found immense riches in gold, silver, Asiatic cloth of gold, precious stones, furs, and so forth, which they shared among themselves like brothers. The town was entirely deserted. These warriors, who had just conquered a kingdom, did not see a single inhabitant here. They glutted themselves with gold and sables, and lacked for food. Nevertheless, three days later, they saw the Ostiaks arrive, led by their prince Bohar, who came to bring them presents and provisions, to take the oath of fidelity, and to ask for mercy and protection. Soon there also appeared a great number of Tartars with their women and children. They were accorded a gracious reception by Iermak. He quieted them and let them return to their camps, after demanding from them a small tribute.

This man, recently the leader of a band of brigands, who had just showed himself to be an intrepid hero and a skilful captain, likewise employed his extraordinary genius in matters relating to administration and to military discipline. He inspired rude and savage peoples with an extreme confidence in a new power. He succeeded by a just severity in curbing his turbulent companions-in-arms, so that they dared not practise any vexations in a country conquered by their boldness and through a thousand dangers, at the extremity of the world. It is related that the inflexible Iermak, managing the Christian warriors in the combats, treated them with rigor for the least fault, and that he punished disobedience and fornication equally with death. He not only exacted complete submission from his whole troop, but also purity of soul, in order to render himself

agreeable to the master of the earth and to the Master of heaven, persuaded that God would accord him the victory with a small number of virtuous warriors, rather than with a large number of hardened sinners. "His Cossacks," says the annalist of Tobolsk, "led a chaste life, on the march as well as during their stay in the capital of Siberia. Their battles were followed by prayer." But they were not yet at the end of their dangers.

Some time passed without news of Kutchum, and the Cossack leaders, with no inquietude, gave themselves up to the pleasures of the chase in the neighborhood of the town. But Kutchum had drawn near, in spite of his wound, Mahmetkul had already remounted his horse, and on December 5th he unexpectedly fell on twenty Russians fishing in the Lake of Abalak, and massacred them all. As soon as Iermak heard of this surprise, he rushed in pursuit of the enemy, overtook them near Abalak, at the place where the borough town of Chamehin now stands, attacked and dispersed them. Then, having removed the bodies of his companions-in-arms, he buried them, with military honors, on the cope of Sauskan, near Isker, in the old cemetery of the Khans. The intensity of the cold, the dangerous snowstorms, the short winter days of these northern countries, did not permit him to think of new enterprises of any importance before the return of spring. While waiting, the peaceful submission of two princes of the Vogulitches, Ichberdei and Suklem, served soon to expand the possessions of the Cossacks. The first had his domains beyond the marsh of Eskalbin, on the banks of the Kuda or the Tavda. The second lived in the vicinity of Tobolsk. Both voluntarily offered to pay the *yassak*, or tribute in sable-skins, and took the oath of allegiance to Russia. Ichberdei was able to secure the special friendship of the Cossacks, to whom he gave his services as counsellor and guide in the unknown places.

So the affairs of internal administration, the collecting of tribute, hunting and fishing, the returns from which were indispensable in a country without architecture, occupied Iermak until the month of April. Then a mirza informed him that the bold Mahmetkul had again approached the Irtysh and encamped near Vagai with a small band. The occasion was favorable; but in order to exterminate this indefatigable enemy,

secrecy and celerity were more necessary than force. Consequently the Cossack leaders, having chosen sixty of their braves, furtively approached the camp of the Tartars, cut the throats of many in their sleep, took Mahmetkul prisoner, and led him in triumph to Isker. This capture caused Iermak great joy, for he was rid of an enemy full of audacity and courage, whom he might consider as an important hostage in his relations with the fugitive Kutchum. Although Mahmetkul was covered with the blood of Iermak's brothers-in-arms, the latter, abjuring all idea of personal vengeance, treated him with flattering consideration, while yet holding him under close watch. As Iermak already had his spies in the distant sections of Isker, he learned that Kutchum, struck with the reverses of Mahmetkul, was wandering in the deserts beyond the Ischim. This usurper was about to be attacked by Seidek—son of Bekbulat, Prince of Siberia, one of his victims—who was marching against him with numerous bands of Usbeks. Upon another side he found himself weakened by the defection of the mirza Karatcha, who, abandoning him in his misfortune, had drawn away a great part of his troops, and was getting ready to encamp in the country of Lym, near a large lake, above the junction of the Tara with the Irtysh. The news was of the nature to cause a lively satisfaction to the leader of the Cossacks, whose new enterprises were to be favored by the weakness of the principal enemy of Russia, as well as by the approach of spring.

Iermak, leaving a part of his troop at Isker, embarked with the other part on the Irtysh, which he descended, navigating toward the north. The tribes of the neighborhood already recognized his power, so that he advanced without obstacles as far as the mouth of the Armidzianka, where he was stopped by Tartars who were still independent, and who, ensconced in a fortress, refused to surrender. The fortress was taken by assault, and the Cossack leaders shot or hanged the principal authors of an obstinacy dangerous for the Russians. Terrified, the rest of the inhabitants swore submission and fidelity to Russia, kissing a sabre dipped in blood. The present cantons of Ratzin, Karbin, and Turtass dared oppose no resistance. Farther on began the encampments of the Ostiaks and the Vogules of the Kuda. There, on the steep bank of the Irtysh

their prince Demian, who had taken refuge in a fort with two thousand warriors ready to fight, rejected all Iermak's propositions. According to the report of the annalist: "This little town possessed within its walls a golden idol which was supposed to have been brought from ancient Russia at the epoch when she embraced Christianity. The Ostiaks kept it in a vase filled with water which they drank to revive their courage. The Cossack leaders, having driven away the besieged forces with their artillery, entered the town, but they could not discover this precious idol."

The conquerers now continued their navigation. They perceived a crowd of soothsayers who were offering a sacrifice to their famous idol of Ratscha, conjuring it to save them from these terrible strangers. The idol remained mute, the Russians advanced with their "thunder," and the frightened soothsayers ran to hide themselves in the thickness of the forests. It is there that the colony of Ratscha is found to-day, above the Demiansk. Farther on in the canton of Tzingal, at the place where the Irtysh, contracted by the mountains, precipitates its rapid course, a multitude of armed men awaited the Cossacks. But a discharge of musketry put them to flight, and the Cossacks took the little town of Nazym, where they found only women and children, stricken with terror and awaiting death. Iermak treated them with so much kindness that their fathers and husbands did not delay in coming to find him with a tribute.

After reducing the cantons of Tarkhan to submission, the Cossacks entered the country of the most considerable of the Ostiak princes, named Samar. Allied with eight hundred other little princes, he was waiting for the Russians with firmness, in order to decide, by a battle, the lot of all the ancient country of Yugorie. Samar boasted of his courage and of his strength, but he forgot prudence, for he, his army and his guards, were plunged in sleep when at the hour of dawn the Cossacks attacked his camp. Awakened by the tumult, he rose, seized his arms, and fell, shot to death at the first volley. In an instant his troops dispersed, and the inhabitants agreed to pay tribute to Russia. Already Iermak had reached the shore of the Obi, an important river, concerning the course of which the ancient Novgorodians had some notions, but whose source and mouth, according to

the Muscovite travellers of 1567, were hidden in unknown regions. Master of Nazym, principal town of the Ostiaks, and of many other fortresses, having in his power the Prince of Siberia, Iermak had to deplore the loss of one of his brave companions-in-arms, the hetman Necetas Pan, killed in an assault with some of the most intrepid Cossacks.

He did not desire to penetrate farther into a country which only presented frozen deserts to him, places of desolation where during the summer the burning rays of the sun hardly warmed the surface of immense marshes covered with moss, and where bogs, hardened by the frost and strewn with the bones of mammoths, presented the aspect of a vast cemetery. Iermak appointed Alatscha, an Ostiak prince, as chief of the tribes of the Obi. Then he again took the road of the capital of Siberia, treated as a conqueror and a sovereign by his tributaries. He was received everywhere with demonstrations of absolute submission, as a redoubtable warrior endowed with a supernatural strength of soul. To the sound of warlike music, the Cossacks ascended the rivers. They disembarked clad in their finest raiment in order to astonish the inhabitants by their riches. Having thus assured the domination of Russia from Berezoff to Tobol, Iermak, satisfied and tranquil, arrived safely at Isker.

Then only he announced to the Stroganoffs that with the aid of God he had been able to conquer the Sultan, had taken his capital, his states, his nephew, and had made his people take the oath of allegiance to Russia. At the same time he wrote to the Czar that his poor Cossacks, proscribed, troubled in conscience and given up to repentance, had braved death to reunite a vast state to Russia, in the name of Christ and of their great monarch, for ages upon ages and for as long a time as it might please God to prolong the existence of the universe. "They awaited," he added, "the orders of the Russian waywodes, to whom they were ready to deliver over the kingdom of Siberia, without any sort of condition, disposed to die for glory or upon a scaffold, according as it should please God and their master." Charged with this missive, the second of the leaders, John Koltzo, first companion of Iermak in the combats and in the councils, departed for Moscow, where he had been condemned

to severe punishment as a state criminal, without fearing the solemn decree which threatened his life.

Here we anticipate a question which seems natural enough. In announcing so late his successes to the Stroganoffs, did not Iermak, influenced by the easy conquest of Siberia, think, as some historians suppose, of reigning independently over that country? Although conqueror, his forces were diminishing every day, and was not the need of aid the only and true motive for his bearing toward Ivan? But how can it be imagined that this prudent leader should not have foreseen, at the beginning of his expedition, that a handful of rash men, abandoned by Russia, would in three or four years have been annihilated by battles or diseases; that in a rigorous climate they would succumb amid deserts and thick forests, impenetrable refuges of a savage and fierce population, whom fire-arms only could force to pay tribute to strangers? It is more probable that, not having been an eye-witness of the facts, the annalist established upon hypothesis the order in which they succeeded each other. Perhaps Iermak feared to boast too soon of his success, desiring, above all, to achieve the conquest of Siberia, which he thought he had done in driving Kutchum into the deserts and in establishing the limits of the Muscovite empire on the banks of the Obi.

Transported with joy at the news they had just received from the hetmans, the Stroganoffs set out at once for Moscow, eager to communicate to the Czar all the details of this glorious enterprise. They urged him to finish the reduction of Siberia, simple private citizens like themselves not possessing the means to preserve so vast a conquest. The envoys of Iermak, John Koltzo and his companions, also appeared before the Prince to offer him the realm of Siberia, as well as the precious furs of sables, black foxes, and castors.

These were, since a long time, the first transports of joy in gloomy Moscow. The Czar and the nation seemed to wake up. At court, on the great square, was repeated with intoxication, "God has sent a new empire to Russia!" Bells were rung, solemn thanks were returned to heaven, as at the epoch of Kazan and of Astrakhan, the happy time of the Czar's youth! Rumor exaggerated the glory of this conquest.

There was no talk but of huge armies destroyed by the Cossacks, of a great number of peoples subjected by their valor, of the immense riches which they had found. In a word, Siberia seemed to have fallen from the sky for the Russians, and, to set off still further Iermak's success, it was forgotten that from time immemorial this country had been known to the Russians. The disgrace of the Cossacks gave place to honors. John Koltzo, bowing his head in humility before the Czar and the boyars, heard nothing but expressions of good-will, and of praise for his conduct and the name of valiant warrior. Greatly moved, he kissed the hand of the Czar, who caused to be given to him, as well as to the other envoys of Siberia, silver, cloth, and stuffs of value. Ivan immediately sent to Iermak Prince Simeon Bolkovsky and the officer John Glukoff with five hundred strelitz (infantry). He authorized John Koltzo to raise volunteers to go and establish himself in the new countries of Tobol, and ordered the Bishop of Vologda to send ten priests thither for the purpose of celebrating divine service. Prince Bolkovsky was ordered to take, in the spring, the boats of the Stroganoffs and embark on the Tchusovaya (river), to follow the traces of the hero of Siberia. These illustrious citizens, the real authors of this important acquisition to Russia, yielded it to the state. But in recompense, and as a reward for their services and their zeal, Ivan made to Simeon Bolkovsky a concession of two borough towns, the Great and Little Sol, on the Volga. Maxime and Necetas obtained the privilege of carrying on commerce in all their cities without paying any tax or duty.

While awaiting good news from Russia, the conquerors of Siberia did not give themselves up to a sterile repose. They advanced by the Tavda as far as the country of the Vogulitches, and near the mouth of that river where the Tartar princes Labutan and Petschenieg held sway. In a bloody engagement Iermak put them to flight on the shores of a lake; and the annalist reports that at his time many human bones were still to be seen there. But the timid inhabitants of the cantons of Koschutz and of Tabarin paid the tribute demanded by the Cossack leader without a murmur. These peaceful savages lived in an absolute independence, having neither princes nor chiefs. They only gave their respect to certain rich men, whose

wisdom was generally recognized, and took them as judges in their quarrels. They yielded an equal esteem to some pretended soothsayers. One of these, gazing upon Iermak with a holy terror, predicted long glory for him, but kept silence about his approaching death. Here fable creates new giants among the dwarfs of Vogulie, who are scarcely two archines in height. According to one of these stories, the Russians saw with surprise, near the town of Tabarin, a giant two fathoms tall, who seized a dozen men at a time and smothered them in his arms. Not being able to take him alive, they killed him with gunshots.

On the whole, the relation of this latter expedition is not very authentic, and is only found in the supplement to the *Chronicles of Siberia*. One may also read there that, after having reached the marshes and forests of Pelim, dispersed the Vogulitches, and made numerous prisoners, Iermak sought to gather from the latter certain information regarding the roads which lead from the banks of the Upper Tavda to Perm, across a chain of rocky mountains, in order to discover a less dangerous and less difficult communication with Russia, but that it was impossible to open a road in deserts swampy in summer and buried under deep snows in winter. Iermak succeeded in increasing the number of his tributaries, and in extending his domains as far as the shore of Sosva, in the ancient country of Yugorie. He had enclosed in their limits the country of Kondinie, little known up to that time, although long placed among the titles of the Muscovite sovereigns. He then returned to the capital of Siberia, where he awaited the recompense of his glorious works.

John Koltzo had arrived at Isker, charged with the bounties of the Czar, followed by Prince Bolkovsky with his warriors. The former gave rich presents to the leaders as well as to the soldiers. He was the bearer, for Iermak, of two cuirasses, a cup of silver, and a cloak which the Czar had worn himself. In a letter full of goodness, Ivan announced to the Cossacks his entire forgetfulness of their faults and the eternal recognition of Russia for their important services. He affirmed that he appointed Iermak prince of Siberia, commanding him to administer and govern that country, as he had already done up to that

time; to establish order there, and, in fine, to consolidate there the supreme power of the Czar. On their side, the Cossacks rendered honors to the waywodes of Ivan as well as to all the strelitz. They made them presents of sables and treated them with all the luxury which their position permitted, preparing together for new enterprises. However, this happiness of Iermak and his companions was not of long duration; we touch upon the beginning of their reverses.

In the first place, a fearful scurvy showed itself among the troops, a disease common to those who arrive in cold and damp climates, in savage and almost uninhabited countries. The strelitz were attacked first. Soon it was communicated to the Cossacks, many of whom lost their strength and their life. Next, winter brought a great dearth of food. The excessive cold, tempests, snow-storms, hindered the hunting and fishing as well as the arrival of grain from the neighboring encampments, some inhabitants of which occupied themselves with a poorly productive agriculture. Famine began to be felt; disease made progress and continually took off many victims, among whom was Prince Bolkovsky. They gave him an honorable funeral at Isker. The general weakness seized the heart of Iermak also. He feared not death, long accustomed to brave it, but he was afflicted with the idea of losing his conquest, of betraying the hopes of the Czar and of Russia. Happily this calamity ceased with spring. The atmospheric heat helped the cure of the diseases, and convoys of provisions restored plenty among the Russians. Then Iermak made Prince Mahmetkul start for Moscow, announcing to the Czar that, while all was going on well in Siberia, yet he asked immediately for more considerable aids than the first, in order to preserve his conquests and to be able to make new ones. Mahmetkul, faithful observer of the law of Mahomet, served afterward in the Russian armies.

Iermak resolved to intimidate his enemies and to guarantee his safety for the future. To this effect, although he had but a feeble troop left, he undertook to pursue Karatcha, ascending the Irtysh in order to extend the possessions of Russia toward the east. He overthrew Prince Beghiche and captured his city, of which the ruins may still be seen on the shores of a sinuous

lake, near the mouth of the Vogai. He made himself master of all the country which stretches as far as the Ischim, terrifying by his vengeance those who dared resist him, and sparing those who lay down their arms. In the country of Sargaty there lived an illustrious old man, a former Tartar chief, a hereditary judge of all the tribes since the first khan of Siberia. He made the act of submission as well as Prince Etichai, who governed the city of Tehend. The latter, bearing tribute to Iermak, presented his young daughter, betrothed to the son of Kutchum. But the hetman, a rigid observer of the laws of chastity, sent the young girl home. Near the mouth of the Ischim, a bloody quarrel arose between the soldiers of Iermak and the wild inhabitants of that wretched country, in which five brave Cossacks lost their lives. Their memory is still celebrated in the melancholy songs of Siberia. The little town of Tachatkan also fell into the power of the Russians. Their chief did not judge it advisable to attack a more important place, founded by Kutchum, on the banks of the lake Aussaklu. He penetrated as far as the shore of Chische, where the deserts begin; imposed tributes on this new conquest, and returned to take to Isker the spoils which were to be his last trophies.

FIRST COLONY OF ENGLAND BEYOND SEAS

A.D. 1583

MOSES HARVEY

In the Elizabethan era, when maritime discovery was being actively pursued by England's adventurous spirits, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia, took possession of Newfoundland, with feudal ceremony, in the name of the Virgin Queen. Sir Humphrey's expedition was barren of results in the way of colonization, and even in the way of discovery on the island; while it proved fatal to its leader, and those who sailed with him on the *Squirrel*, for on the return voyage to England the vessel foundered at sea, and only the companion-ship, the *Golden Hind*, reached the port of Falmouth, Devon. But the formal occupation of Newfoundland at that early period makes it the most ancient colony of the British crown, English settlement beginning shortly after Sir Humphrey Gilbert's visit, though interrupted between the years 1692 and 1713 by French attempts at conquest.

UP to this time no attempt had been made to colonize Newfoundland or any of the neighboring lands. The hardy fishermen of various nationalities, among whom Englishmen were now much more numerous than formerly, were in the habit of frequenting the shores of the island during the summer and using the harbors and coves for the cure of their fish, returning home with the products of their toil on the approach of winter. Eighty-six years had passed away since Cabot's discovery, and we now arrive at the year 1583, a memorable date in the history of Newfoundland. On August 5th of that year there were lying in the harbor of St. John's thirty-six vessels belonging to various nations, Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English, all employed in fishing. In addition to these there were four English warships which had arrived the day before. They were the *Delight*, the *Golden Hind*, the *Swallow*, and the *Squirrel*. Early on this morning boats were lowered from the English ships, and the commanders and officers went on shore. Soon

a goodly company had assembled on the beach, then lined by a few rough wooden huts and "flakes," or stages for drying cod. The rude inmates of these huts gathered round the company that landed from the English ships; and the captains and officers of the other vessels were there by special summons. A very curious and motley group was that which then stood on the beach of St. John's harbor—swarthy, bronzed sailors and fishermen of Spain, Portugal, and France, in the costumes of the sixteenth century. Soon a circle formed round one commanding figure—a man of noble presence, wearing the richly slashed and laced doublet, velvet cloak, trunk-hose, and gay hat and feather which constituted the dress of gentlemen in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This was no other than Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the gallant knights of Devonshire. He unrolled a parchment scroll, and proceeded to read the royal patent authorizing him to take possession of Newfoundland on behalf of his royal mistress, and exercise jurisdiction over it and all other possessions of the crown in the same quarter. Twig and sod were presented to him in feudal fashion, and, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, he solemnly annexed the island to the British Empire. The banner of England was then twisted on a flag-staff; the royal arms, cut in lead, were affixed to a wooden pillar, near the water's edge, and the ceremony was complete. The grant gave Sir Humphrey Gilbert jurisdiction for two hundred leagues in every direction, so that the limits included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, part of Labrador, as well as the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island—a right royal principality.

This Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first settler in Newfoundland, who, with some two hundred fifty followers from Devonshire, had arrived with the view of making the western wilderness a home for Englishmen, was a son of Sir Otho Gilbert, of Compton castle, Torbay. His mother was a Champernoun of purest Norman descent, and "could probably boast of having in her veins the blood of Courtneys, Emperors of Byzant." Sir Otho had three sons by this lady, John, Humphrey, and Adrian, who all proved to be men of superior abilities. They were all three knighted by Elizabeth, a distinction which, coming from the hands of the great Queen, marked its recipient as a gentleman and a brave warrior. Sir Otho died, and his

widow married Walter Raleigh, a gentleman of ancient blood but impoverished, and at the time living at Hayes, Devon. To her second husband the fair Champernoun bore a son whose fame was destined to be world-wide, and who, in a period more prolific of great men and great events than any before or since, played a gallant part, and was also knighted, as Sir Walter Raleigh, by Queen Bess. Thus Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh were half-brothers, each being trained in the simple and manly yet high-bred ways of English gentlemen. When Humphrey Gilbert grew up he embraced the profession of arms, and won high distinction in Continental and Irish wars. At length, in his mature manhood, he and his distinguished half-brother Raleigh formed the design of first colonizing Newfoundland, and then the neighboring islands and continent. Hence we find him on August 5, 1583, standing on the beach in the harbor of St. John's. Sir Walter Raleigh had embarked on the same expedition, but a contagious disease broke out on board his ship which compelled his return.

The enterprise of Sir Humphrey Gilbert was worthy of a heroic and patriotic nobleman. It was, nevertheless, doomed to end in disaster and death. In prosecuting further explorations one of Sir Humphrey's vessels was wrecked and the whole crew perished. The little fleet had struggled with contrary winds for many days. Eventually the *Delight*, the largest vessel, drifted into the breakers on a lee shore and struck upon a rock. She went rapidly to pieces. Seventeen of the crew got into the long-boat, and, after seven days, fifteen of them reached port. But the captain, Morris Browne, refused to leave the ship. "Mounting upon the highest deck," says the ancient chronicler, "he attained imminent death, so inevitable." The other vessels stood out to sea and saved themselves. As winter was approaching and provisions getting low, Sir Humphrey deemed it wise to steer for England. He had planted his flag on board the *Squirrel*, a little cockle-shell of ten tons, and though earnestly entreated to go on board the larger vessel, the *Golden Hind*, he refused to abandon his brave comrades. A great storm overtook them near the Azores. The *Golden Hind* kept as near the *Squirrel* as possible; and when in the midst of the tempest the crew saw the gallant knight sitting calmly on deck with a

book before him, they heard him cry to his companions, "Cheer up, lads, we are as near heaven at sea as on land!" When the curtain of night shrouded the little bark, she and her gallant crew disappeared beneath the dark billows of the Atlantic. Thus perished Sir Humphrey Gilbert, scholar, soldier, colonizer, philosopher, one of the noblest of those brave hearts that sought to extend the dominion of England in the New World.

To Newfoundland this sad loss was irreparable. Had Sir Humphrey lived to reach home, no doubt he and Sir Walter Raleigh would have renewed their efforts at colonization, and, profiting by past errors, would have settled in the island men of the right stamp. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's failure was the result of a succession of uncontrollable disasters. Fully appreciating the immense value of the fisheries of Newfoundland, he seems to have been thoroughly impressed with the idea that the right way of prosecuting those fisheries was to colonize the country, and conduct them on the spot, whereby he would have established a resident population, who would have combined fishing with the cultivation of the soil. It was a departure from this policy, and a determination, at the behest of selfish monopolists, to make the island a mere fishing-station, that postponed for many weary years the prosperity of the colony, blighting the national enterprise, and paralyzing the energies of the people.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

DIVISION OF THE NETHERLANDS

A.D. 1584

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

Throughout the earlier period of the "heroic age of the Netherlands" William of Orange, the natural leader of his people, displayed qualities of foresight, prudence, and courage worthy of the position which he held. Without great generalship, "he knew how to wait and turn his reverses to account." His life was constantly in danger and was repeatedly attempted, but his resolution was never disturbed by fear. While meriting the surname of the "Silent," he expressed himself effectively in the decisive speech of action.

The Pacification of Ghent (1576)—the union of the seventeen Netherland provinces, of which William was at the head—was of short duration. The northern provinces were Protestant, the southern mostly Catholic. Diverse trade interests also prevented perfect union. Compromise was attempted without avail. The Southern provinces acknowledged Philip II, while the seven Northern provinces—Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Gelderland, Overijssel, Friesland, and Groningen—formed themselves (1579) into the Union of Utrecht, a federal republic, with William of Orange as stadtholder.

A little later the Spanish government published a ban against the Prince and set a price upon his head. Many attempts against his life were made by assassins eager for the promised reward. How the treacherous end was finally compassed is told by Motley with all the dramatic realism necessary for a faithful description of the scene.

IN March, 1583, one Pietro Dordogno was executed in Antwerp for endeavoring to assassinate the Prince. Before his death he confessed that he had come from Spain solely for the purpose, and that he had conferred with La Motte, Governor of Gravelines, as to the best means of accomplishing his design. In April, 1584, Hans Hanzoon, a merchant of Flushing, had been executed for attempting to destroy the Prince by means of gunpowder concealed under his house in that city and under his seat in the church. He confessed that he had deliberately

formed the intention of performing the deed, and that he had discussed the details of the enterprise with the Spanish ambassador in Paris.

At about the same time one Le Goth, a captive French officer, had been applied to by the Marquis de Richebourg, on the part of Alexander of Parma, to attempt the murder of the Prince. Le Goth had consented, saying that nothing could be more easily done, and that he would undertake to poison him in a dish of eels, of which he knew him to be particularly fond. The Frenchman was liberated with this understanding, but, being very much the friend of Orange, straightway told him the whole story and remained ever afterward a faithful servant of the states. It is to be presumed that he excused the treachery to which he owed his escape from prison on the ground that faith was no more to be kept with murderers than with heretics.

Within two years there had been five distinct attempts to assassinate the Prince, all of them with the privity of the Spanish government. A sixth was soon to follow. In the summer of 1584 William of Orange was residing at Delft, where his wife, Louisa de Coligny, had given birth, in the preceding winter, to a son, afterward the celebrated stadtholder Frederick Henry. The child had received these names from his two godfathers, the kings of Denmark and of Navarre, and his baptism had been celebrated with much rejoicing on June 12th, in the place of his birth.

It was a quiet, cheerful, yet somewhat drowsy little city, that ancient burgh of Delft. The placid canals by which it was intersected in every direction were all planted with whispering, umbrageous rows of limes and poplars, and along these watery highways the traffic of the place glided so noiselessly that the town seemed the abode of silence and tranquillity. The streets were clean and airy, the houses well built, the whole aspect of the place thriving.

One of the principal thoroughfares was called the Old Delft Street. It was shaded on both sides by lime-trees, which in that midsummer season covered the surface of the canal which flowed between them with their light and fragrant blossoms. On one side of this street was the "Old Kirk," a plain, antique structure of brick, with lancet windows, and with a tall, slender

tower, which inclined, at a very considerable angle, toward a house upon the other side of the canal. That house was the mansion of William the Silent. It stood directly opposite the church, being separated by a spacious court-yard from the street, while the stables and other offices in the rear extended to the city wall. A narrow lane, opening out of Delft Street, ran along the side of the house and court in the direction of the ramparts. The house was a plain, two-storied edifice of brick, with red-tiled roof, and had formerly been a cloister dedicated to St. Agatha, the last prior of which had been hanged by the furious Lumey de la Marck.¹

The news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, July 8, 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the despatches before leaving his bed, caused the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the Duke. The courier was accordingly admitted to the Prince's bedchamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon who had suffered death for his religion and of his own ardent attachment to the reformed faith. A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meagre, mean-visaged, muddy-complexioned, and altogether a man of no account—quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion, in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from Burgundy at all, coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of

¹ Francis, Duke of Anjou, the French accomplice of Catherine de' Medici in persecution of the Protestants, is elsewhere described by Motley as "the most despicable personage who had ever entered the Netherlands."

speech when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

Nevertheless this insignificant frame locked up a desperate and daring character; this mild and inoffensive nature had gone pregnant seven years with a terrible crime, whose birth could not much longer be retarded. Francis Guion, the Calvinist, son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion."

When but twenty years of age he had struck his dagger with all his might into a door, exclaiming as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of Orange!" For this he was rebuked by a bystander, who told him it was not for him to kill princes, and that it was not desirable to destroy so good a captain as the Prince, who, after all, might one day reconcile himself with the King.

The "inveterate deliberation," thus thoroughly matured, Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, and was somewhat against his will sent to France, to Maréchal Biron, who, it was thought, was soon to be appointed governor of Cambray. Through Orange's recommendation the Burgundian was received into the suite of Noel de Caron, Seigneur de Schoneval, then setting forth on a special mission to the Duke of Anjou. While in France Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project, and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the Duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The despatches having been intrusted to him, he travelled post-haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the Prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer

upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

Balthazar could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the Prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou, but Orange, deeply engaged with the despatches, and with the reflections which their deeply important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and, after communicating all the information which the Prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the court-yard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the Prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied—a fund for carrying out his purpose.

Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day, that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

On Tuesday, July 10, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and

gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace*," while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an undertone that "she had never seen so villanous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland.

At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passageway, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence

against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that, when his sister, Catherine of Schwarzburg, immediately afterward asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterward laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe, with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterward subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the "father of the country" was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede—as he had often done before—in behalf of those who assailed his life.

The sentence pronounced against the assassin was execrable—a crime against the memory of the great man whom it professed to avenge. It was decreed that the right hand of Gérard should be burned off with a red-hot iron, that his flesh should be torn from his bones with pincers in six different places, that he should be quartered and disembowelled alive, that his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face, and that, finally, his head should be taken off. Not even his horrible crime, with its endless consequences, not the natural frenzy of

indignation which it had excited, could justify this savage decree, to rebuke which the murdered hero might have almost risen from the sleep of death. The sentence was literally executed on July 14th, the criminal supporting its horrors with the same astonishing fortitude. So calm were his nerves, crippled and half roasted as he was ere he mounted the scaffold, that, when one of the executioners was slightly injured in the ear by the flying from the handle of the hammer with which he was breaking the fatal pistol in pieces, as the first step in the execution—a circumstance which produced a general laugh in the crowd—a smile was observed upon Balthazar's face in sympathy with the general hilarity. His lips were seen to move up to the moment when his heart was thrown in his face. "Then," said a looker-on, "he gave up the ghost."

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange was paid to the heirs of Gérard. Parma informed his sovereign that the "poor man" had been executed, but that his father and mother were still living, to whom he recommended the payment of that "merced" which "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved." This was accordingly done, and the excellent parents, ennobled and enriched by the crime of their son, received, instead of the twenty-five thousand crowns promised in the Ban, the three seigniories of Livermont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in the Franche Comté, and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy. Thus the bounty of the Prince had furnished the weapon by which his life was destroyed, and his estates supplied the fund out of which the assassin's family received the price of blood. At a later day, when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip II provided he would continue to pay a fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer. The education which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings and he rejected the proposal with scorn. The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes, until the union of Franche-Comté with France, when a

French governor tore the documents in pieces and trampled them under foot.

The life and labors of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, but his death rendered the union of all the Netherlands into one republic hopeless. The efforts of the malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability, both political and military, of Parma, all combined with the lamentable loss of William the Silent to separate forever the Southern and Catholic provinces from the Northern confederacy. So long as the Prince remained alive, he was the father of the whole country, the Netherlands—saving only two Walloon provinces—constituting a whole. Notwithstanding the spirit of faction and the blight of the long civil war, there was at least one country, or the hope of a country, one strong heart, one guiding head, for the patriotic party throughout the land. Philip and Granvella were right in their estimate of the advantage to be derived from the Prince's death; in believing that an assassin's hand could achieve more than all the wiles which Spanish or Italian statesmanship could teach, or all the armies which Spain or Italy could muster. The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the possibility of a united Netherlands state, while during the life of William there was union in the policy, unity in the history of the country.

NAMING OF VIRGINIA: FIRST DESCRIPTION OF THE INDIANS

THE LOST COLONY

A.D. 1584

ARTHUR BARLOW

R. R. HOWISON

At the age of thirty-two Sir Walter Raleigh had already been connected with navigating and colonizing expeditions to North America. He was associated with the enterprise of his elder half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who in 1583 established at St. John's, Newfoundland, the first English colony beyond seas. Upon the death of Gilbert, in that year, Raleigh succeeded to his enterprise, and obtained from Queen Elizabeth, whose favorite he was, a charter of colonization.

When next year he sent out his first expedition to find some suitable spot for a colony on the North American coast, Raleigh took warning from the unfortunate experiences of Gilbert in the northern latitudes, and directed his two commanders, Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, to take another route. They accordingly took the old way by the Canary Islands.

History is fortunate in possessing Barlow's account of this voyage. It has, as one writer says, "all the freshness and gayety of an idyl. His description of the sweet smell wafted to the voyagers from the American shore, as from some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, was noticed by Bacon, and utilized by Dryden to flatter one of his patrons."

Howison's story of the ill-starred colony and the conjectural refuge of its remnants among the Croatan Indians of Virginia—as Raleigh named the whole region, including the present North Carolina—fittingly completes the history of Sir Walter's American enterprise. The failure of the colony has been freely charged to his own neglect, occasioned by the turning of his mind to more brilliant prospects presented by the illusory "El Dorado," whereby so many other adventurers were misled.

ARTHUR BARLOW

THE 27. day of April, in the year of our redemption 1584, we departed the west of England, with two barks well furnished with men and victuals, having received our last and perfect directions by your letters, confirming the former instructions

and commandments delivered by yourself at our leaving the river of Thames. And I think it a matter both unnecessary, for the manifest discovery of the country, as also for tediousness' sake, to remember unto you the diurnal of our course, sailing thither and returning; only I have presumed to present unto you this brief discourse, by which you may judge how profitable this land is likely to succeed, as well to yourself, by whose direction and charge, and by whose servants, this our discovery hath been performed, as also to her highness and the commonwealth. In which we hope your wisdom will be satisfied, considering that as much by us hath been brought to light as by those small means and number of men we had could anyway have been expected or hoped for.

The tenth of May in this present year we arrived at the Canaries, and the tenth of June we were fallen with the islands of the West Indies, keeping a more southwesterly course than was needful, because we doubted about the current of the Bay of Mexico, disboguing between the Cape of Florida and Havana, had been of greater force than afterward we found it to be. At which islands we found the air very unwholesome, and our men grew for the most part ill-disposed: so that having refreshed ourselves with sweet water and fresh victual, we departed the twelfth day of our arrival here. These islands, with the rest adjoining, are so well known to yourself, and to many others, as I will not trouble you with the remembrance of them.

The second of July we found shoal water, where we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers; by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant. And keeping good watch and bearing but slack sail, the fourth of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and firm land, and we sailed along the same one hundred twenty English miles before we could find any entrance, or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered, though not without some difficulty, and cast anchor about three arquebuse-shot within the haven's mouth, on the left hand of the same; and after thanks given to God for our safe arrival thither, we manned our boats, and went to view the land next adjoining, and to take possession of the

same in the right of the Queen's most excellent majesty, as rightful queen and princess of the same, and after delivered the same over to your use, according to her majesty's grant and letters-patent, under her highness' great seal. Which being performed, according to the ceremonies used in such enterprises, we viewed the land about us, being, whereas we first landed, very sandy and low toward the water's side, but so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them. Of which we found such plenty, as well there as in all places else, both on the sand and on the green soil on the hills as in the plains, as well on every little shrub as also climbing toward the tops of high cedars, that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found: and myself having seen those parts of Europe that most abound, find such difference as were incredible to be written.

We passed from the sea side toward the tops of those hills next adjoining, being but of mean¹ height; and from thence we beheld the sea on both sides, to the north and to the south, finding no end any of both ways.² This land lay stretching itself to the west, which after we found to be but an island of twenty miles long and not above six miles broad. Under the bank or hill whereon we stood we beheld the valleys replenished with goodly cedar-trees, and having discharged our arquebuse-shot such a flock of cranes—the most part white—arose under us, with such a cry redoubled by many echoes, as if an army of men had shouted all together.

This island had many goodly woods full of deer, coneys, hares, and fowl, even in the midst of summer, in incredible abundance. The woods were not such as you find in Bohemia, Moscovia, or Hercynia, barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars of the world, far bettering the cedars of the Azores, of the Indies, or Libanus; pines, cypress, sassafras, the lentisk, or the tree that beareth the mastic; the tree that beareth the rind of black cinnamon, of which Master Winter brought from the Straits of Magellan; and many other of excellent smell and quality. We remained by the side of this island two whole days before we saw any people of the country. The third day we espied one small boat rowing toward us, having in it three persons. This boat came to the island side, four arquebuse-shot from our

¹ Middle.

² Either way.

ships; and there two of the people remaining, the third came along the shore side toward us, and we being then all within board, he walked up and down upon the point of the land next unto us.

Then the master and the pilot of the admiral, Simon Ferdinando, and the captain, Philip Amidas, myself, and others, rowed to the land; whose coming this fellow attended, never making any shew of fear or doubt. And after he had spoken of many things, not understood by us, we brought him, with his own good liking, aboard the ships, and gave him a shirt, a hat, and some other things, and made him taste of our wine and our meat, which he liked very well; and after having viewed both barks, he departed, and went to his own boat again, which he had left in a little cove or creek adjoining. As soon as he was two bow-shot into the water he fell to fishing, and in less than half an hour he had laden his boat as deep as it could swim, with which he came again to the point of the land, and there he divided his fish into two parts, pointing one part to the ship and the other to the pinnace. Which, after he had, as much as he might, requited the former benefits received, departed out of our sight.

The next day there came unto us divers boats, and in one of them the King's brother, accompanied with forty or fifty men, very handsome and goodly people, and in their behavior as mannerly and civil as any of Europe. His name was Granganimeo, and the King is called Wingina; the country, Wingandacoa, and now, by her majesty, Virginia. The manner of his coming was in this sort: he left his boats, altogether as the first man did, a little from the ships by the shore, and came along to the place over against the ships, followed with forty men. When he came to the place, his servants spread a long mat upon the ground, on which he sat down, and at the other end of the mat four others of his company did the like; the rest of his men stood round him somewhat afar off. When we came to the shore to him, with our weapons, he never moved from his place, nor any of the other four, nor never mistrusted any harm to be offered from us; but, sitting still, he beckoned us to come and sit by him, which we performed; and, being set, he made all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and his breast and afterward on ours, to shew we were all one, smiling and making shew the best he could

of all love and familiarity. After he had made a long speech unto us we presented him with divers things, which he received very joyfully and thankfully. None of the company durst speak one word all the time; only the four which were at the other end spake one in the other's ear very softly.

The King is greatly obeyed and his brothers and children revered. The King himself in person was at our being there sore wounded in a fight, which he had with the King of the next country, called "Piemacum," and was shot in two places through the body, and once clean through the thigh, but yet he recovered; by reason whereof, and for that he lay at the chief town of the country, being six days' journey off, we saw him not at all.

After we had presented this his brother with such things as we thought he liked, we likewise gave somewhat to the other that sat with him on the mat. But presently he arose and took all from them and put it into his own basket, making signs and tokens that all things ought to be delivered unto him, and the rest were but his servants and followers. A day or two after this we fell to trading with them, exchanging some things that we had for chamois, buff, and deer skins. When we shewed him all our packet of merchandise, of all things that he saw a bright tin dish most pleased him, which he presently took up and clapped it before his breast, and after making a hole in the brim thereof and hung it about his neck, making signs that it would defend him against his enemies' arrows. For those people maintain a deadly and terrible war with the people and King adjoining.

We exchanged our tin dish for twenty skins, worth twenty crowns or twenty nobles; and a copper kettle for fifty skins, worth fifty crowns. They offered us good exchange for our hatchets and axes, and for knives, and would have given anything for swords; but we would not depart with any. After two or three days the King's brother came aboard the ships and drank wine, and eat of our meat and of our bread, and liked exceedingly thereof. And after a few days overpassed, he brought his wife with him to the ships, his daughter, and two or three children. His wife was very well favored, of mean stature, and very bashful. She had on her back a long cloak of leather, with the fur side next to her body, and before her a piece of the same.

About her forehead she had a band of white coral, and so had her husband many times. In her ears she had bracelets of pearls hanging down to her middle, whereof we delivered your worship a little bracelet, and those were of the bigness of good peas. The rest of her women of the better sort had pendants of copper hanging in either ear, and some of the children of the King's brother and other noblemen have five or six in either ear; he himself had upon his head a broad plate of gold, or copper; for, being unpolished, we knew not what metal it should be, neither would he by any means suffer us to take it off his head; but feeling it, it would bow very easily. His apparel was as his wife's, only the women wear their hair long on both sides, and the men but on one. They are of color yellowish, and their hair black for the most part; and yet we saw children that had very fine auburn and chestnut-colored hair.

After that these women had been there, there came down from all parts great store of people, bringing with them leather, coral, divers kinds of dyes very excellent, and exchanged with us. But when Granganimeo, the King's brother, was present, none durst trade but himself, except such as wear red pieces of copper on their heads like himself; for that is the difference between the noblemen and the governors of countries, and the meaner sort. And we both noted there, and you have understood since by these men which we brought home, that no people in the world carry more respect to their king, nobility, and governors than these do. The King's brother's wife, when she came to us—as she did many times—was followed with forty or fifty women always. And when she came into the ship she left them all on land, saving her two daughters, her nurse, and one or two more.

The King's brother always kept this order: as many boats as he would come withal to the ships, so many fires would he make on the shore afar off, to the end we might understand with what strength and company he approached. Their boats are made of one tree, either of pine or of pitch trees; a wood not commonly known to our people, nor found growing in England. They have no edge-tools to make them withal; if they have any they are very few, and those, it seems, they had twenty years since, which, as those two men declared, was out of a wrack, which hap-

pened upon their coast, of some Christian ship, being beaten that way by some storm and outrageous weather, whereof none of the people were saved, but only the ship, or some part of her, being cast upon the sand, out of whose sides they drew the nails and the spikes, and with those they made their best instruments. The manner of making their boats is thus: they burn down some great tree, or take such as are windfallen, and, putting gum and resin upon one side thereof, they set fire into it, and when it hath burned it hollow they cut out the coal with their shells, and ever where they would burn it deeper or wider they lay on gums, which burn away the timber, and by this means they fashion very fine boats, and such as will transport twenty men. Their oars are like scoops, and many times they set with long poles, as the depth serveth.

The King's brother had great liking of our armor, a sword, and divers other things which we had, and offered to lay a great box of pearl in gage for them; but we refused it for this time, because we would not make them know that we esteemed thereof, until we had understood in what places of the country the pearl grew, which now your worship doth very well understand. He was very just of his promise: for many times we delivered him merchandise upon his word, but ever he came within the day and performed his promise. He sent us every day a brace or two of fat bucks, coneys, hares, fish the best of the world. He sent us divers kinds of fruits, melons, walnuts, cucumbers, gourds, pease, and divers roots, and fruits very excellent good, and of their country corn, which is very white, fair, and well tasted, and groweth three times in five months: in May they sow, in July they reap; in June they sow, in August they reap; in July they sow, in September they reap. Only they cast the corn into the ground, breaking a little of the soft turf with a wooden mattock or pick-axe. Ourselves proved the soil, and put some of our peas in the ground, and in ten days they were of fourteen inches high. They have also beans very fair, of divers colors, and wonderful plenty, some growing naturally and some in their gardens; and so have they both wheat and oats. The soil is the most plentiful, sweet, fruitful, and wholesome of all the world. There are above fourteen several sweet-smelling timber-trees, and the most part of their underwoods are bays and such

like. They have those oaks that we have, but far greater and better.

After they had been divers times aboard our ships, myself with seven more went twenty mile into the river that runneth toward the city of Skicoak, which river they call Occam; and the evening following we came to an island which they call Roanoak, distant from the harbor by which we entered seven leagues; and at the north end thereof was a village of nine houses built of cedar and fortified round about with sharp trees to keep out their enemies, and the entrance into it made like a turnpike very artificially.¹ When we came toward it, standing near unto the water's side, the wife of Granganimeo, the King's brother, came running out to meet us very cheerfully and friendly. Her husband was not then in the village. Some of her people she commanded to draw our boat on shore, for the beating of the bilow. Others she appointed to carry us on their backs to the dry ground, and others to bring our oars into the house for fear of stealing.

When we were come into the utter room—having five rooms in her house—she caused us to sit down by a great fire, and after took off our clothes and washed them and dried them again. Some of the women plucked off our stockings and washed them, some washed our feet in warm water, and she herself took great pains to see all things ordered in the best manner she could, making great haste to dress some meat for us to eat. After we had thus dried ourselves, she brought us into the inner room, where she set on the board standing along the house some wheat like frumenty, sodden venison and roasted, fish sodden, boiled and roasted, melons raw and sodden, roots of divers kinds, and divers fruits. Their drink is commonly water, but while the grape lasteth they drink wine, and for want of casks to keep it, all the year after they drink water; but it is sodden with ginger in it, and black cinnamon, and sometimes sassafras, and divers other wholesome and medicinable herbs and trees.

We were entertained with all love and kindness, and with as much bounty, after their manner, as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden

¹ The site of the colony established in the following year, 1585.

age. The people only care how to defend themselves from the cold in their short winter, and to feed themselves with such meat as the soil affordeth; their meat is very well sodden, and they make broth very sweet and savory. Their vessels are earthen pots, very large, white and sweet; their dishes are wooden platters of sweet timber. Within the place where they feed was their lodging, and within that their idol, which they worship, of whom they speak incredible things. While we were at meat, there came in at the gates two or three men with their bows and arrows from hunting, whom when we espied we began to look one toward another, and offered to reach our weapons; but as soon as she espied our mistrust, she was very much moved, and caused some of her men to run out, and take away their bows and arrows and break them, and withal beat the poor fellows out of the gate again.

When we departed in the evening and would not tarry all night, she was very sorry, and gave us into our boat our supper half-dressed, pots and all, and brought us to our boat-side, in which we lay all night, removing the same a pretty distance from the shore. She perceived our jealousy, was much grieved, and sent divers men and thirty women to sit all night on the bank-side by us, and sent us into our boats fine mats to cover us from the rain, using very many words to entreat us to rest in their houses. But because we were few men, and, if we had miscarried, the voyage had been in very great danger, we durst not adventure anything, although there was no cause of doubt; for a more kind and loving people there cannot be found in the world, as far as we had hitherto had trial.

Beyond this island there is the mainland, and over against this island falleth into this spacious water the great river called Occam by the inhabitants, on which standeth a town called Pomeiock, and six days' journey from the same is situate their greatest city, called Skicoak, which this people affirm to be very great; but the savages were never at it, only they speak of it by the report of their fathers and other men, whom they have heard affirm it to be above one hour's journey about. Into this river falleth another great river called Cipo, in which there is found great store of muscles, in which there are pearls; likewise there descendeth into this Occam another river called Nomopana, on

the one side whereof standeth a great town called Chawanook, and the lord of that town and country is called Pooneno. This Pooneno is not subject to the King of Wingandacoa, but is a free lord.

Beyond this country is there another king, whom they call Menatonon, and these three kings are in league with each other. Toward the southwest, four days' journey, is situate a town called Secotan, which is the southernmost town of Wingandacoa, near unto which six-and-twenty years past there was a ship cast away, whereof some of the people were saved, and those were white people, whom the country people preserved. And after ten days remaining in an out island uninhabited, called Wocokon, they, with the help of some of the dwellers of Secotan, fastened two boats of the country together, and made masts unto them, and sails of their shirts, and having taken into them such victuals as the country yielded, they departed after they had remained in this out island three weeks. But shortly after, it seemed, they were cast away, for the boats were found upon the coast, cast a-land in another island adjoining. Other than these, there was never any people apparelled, or white of color, either seen or heard of among these people, and these aforesaid were seen only of the inhabitants of Secotan; which appeared to be very true, for they wondered marvellously when we were among them at the whiteness of our skins, ever coveting to touch our breasts and to view the same.

Besides they had our ships in marvellous admiration, and all things else were so strange unto them, as it appeared that none of them had ever seen the like. When we discharged any piece, were it but an arquebuse, they would tremble thereat for very fear, and for the strangeness of the same, for the weapons which themselves use are bows and arrows. The arrows are but of small canes, headed with a sharp shell or tooth of a fish sufficient enough to kill a naked man. Their swords be of wood hardened; likewise they use wooden breast-plates for their defence. They have beside a kind of club, in the end whereof they fasten the sharp horns of a stag, or other beast. When they go to wars they carry about with them their idol, of whom they ask counsel, as the Romans were wont of the oracle of Apollo. They sing songs as they march toward the battle, instead of drums and trumpets.

Their wars are very cruel and bloody, by reason whereof, and of their civil dissensions which have happened of late years among them, the people are marvellously wasted, and in some places the country left desolate.

Adjoining to this country aforesaid, called Secotan, beginneth a country called Pomovik, belonging to another king, whom they call Piemacum; and this King is in league with the next King adjoining toward the setting of the sun, and the country Newsiok, situate upon a goodly river called Neus. These kings have mortal war with Wingina, King of Wingandacoa; but about two years past there was a peace made between the king Piemacum and the Lord of Secotan, as these men which we have brought with us to England have given us to understand; but there remaineth a mortal malice in the Secotans, for many injuries and slaughters done upon them by this Piemacum. They invited divers men, and thirty women of the best of his country, to their town to a feast, and when they were altogether merry, and praying before their idol—which is nothing else but a mere delusion of the devil—the captain or lord of the town came suddenly upon them, and slew them every one, reserving the women and children; and these two have oftentimes since persuaded us to surprise Piemacum his town, having promised and assured us that there will be found in it great store of commodities. But whether their persuasion be to the end they may be revenged of their enemies, or for the love they bear to us, we leave that to the trial hereafter.

Beyond this island called Roanoak are many islands very plentiful of fruits and other natural increases, together with many towns and villages along the side of the continent, some bounding upon the islands, and some stretching up farther into the land.

When we first had sight of this country, some thought the first land we saw to be the continent; but after we entered into the haven we saw before us another mighty long sea, for there lieth along the coast a tract of islands two hundred miles in length, adjoining to the ocean sea, and between the islands two or three entrances. When you are entered between them, these islands being very narrow for the most part, as in some places six miles broad, in some places less, in few more, then

there appeareth another great sea, containing in breadth in some places forty, in some fifty, in some twenty miles over, before you come unto the continent; and in this enclosed sea there are above one hundred islands of divers bignesses, whereof one is sixteen miles long, at which we were, finding it a most pleasant and fertile ground, replenished with goodly cedars and divers other sweet woods, full of currants, of flax, and many other notable commodities which we at that time had no leisure to view. Besides this island there are many, as I have said, some of two, of three, of four, of five miles, some more, some less, most beautiful and pleasant to behold, replenished with deer, coneys, hares, and divers beasts, and about them the goodliest and best fish in the world, and in greatest abundance.

Thus, sir, we have acquainted you with the particulars of our discovery made this present voyage, as far forth as the shortness of the time we there continued would afford us to take view of; and so contenting ourselves with this service at this time, which we hope hereafter to enlarge, as occasion and assistance shall be given, we resolved to leave the country, and to apply ourselves to return for England, which we did accordingly, and arrived safely in the west of England about the midst of September.

And whereas we have above certified you of the country taken in possession by us to her majesty's use, and so to yours by her majesty's grant, we thought good for the better assurance thereof to record some of the particular gentlemen and men of account who then were present, as witnesses of the same, that thereby all occasion of cavil to the title of the country, in her majesty's behalf, may be prevented, which otherwise such as like not the action may use and pretend. Whose names are, Master Philip Amidas, Master Arthur Barlow, captains; William Greenville, John Wood, James Bromewich, Henry Greene, Benjamin Wood, Simon Ferdinando, Nicholas Petman, John Hughes, of the company.

We brought home also two of the savages, being lusty men, whose names were Wanchese and Manteo.

R. R. HOWISON

Arrived in England, Barlow and Amidas immediately sought the Queen, and laid before her an account of their voyage and of

its results. There was much of truth as a basis for their wondrous descriptions; but the sober observer will not fail to mark in this narrative the impress of imaginations heated by the novelty of their performance and the encouraging hope of their royal mistress. They spake of the land they had visited as an earthly paradise; its seas were tranquil and gemmed with green islands, on which the eye delighted to rest; its trees were lofty, and many of them would rival the odoriferous products of tropical soil; its fruits were so lavishly supplied by nature that art needed to do little more than gather them in summer and autumn, for the wants of the winter; its people were children of another age when virtue triumphed, and vice was yet unknown. The Court and the Queen were alike enlisted, and looked to this discovery as one of the brightest spots in her lustrous reign.

For a land so distinguished in natural charms, and to which England designed to devote the expanding energies of her people, a name was to be found worthy of future love. The Queen selected "Virginia," and none can deplore the graceful choice. She remembered her own unmarried state; and connecting, it may be, with this the virgin purity which yet seemed to linger amid this favored region, she bestowed a name which has since interwoven itself with the most sensitive chords of a million hearts.

Raleigh had now obtained the honor of knighthood and a seat in parliament; and deriving from this lucrative monopoly means for further effort, he made diligent preparation for despatching another fleet to Virginia. The second expedition consisted of seven vessels, large and small; and that gallant spirit, Sir Richard Grenville, himself was at its head. The war with Spain was now in progress, and the richly laden vessel from South America and the West Indies offered tempting prizes to English bravery. Sir Richard sailed from Plymouth, April 9, passed the Canaries and West Indies, captured two Spanish ships, ran imminent hazard of being wrecked on the dangerous headland now known as Cape Fear, and reached Wocpcon on June 26th. Manteo was brought back to his native land, and proved an invaluable guide and interpreter to his newly made friends.

But their amicable relations with the natives were now to

receive a rude shock, from which they never recovered. At Aquascogoc, an Indian stole from the adventurers a silver cup; and, on being detected, he did not return it as speedily as was desired (July 16). For this enormous offence the English burned the town and barbarously destroyed the growing corn. The affrighted inhabitants fled to the woods, and thus a poisoned arrow was planted in their bosoms, which rankled unto the end. A silver cup, in the eyes of European avarice, was a loss which could only be atoned by ruin and devastation; and had the unhappy savage stolen the only child of the boldest settler, a more furious vengeance could not have followed! To such conduct does America owe the undying hatred of the aboriginal tenants of her land, and the burden of infamy that she must bear when weighed in the scales of immaculate justice.

A serious attempt was now made to found a colony. One hundred eight men were left on the island of Roanoke, comprising in their number some of the boldest hearts and many of the best cultivated minds that had left the mother-country. Among them was Thomas Heriot, whom Raleigh had sent out with a full knowledge of his scientific acquirements, his love of investigation, and his moral worth. Sir Richard Grenville returned to England, where he arrived in September, bringing with him a rich Spanish prize.

The settlers, thus left to their own resources, seem to have done little in the all-important task of clearing the country and planting corn for future necessities. Ralph Lane had been appointed governor, a man uniting military knowledge with experience in the sea. He undertook several voyages of exploration, penetrated north as far as Elizabeth River and a town on Chesapeake Bay, and south to Secotan, eighty leagues from Roanoke. But his most famous expedition was up Albemarle Sound and the Chowan River, of his adventures in which he has himself given us a description in a letter preserved by Captain Smith. The King of the Chawanooks was known by the title of Menatonon. He was lame in one of his lower limbs, but his spirit seems to have been one of uncommon activity and shrewdness. He told the credulous English of a country, four days' journey beyond them, where they might hope for abundant riches.

This country lay on the sea; and its king, from the waters

around his island retreat, drew magnificent pearls in such numbers that they were commonly used in his garments and household conveniences. Instantly the fancies of the eager listeners were fired with the hope of attaining this wealth; and notwithstanding the scarcity of food, and the danger of an assault by "two or three thousand" savages, they continued to toil up the river. They labored on until they had nothing for sustenance except two dogs of the mastiff species and the sassafras leaves which grew in great abundance around them. Upon this inviting fare they were fain to nourish their bodies, while their souls were fed upon the hope of finally entering this region of pearls; but at length, in a state near to starvation, they returned to Roanoke, having made no discovery even so valuable as a copper spring high up the Chowan River, concerning which the Indians had excited their hopes.

Thomas Heriot employed his time in researches more rational than those which sought for pearls amid the wilderness of America. He intermingled freely with the Indian tribes, studied their habits, their manners, their language, and origin. He sought to teach them a theology more exalted than the fancies of their singular superstition, and to expand their minds by a display of the instruments of European science. He acquired a vast fund of information as to the state of the original country, its people and its products, and to his labors we may yet be indebted in the progress of this narrative.

But we have reason to believe that a great part of the colonists contributed nothing to the success of the scheme, and did much to render it fruitless. The natives, who had received the first adventurers with unsuspecting hospitality, were now estranged by the certain prospect of seeing their provisions taken away and their homes wrested from them by civilized pretenders. Wingina, the King of the country, had never been cordial, and he now became their implacable foe. Nothing but a superstitious reverence of the Bible, the fire-arms, and the medicinal remedies of the colonists restrained his earthly enmity; but at length, upon the death of his father, Ensenore, who had been the steady friend of the whites, he prepared for vengeance. In accordance with a custom common among the Indians, he had changed his name to Pemissapan, and now drew around him followers to aid in his

scheme of death. Twenty or more were to surround the hut of Lane, drive him forth with fire, and slay him while thus defenceless. The leader destroyed, the rest of the colonists were to be gradually exhausted by starving, until they should fall an easy prey to the savages. But this well-concerted plan was betrayed to the English—a *rencontre* occurred, and several Indians were slain. The settlers considered themselves justifiable in meeting the treachery of the foe by a stratagem, which drew Pemissapan and eight of his principal men within their reach, and they were all shot down in the skirmish (1586).

But this success did not assuage the hunger of the famished colonists. They were reduced to extremity, when a seasonable relief appeared on their coasts (June 8th). While despair was taking possession of their bosoms, the white sails of a distant fleet were seen, and Sir Francis Drake, with twenty-three ships, was soon in their waters. He had been cruising in search of the Spaniards in the West Indies and had been directed by the Queen to visit the Virginia colony. His quick perception instantly discerned the wants of the settlers, and he provided for them a ship well stored with provisions and furnished with boats to serve in emergency. But a violent storm drove his fleet to sea and reduced to wreck the vessel intended to sustain the settlers. Their resolution gave way; it seemed as though divine and human power were united against them, and, in utter despondency, they entreated Drake to receive them in his fleet and carry them to England. He yielded to their wishes. They embarked June 18th, and July 27th they landed once more on the shores of their mother-land.

Thus, after a residence of nearly twelve months in Virginia, the first colonists deserted the country which had been offered as containing all that the heart of man could desire. Little was gained by their abortive attempt beyond an increased knowledge of the New World, and another lesson in the great book of depraved human nature.

It would be pleasing to the lover of Virginia to be able to record the final good-fortune of Walter Raleigh, but nothing resulted from his patent except successive disaster and an appalling consummation. The determined knight had sent a ship to seek the colony; and this arrived after the disheartened settlers

had sailed with Sir Francis Drake, and, thus finding the island deserted, it returned to England. Two weeks afterward Sir Richard Grenville arrived with two ships well-appointed, but no flourishing settlement greeted his eager eyes. Unwilling to abandon the semblance of hope, he left fifteen men on the island, well provided with all things essential to their comfort, and then spread his sails for England (1587).

In the succeeding year Raleigh prepared for another attempt. Convinced that the Bay of Chesapeake, which had been discovered by Lane, afforded greater advantages for a colony, he directed his adventurers to seek its shores, and gave them a character of corporation for the city of Raleigh—a name that North Carolina has since, with merited gratitude, bestowed upon her most favored town. John White assumed command of this expedition, and they were soon in the waters of Virginia (July 22d). The cape to which maritime terrors have given an expressive name threatened them with shipwreck, but at length they arrived in safety at Hatteras, and immediately despatched a party to Roanoke to seek the settlers left by Sir Richard Grenville. A melancholy silence pervaded the spot—the huts were yet standing, but rank weeds and vines had overspread them, and striven to reclaim to the wilderness the abortive efforts of human labor. Not one man could be found, but the bones of one unhappy victim told in gloomy eloquence of conflict and of death. From the reluctant statements of the natives, they gathered the belief that these men had either all perished under the attacks of overwhelming numbers, or had gradually wasted away under the approaches of disease and famine.

A discovery so mournful held out no cheering prospects to the new adventurers; yet they determined to renew the attempt upon the island adjoining Hatteras. About one hundred fifteen persons were landed and prepared for their novel life. The Indians were no longer pacific; the spirit of Wingina had diffused itself through every bosom, and the unfortunate mistake, which caused the death of a friendly savage, contributed much to the general hostility. But amid so much that was unpropitious, two events occurred to shed a faint light upon their days (August 13th). Manteo, the faithful friend of the early visitors, was baptized with the simple though solemn rites of the Christian faith, and

upon him was bestowed the sounding title of Lord of Dessamon-peake, and, a few days after, the first child of European parentage was born upon the soil of America. Eleanor, daughter of Governor White, had married Ananias Dare, and on August 18th she gave birth to a female, upon whom was immediately bestowed the sweet name of Virginia. It is sad to reflect that the gentle infant of an English mother, and the first whose eyes were opened upon the New World, should have been destined to a life of privation and to a death of early oblivion.

But the colonists needed many things from the mother-land, and determined to send the Governor to procure them. He was unwilling to leave them under circumstances so strongly appealing to his paternal heart, but yielded to the general wish and sailed on August 27th. But many causes now opposed his success in the mother-country. Spain was threatening a descent with her formidable Armada, and England was alive with preparations to meet the shock. Raleigh and Grenville entered with enthusiasm into the interests of their country, and were no longer in a state to furnish aid for a distant colony. Not until April 22, 1588, could they prepare two small barks for a voyage to Virginia, and these, drawn away by their eager thirst for Spanish prizes laden with Mexican gold, wandered from their route, and were driven back by superior enemies to their original ports.

Yielding to his disappointment and mortification at these repeated disasters, and exhausted in money by his enormous outlays, Raleigh no longer hoped for success from his own exertions. Forty thousand pounds had been expended and no return had been made. On March 7, 1589, he assigned his patent to Thomas Smith, Richard Hakluyt, and others, who had the means and the experience of merchants, or rather he extended to them the rights enjoyed under his patent and exercised by him in giving the charter for the "City of Raleigh." With this assignment he gave one hundred pounds for the propagation of Christian principles among the savages of Virginia.

But the energetic soul of Raleigh no longer ruled, and doubtful zeal impelled the assignees. Not until March, 1590, could Governor White obtain three ships for his purposes; and though their names might have incited him, by the motives both of

earthly hope and religious trust, yet he preferred an avaricious cruise among the West India Isles to a speed which might, peradventure, have preserved the life of his daughter. He arrived at Hatteras August 15th, and sought the settlers left there three years before. The curling smoke of grass and trees in flame gave them encouragement, but they sought in vain their long-neglected friends. On the bark of a tree was found the word "Croatan," legibly inscribed, and White hoped, from the absence of the cross, which he himself had suggested as a sign of distress, that the settlers were still in being; but as they proceeded to Croatan a furious storm arose and drove them from the coast, and their dismayed spirits could find no relief except in a return to England.

No lingering trace has ever marked the fate of this unhappy colony. The generous Raleigh in vain sent five successive messengers to seek and save. They were gone, and whither no tongue was left to tell. Modern ingenuity may be indulged in the forlorn suggestion that they were amalgamated among their savage neighbors, but sober thought will rather fear that they perished under the mingled weight of famine, of disappointed hope, and of Indian barbarity.

DRAKE CAPTURES CARTAGENA

HE "SINGES THE KING OF SPAIN'S BEARD" AT CADIZ

A.D. 1586-1587

JULIAN CORBETT

Sir Francis Drake (born in Devonshire about 1540; died in 1596), greatest of the Elizabethan seamen, has been the subject of perhaps equal praise and blame at the hands of the world's historians. So famous were his exploits, and so scanty the actual knowledge of them in his own time, that "he was not dead before his life became a fairy-tale." But history has distinguished fact from legend in the life of this naval hero, whose undisputed achievements have kept his name conspicuous among his country's foremost sea-fighters.

He began his career in the coasting-trade, sailed with Sir John Hawkins in 1567, and three years later began privateering operations against the Spaniards in the New World, by way of making good the losses which they had inflicted upon him. These depredations on Spanish possessions were continued through many years, with occasional attacks upon the coast of Spain itself. "By Spanish historians," says an English writer, "these hostilities are represented as unprovoked in their origin, and as barbarous in their execution, and candor must allow that there is but too much justice in the complaint."

Whether justifiable or not, these aggressive acts of Drake had much to do with the desire for revenge upon England which led Philip II to prepare for a great invasion of that country. Drake, on his return, in 1580, from the first English circumnavigation of the globe, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. She now gave him important commands, and from this period at least his career may be regarded in connection with the regular service of his sovereign.

In the autumn of 1585 Drake sailed with twenty-five ships against the Spanish Main, harrying the coasts of the West Indies and of northern South America. Cartagena, which he captured in 1586, was the chief port and stronghold of New Granada (now Colombia). By this feat, as also by his "singeing of the beard of the Spanish King" at Cadiz next year, he assailed with telling effect the power with which England was at once to be brought into more serious conflict.

THE mill of Philip's purpose went grinding on relentlessly. He invited a large fleet of English corn-ships to the relief of his famine-stricken provinces, and then, as they lay unsuspecting in his ports, he seized them every one. Never once was the growing armada out of his mind. This atrocious outrage was but to feed his monster, and swift and sharp was the retribution it earned. It was in the last days of May, and, ere June was out, far and near the seas were swarming with English privateers, and "The Dragon" was unchained.

Fortified with letters of marque to release the embargoed vessels, Drake hoisted his flag at Plymouth on the Elizabeth Bonaventura, and there, by the end of July, "in all jollity and with all help and furtherance himself could wish," a formidable fleet gathered round him. Frobisher was his vice-admiral, Francis Knollys his rear-admiral, and Thomas Fenner his flag-captain. Christopher Carleill was there, too, as lieutenant-general, with a full staff and ten companies under him. No such privateering squadron had ever been seen before. It consisted of two battle-ships and eighteen cruisers, with their complement of store-ships and pinnaces; it was manned with a force of soldiers and sailors to the number of two thousand three hundred, and it is not surprising that constant difficulties delayed its departure.

Yet delay was dangerous in the extreme. The Spanish party had again taken heart, and were whispering caution in the Queen's ear. Even Burghley grew nervous that she would repent; but at last he got sailing-orders sent off, and, with a sigh of relief, entered in his diary that Drake had gone. To his horror came back a letter from the admiral still dated from Plymouth, instead of from Finisterre, as he had hoped, and he sent down a warning to urge the immediate departure of the fleet. August wore away, and the equipment was still incomplete, when Drake, who was now in constant dread of a countermand, was alarmed by Sir Philip Sydney's suddenly appearing at Plymouth and announcing his intention of accompanying the expedition. Determined to have no more to do with courtiers and amateur soldiers, he secretly sent off a courier to betray the truant's escapade to the Court. He must even be suspected, in his desperation, of having set men in wait to intercept and destroy

any orders that were not to his liking. The precaution was unnecessary. Sydney was peremptorily stopped, and ere any letter came to stay Drake, too, the wind had shifted northerly, and, all unready as he was, he cleared for Finisterre.

There he arrived on September 26th. He was clear away, but that was all. He was short both of water and victuals. There had not even been time to distribute the stores he had, or to issue his general orders to the fleet. He smelt foul weather, too; and, determined to complete somewhere what he had left undone at Plymouth, he boldly ran in under the lee of the Bayona Islands in Vigo Bay. The old Queen's officers were aghast. Entirely dominated by the prestige of Spain, they believed that nothing could be done against her except by surprise, and they trembled to see their admiral thus recklessly fling his cards upon the table. But he knew what he was doing. As with sagacious bravado he had sprung ashore at Santa Marta, and had mocked the Spanish fleet in Cartagena harbor, so now before he struck he exulted that his unfleshed host should hear him shout "*Engarde!*" to the King of Spain; that they should listen while he cried that England cared not for spying traitors, for she had nothing to conceal; that her fleets meant to sail when and where they would, and Philip might do his worst. It was a stroke of that divine instinct which marks out a hero from among able captains—the magic touch of a great leader of men, under which the dead fabric of an army springs into life and feels every fibre tingling with the strong purpose of its heart.

Two leagues from the town of Bayona the fleet anchored; and resolved at once to display his whole strength, and exercise his men in their duties, Drake ordered out his pinnaces and boats for a reconnaissance in force. His boldness bore immediate fruit. The Governor sent off to treat, and by nightfall it was arranged that troops should land, and in the morning be allowed to water and collect what victuals they could. But at midnight the threatened storm rolled up. The troops were hurriedly reëmbarked; and, barely in time to escape disaster, the flotilla regained the ships. For three days the gale continued, threatening the whole fleet with destruction till it was got safely up above Vigo. There the whole of the boats in which the panic-stricken inhabitants had embarked their property were captured,

and, though by this time the Governor of Bayona had arrived with a considerable force, he was compelled to permit Drake to carry out his purpose in peace.

By October 8th he was out in the Bayona road again, waiting for a wind to waft him on his way, and it was reported at the Spanish court that he had gone toward the Indies. The consternation was universal. The Marquis of Santa Cruz, high admiral of Spain and the most renowned naval officer in Europe, declared that not only the African islands, but the whole Pacific coast, the Spanish Main, and the West Indies were at the corsair's mercy, and told his master that a fleet of forty sail must be instantly equipped for the pursuit. But though for another fortnight Drake rode defiantly at the Bayona anchorage, not a limb of Philip's inert machinery could be moved against him; and, while the chivalry of Spain chafed under their sovereign's deliberation, the second blow was struck.

Madeira was passed by and the Canaries spared; for Palma, which Drake intended should revictual him, showed so bold a front that he would not waste time in trying to reduce it. It was on another point that his implacable glance was fixed.

Five years ago at Santiago, the chief town of the Cape Verd Islands, young William Hawkins, a personal adherent of Drake's, had been made the victim of some such treachery as his father and captain had suffered together at Vera Cruz. From that hour it was doomed. In the middle of November the fleet arrived in the road and the troops landed. Threatened by Carleill from the heights above the valley where it lies, and from the sea by Drake, without a blow the town was abandoned to its fate. For ten days the island was scoured for plunder and provisions, and ere the month was out the anchorage was desolate and Santiago a heap of ashes.

Drake's vengeance was complete, and, exulting like Gideon in the devastation that marked his course, he led his ships across the Atlantic. Is there a moment in history more tragic than that? For the first time since the ages began, a hostile fleet was passing the ocean—the pioneer of how many more that have gone and are yet to go—the forerunner of how much glory and shame and misery! What wonder if the curse of God seemed upon it? Hardly had it lost sight of land when it was stricken with sick-

ness. In a few days some three hundred men were dead, and numbers of others prostrate and useless; but in unshaken faith, and with reverent wonder at the inscrutable will of Heaven, Drake never flinched or paused. His only thought was how to check the evil. At Dominica he got fresh provisions from the natives, and refreshed his sick with a few days on shore. At St. Christopher he again halted to spend Christmas and elaborate the details of his next move.

The point where Philip was now to feel the weight of his arm was the fair city of Santo Domingo in Española. It was by far the most serious operation Drake had yet undertaken. Hitherto his exploits had been against places that were little more than struggling settlements, but Santo Domingo was indeed a city, stone-built and walled, and flanked with formidable batteries. It was held by a powerful garrison, as Drake learned from a captured frigate, and a naval force had been concentrated in the harbor for its defence. As the oldest town in the Indies, its renown had hitherto secured it from attack, and in Spain it was held the queen city of the colonial empire. The moral effect of its capture would be profound, and, besides, from Virginia the governor of Raleigh's new colony had sent home a fabulous report of its wealth. Drake was fully alive to the gravity of the task before him. His dispositions had never been so elaborate, and they evince at least a touch of that military genius which the strategists of the next century denied him. While the sick were recruiting he sent forward a squadron to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to open communications with the maroons who infested the hills. For three days the garrison was thus exhausted with constant alarms, and then on January 1, 1586, the whole fleet appeared in the bay.

Night fell, and, as darkness closed the eyes of the harassed garrison, with the fleet all was activity. In boats and pinnaces the troops were being rapidly embarked, and soon Drake in person was piloting the flotilla for the surf-beaten shore. At a point within the bay, but some ten miles from the town, a practicable landing-place had been found. Watch-houses overlooked it, but watchmen there were none. Drake had got touch with the maroons. By his directions a party of them had stolen down from the hills, and as the sentries came out from the city in the even-

ing, swiftly and silently they had been every one despatched. Thus, unseen and unmolested, the troops were successfully landed, and then, with pious and cheery farewells to Carleill, Drake returned to the fleet to prepare the ground for the surprise.

In the morning he anchored in the road, ran out his guns, and proceeded to threaten a landing at a point close to that side of the town upon which Carleill was stealthily approaching in two parallel columns. As the Spaniards saw the fleet preparing the advance of the boats and pinnaces, the whole of the horse and a large force of foot marched out of the town to oppose the threatened attack, and took up a position fronting the sea, with their left resting on the town and the other flank exposed in the line of Carleill's advance. It was exactly what had been foreseen, and, ere the Spaniards had discovered that the movement from the fleet was merely a feint, the horse which were covering their exposed flank were flying before Carleill's musketeers.

The surprise was complete. Taken in flank by Carleill, and threatened in the rear by his second column under Powell, the chief of the staff, the infantry could make no real resistance; and so rapidly was the English advance pushed home that the struggling mass of friend and foe entered pell-mell through the open gates of the town. For an hour, alarms of drum and trumpet mingling confusedly with the sounds of street-fighting reached the listening fleet as the two columns forced their way to meet upon the Plaza. But how they fared none could tell, till on a tower a white staff suddenly appeared, and in another moment the cross of St. George fluttered gayly out upon the breeze. With a roar of triumph the ships' guns saluted the signal of victory. The town was won.

Though the garrison fled panic-stricken across the river on the far side of the city, and the citadel was evacuated in the night, the place was far too large to be occupied by the force at Drake's command. Following, therefore, the same tactics that had been successful at Nombre de Dios, he ordered the troops to intrench themselves in the Plaza and to occupy the principal batteries. In this way he held the city for a month. The plunder was disappointing. The city was already a hundred years old, and its day was done; for the reckless native policy of the colo-

nists had almost ruined the island. It remained but to treat for a ransom. The Governor at once declared himself unable to meet the extravagant demands of the English admiral, and in order to bring him to terms Drake began to burn the town piecemeal. But so well was it built that little harm could be done, and every day his impatience increased.

Once, in the course of the negotiations, he sent a boy with a flag of truce to the Spanish camp. A Spaniard, meeting the lad, so ill-treated him that he could barely crawl back to die at the admiral's feet. Then all the fury of Drake's nature burst forth. Two friars who were among the prisoners were immediately sent ashore and hanged by the provost-marshal on the scene of the crime. Another was despatched to the Spanish camp to declare that two more would be executed every morning until the offender was brought down and hanged on the spot by his own authorities. In hasty alarm the demand was complied with, and then the international dinners and the negotiations went on more smoothly. Convinced at last of the poverty of the colony, Drake accepted a ransom of twenty-five thousand ducats. The sum, which is equal to about fifty thousand pounds of our money, though little enough to satisfy the shareholders, was very serious for the enemy. For besides this loss the town had been stripped of everything worth carrying away by the troops and seamen. Two hundred forty guns were taken on board the English ships; and not only were they thoroughly refurnished from the Spanish stores, but for a month the whole expedition had lived in free quarters at the enemy's expense. The entire fleet which lay in the harbor fell into Drake's hands, and, with the exception of four of the finest galleons, was given to the flames. Besides the vessels which the Spaniards themselves had scuttled, two galleys with their tenders, fifteen frigates, and a galleon were thus destroyed, and hundreds of galley-slaves set free.

"It was such a cooling to King Philip," said one in Europe as the news leaked out, "as never happened to him since he was King of Spain." But as yet Drake was far from done. In the middle of February, with his force recruited by the English prisoners he had freed, and with a troop of attendant prizes laden with his spoil, in undiminished strength he appeared before Cartagena. No city in America was more difficult of approach, but

the memories of the old hard days were still green, when, storm-beaten, drenched, and chilled, without food or shelter, he had ridden in the harbor day after day in despite of all the Spaniards could do, and he knew it all like a pilot. The city was built close to the shore fronting west, and directly from its southern face an inlet of the sea stretched many leagues southward along the coast, forming a large lagoon. The long spit of land which separated this sheet of water from the sea was pierced by two natural channels. At the far end was the dangerous Bocca Chica, and some three miles from the city was a larger entrance known as the Bocca Grande. Between this entrance and the town a tongue of land ran out at right angles from the spit to the opposite shore, forming an inner harbor and barring all approach to the city from the outer part of the lagoon, except by a narrow channel which lay under the guns of a powerful fort on the mainland.

On its northern and eastern faces the city was encircled by a broad creek, which ran round it from the inner harbor to the sea in such a way as to form a wide natural moat, rendering the city unapproachable from the mainland except by a bridge. This bridge was also commanded by the harbor fort, nor were land operations possible at any other point except from that part of the spit which lay between the city and the Bocca Grande. So finely, however, did this narrow down before the city could be reached, that between the inner harbor and the sea it was but fifty paces wide, and here the Spaniards had had time to prepare defences that looked impregnable. From shore to shore a formidable entrenchment completely barred the way; and not only was its front so staked and encumbered as to render a night attack impossible, but its approaches were swept by the guns and small-arms of a great galeas and two galleys which lay in the inner harbor.

To a man so tender as Drake ever was for the lives of his men and the safety of his ships, to attack such a place might well have appeared hopeless; but the originality of the amphibious corsair at once descried a hole which had escaped all the science of the Spanish martialists. Instead of entering by the Bocca Grande, with consummate skill and daring he piloted the whole fleet through the dangerous channel at the extreme end of the

lagoon. The only impression which so hazardous a movement could create in the minds of the Spaniards was that he was about to repeat his Santo Domingo operations, and land his troops there to attack from the mainland. Such an impression must have been confirmed as, moving up the lagoon, he anchored opposite the Bocca Grande and threatened the harbor fort with his boats; but Drake's project was far different. Instead of being landed on the mainland, Carleill with eight companies was quietly slipped ashore in the Bocca Grande, with instructions to make his way diagonally through the woods that covered the spit till he reached the seashore, and then, instead of advancing on the front of the intrenchments, to wade along through the wash of the surf till he was within striking distance of the Spanish position.

Meanwhile Frobisher advanced with the flotilla against the harbor fort, and as soon as Carleill was heard in contact with the enemy's pickets he opened fire. The boat-attack was repulsed—indeed, it may only have been intended as what soldiers then called “a hot alarm”—but Carleill was completely successful. By the march through the surf he had not only evaded the obstacles which the enemy had so carefully prepared, but he had been covered from the fire of the galleys in the harbor, and had never so much as entered the fire-area of the heavily armed intrenchments. After a desperate struggle at push of pike, the position was carried by assault, and once more so hotly was the advantage pursued that in one rush the whole town was captured. The garrison fled across the bridge to the hills, and the next day, when Drake brought up the fleet to bear upon the fort, that also was evacuated.

No success was ever better earned and few more richly rewarded. Cartagena was the capital of the Spanish Main, and though much younger than Santo Domingo it was far wealthier. It yielded rich loot for the men; and for his shareholders Drake, after a long negotiation, succeeded in exacting a ransom of a hundred ten thousand ducats, besides what he got for an adjacent monastery. Though to all this plunder Drake could add the consolation that he had destroyed the galleys and shipping which crowded the port, and blown up the harbor fort which the Spaniards had forgotten to include in the convention,

he was still unsatisfied. Well knowing that by an advance up the Chagres River in his boats Panama lay at his mercy, he was resolved with its capture to crown the campaign; but as he lay in Cartagena the sickness, which had never really ceased, broke out again with new virulence, and made such havoc with his force that he had reluctantly to confess that Panama must wait. To capture it with the crippled means at his command was impossible, and the only question was whether Cartagena should be held till he could return with reinforcements.

The soldiers declared themselves ready to undertake the task; but in a full council of war it was finally decided that no strategical advantage would be gained at all proportional to the risk that would be run in further weakening the fleet, and on the last day of March the signal to make sail home was flying from the Elizabeth Bonaventura. So severely, however, did they suffer from the weather and want of water that it was nearly two months before they reached the coast of Florida. Still Drake found time and energy to destroy and plunder the Spanish settlement at St. Augustine, and relieve Raleigh's exhausted colony in Virginia. With the remnants of the settlers on board, he weighed for England, and on July 28, 1586, he was writing from Plymouth to Lord Burghley laconically reporting his return; and, apologizing for having missed the Plate fleet by only twelve hours' sail—"the reason best known to God"—he declared that he and his fleet were ready at once to strike again in any direction the Queen would be pleased to indicate.

"There is a very great gap opened," said Drake in his letter to Burghley, "very little to the liking of the King of Spain." That, with the calm request for orders, was his comment on a feat which changed the destinies of Europe. At its fullest flood he had stemmed the tide of Spanish empire. It was no less a thing than that.

A few months ago all Europe had been cowering in confused alarm before the shadow of a new Roman empire. Ever since the first triumph of Luther, the cause of Reformation had been steadily losing ground; on England and the Low Countries hung its only hope, and with the fall of Antwerp Europe saw itself on the eve of that "last great battle in the west" which must decide its fate for centuries. In despair of the result, each trembling

power was trying to hide behind the other; each was thrusting its neighbor forward to break the coming blow; and Philip led the cheating till his hour should come. He was bent on crushing Elizabeth; and then, with one foot on the ruins of her kingdom, he meant to stamp down his rebellious Netherlands into the gloomy Catholicism in which his own dark soul was sunk. As the fruit of his splendid deliberation ripened, he strove to cheat Elizabeth into inactivity by a hope that peace might yet be purchased by the betrayal of the Netherlands.

Then in laughing gusts came over the Atlantic the rumors of his exploits, till the full gale they heralded swept over Europe, whirling into oblivion a hundred intrigues and bending the prestige of Spain like a reed. The limitless possibilities of the new-born naval warfare had been demonstrated, and the lesson startled Europe like a revelation. An unmeasured force was added to statecraft, and a new power had arisen. The effect was immediate. Men saw the fountain of Spanish trade at England's mercy; they knew how narrowly the Plate fleet had escaped, and a panic palsied Philip's finance. The Bank of Seville broke; that of Venice was in despair; and the King of Spain, pointed at as a bankrupt, failed to raise a loan of half a million ducats. Parma was appalled. With his brilliant capture of Antwerp he had seen himself on the brink of that great exploit with which he hoped to crown his career; and now, instead of a host armed at all points for the invasion of England, he saw around him a broken army it was impossible to supply. In Germany the Protestant princes raised their heads, and, seeing dawn at last, began to shake off the lethargy into which despair had plunged them. England was wild with joy. Burghley himself was almost startled from his caution, and cried out with half a shudder that Drake was a fearful man to the King of Spain.

For two years Philip had been at work upon his Armada. His ports were crowded with its details; his storehouses were bursting with its furniture; and Walsingham at last was able to convince the Queen, by a paper stolen from the very closet of the Pope, that it was upon her head the great engine was to crash. Her eyes were opened; and, infected for a moment with the warlike spirit into which her people and her Parliament had lashed themselves, she ordered Drake in 1587 to the coast of Spain.

It was no longer as a privateer that he was to act. He held the rank of her majesty's admiral-at-the-seas, and William Borough, the comptroller of the navy, was his vice-admiral. Four of the Queen's largest battle-ships and two of her pinnaces were under his command, and the London merchants committed to his flag ten fine cruisers, with the famous Merchant Royal at their head. Besides these, he had six hundred tons of his own shipping, as well as some of the lord admiral's. In all, exclusive of tenders, there were twenty-three sail—five battle-ships, two first-class cruisers, seven of the second class, and nine gun-boats large and small. With this fine force he was instructed to proceed to Cape St. Vincent, and by every means in his power to prevent the concentration of the several divisions of the Armada by cutting off their victuallers, and even destroying them in the ports where they lay. If the enemy sailed for England or Ireland, he was to hang on their skirts, cut off stragglers, and prevent a landing; and, finally, he was given a free hand to act against the East and West India convoys.

Elizabeth was in a resolute mood. Drake's ideas of naval warfare were developing a step further, and the Queen for the moment listened. He was beginning dimly to grasp that the command of the sea was the first object for a naval power to aim at. It was because he had not command of the seas that he had been unable to retain his hold of Cartagena, for the troops which should have formed its garrison were wanted to defend his fleet. Wiser for the lesson, his aim was now to crush the Spanish navy, and then, in undisputed control of the sea, to gather in his harvest. The opposition were thoroughly alarmed, and, while Drake in hot haste was driving on his preparations, they left no stone unturned to get his orders modified. They tampered with his men, they whispered slanders in his mistress' ear, they frightened her with threats from abroad, they tempted her with offers of peace from Parma on the old disgraceful terms. For Walsingham, who, through thick and thin, was always at Drake's back, it was an unequal fight; with the stanchest of his party in disgrace for Mary's premature execution, he was single-handed against a host, and at last the friends of Spain prevailed. Early in April a messenger sped down to Plymouth with orders that operations were to be confined to the high seas. As Philip's

ships were all snug in port, and could well remain there as long as Drake's stores allowed him to keep the sea, it was a complete triumph for Spain. But when the messenger dashed into Plymouth with the fatal packet he found the roadstead empty. Drake was gone.

In vain at the last moment a number of his sailors had been induced to desert; he had filled their places with soldiers. In vain a swift pinnace was despatched in pursuit; Drake had taken care no orders should catch him, and, with his squadron increased by two warships from Lyme, was already off Finisterre, battling with a gale which drove the pinnace home. For seven days it raged and forced the fleet far out to sea. Still Drake held on in its teeth, and so well had he his ships in hand that on the 16th, within twenty-four hours after the gale had blown itself out, the whole fleet in perfect order was sailing gayly eastward past Cape St. Vincent.

Eastward—for he had intelligence that Cadiz harbor was full of transports and store-ships, and on the afternoon of the 19th, as he entered the bay, he saw a forest of masts in the road behind the city. A council of war was summoned at once, and without asking their opinion he quietly told them he was going to attack. It was his usual manner of holding a council, but it took Borough's breath away. It shocked the old Queen's officer, and outraged his sense of what was due to his own reputation and experience and the time-honored customs of war. He wanted to talk about it and think about it, and find out first whether it was too dangerous. And there was certainly some excuse for his caution. Cadiz stands on a precipitous rock at the end of a low and narrow neck of land, some five miles in length, running parallel to the coast. Within this natural breakwater are enclosed an outer and an inner port; and so cumbered with shoals and rocks was the entrance from the sea that no ship could get in without passing under the guns of the town batteries, while access from the outer to the inner port was only to be gained by the Puntal passage, half a mile wide.

Opposite Cadiz, on the other side of the outer harbor, was Port St. Mary, and within the Puntal channel, at the extreme end of the inlet, stood Port Royal. Both places, however, were so protected by shoals as to be unapproachable except to the

port pilots. It was an ideal scene of action for galleys to develop their full capabilities. Two had already appeared to reconnoitre, and how many more there were no one could tell. Galleys, it must be remembered, were then considered the most formidable warships afloat, and quite invincible in confined waters or calms. By all the rules of war, on which Borough was the first authority in the service, to attack was suicide; but Drake had spent his life in breaking rules. He did not care. The enemy was there, his authority was in his pocket, the wind was fair, his officers believed in him, and as the sun sank low behind them the fleet went in.

A scene of terror and confusion followed. Every ship in the harbor cut its cables and sought safety in flight, some to sea, some across the bay to St. Mary's, some through the Puntal passage to the inner harbor and Port Royal. To cover the stampede ten galleys came confidently out from under the Cadiz batteries. All was useless. While the chartered cruisers swooped on the fugitives, the Queen's ships stood in, to head off the advancing galleys, as coolly as though they had fought them a hundred times before. In a few minutes the English admiral had taught the world a new lesson in tactics. Galleys could only fire straight ahead; and, as they came on line abreast, Drake, passing with the Queen's four battle-ships athwart their course, poured in his heavy broadsides. Never before had such gunnery been seen. Ere the galleys were within effective range for their own ordnance they were raked and riddled and confounded, and to the consternation of the Spaniards they broke for the cover of the batteries. Two had to be hauled up to prevent their sinking; the rest were a shambles, and nothing was now thought of but how to protect the city from the assault which seemed inevitable. Hardly any troops were there: a panic seized the population; and Drake was left alone to do the work for which he had come.

Beyond the batteries the fleet anchored with its prizes, plundering and scuttling with all its might, till the flood came in again. Then all that remained were fired, and, by the flare of the blazing hulks as they drifted clear with the tide, Drake moved the fleet into the mouth of the Puntal channel, out of range of the batteries. He himself took up a position seaward of the new

anchorage, to engage the guns which the Spaniards were bringing down from the town and to keep off the galleys; for as yet the work was but half done. In the inner harbor lay the splendid galleon of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, and a crowd of great ships too big to seek the refuge of the shoals about Port Royal, and at daylight the Merchant Royal went boldly in, with all the tenders in company. Then, in spite of the labors of the past night, the plundering, scuttling, and burning began again. Outside, the galleys were making half-hearted demonstrations against the English anchorage, but they were easily kept at bay. By noon it was all over, and Drake attempted to make sail. In the past thirty-six hours he had entirely revictualled his fleet with wine, oil, biscuit, and dried fruits. He had destroyed some twelve thousand tons of shipping, including some of the finest vessels afloat, and four ships laden with provisions were in possession of his prize crews.¹ It was enough and more than enough. But the wind would not serve, and all day long he lay where he was, in sight of the troops that were now pouring along the isthmus into Cadiz.

Again and again the galleys attempted to approach, and every time Drake's broadsides swept them back before they reached their effective range. Vainly, too, the Spaniards strove to post guns near enough to annoy the fleet. Nor did the struggle cease till at midnight a land-wind sprang up, and, brushing from his path the galleys that sought to block the way, Drake made sail. By two o'clock he had cleared the batteries and was safe outside without losing a single man. Boldly enough then the galleys gave chase, but, unfortunately, the wind suddenly shifted completely round. Drake at once went about, and the galleys fled in most undignified haste, leaving the English fleet to complete its triumph by anchoring unmolested in full view of the town.

Such an exploit was without precedent. The chivalry of Spain was as enthusiastic in its admiration of Drake's feat of arms as it was disgusted at the cumbrous organization which condemned it to inactivity. A whole day Drake waited where he was, to try and exchange his prisoners for English galley-

¹In the official report the Spaniards admit the loss of twenty-four ships valued at one hundred seventy-two thousand ducats. This, it would seem, was all they dared tell the King.

slaves, but, getting nothing but high compliments and dilatory answers for his pains, on the morrow he sailed. There was no time to lose. By his captures he had discovered the whole of Philip's plan. Out of the Mediterranean the divisions of Italy, Sicily, and Andalusia were to come and join the head-quarters at Lisbon, where the Grand Admiral of Spain, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, was busy with the bulk of the armada. At Cape St. Vincent was the road where ships coming out of the Straits waited for a wind to carry them north, and there he had resolved to take his stand, and fight everything that attempted to join Santa Cruz's flag in the Tagus.

Such light airs prevailed that it was not till the end of the month that the fleet reached the road. By that time its water was exhausted, and, as every headland was crowned with works commanding the anchorage and the watering-places, Drake at once saw he must take them. In his usual off-hand way he summoned his council, and told them over the dinner-table what he was going to do. It was more than the vice-admiral's dignity and caution could endure. In high dudgeon he returned to his ship, and, in the midst of a gale which suddenly arose and drove the fleet to the north of the cape, he indited a long and solemn protest, not only against the contemplated operation, but against the unprecedented despotism with which Drake was conducting the whole expedition. Borough, though no doubt jealous of Drake, certainly believed he was doing nothing beyond his right and duty. He felt he had been attached to the expedition as the most complete sailor in the kingdom, and he valued and deserved his reputation. In the scientific knowledge of his art he was unrivalled, and he was the only officer in the service who had fought and won a purely naval action. No one, therefore, can fairly blame him for resenting the revolutionary manner in which his commander was ignoring him in contempt of the time-honored privileges of the council of war.

Drake, in his hot self-confidence, thought otherwise. As he rode out the gale under the lee of St. Vincent, and the tempest howled through his rigging, once more there fell upon him the shadow of the tragedy which could never cease to darken his judgment. Already, in Cadiz harbor, he had thought his vice-admiral too careful of his ship when the shot were flying; and

now he saw in him another Doughty sent by the friends of Spain to hang on his arm. "In persisting," he told Lord Burleigh, "he committed a double offence, not only against me, but it toucheth further." To his embittered sense the querulous protest was a treasonable attack on his own authority, and in his fury he brutally dismissed the old admiral from his command and placed him under arrest on his flag-ship. In vain the astonished veteran protested his innocence, apologized, and made submission. Drake would not listen. The ring of the headsman's sword upon the desolate shores of Patagonia had deafened his ears to such entreaties forever.

Two days later he was back in Lagos Bay, landing a thousand men for an attempt upon the town, but in the evening, after vainly endeavoring to induce the bodies of cavalry which hovered on their line of march to come within reach, the troops reëmbarked, reporting the place too strong to be taken by assault. Such reports were not to Drake's liking. It was no mere cross-raiding on which he was bent, but a sagacious stroke that was essential to the development of his new ideas. To get the command of the seas it was necessary that he should be able to keep the seas, and for this a safe anchorage and watering-places were necessary. In default of Lagos, strategy and convenience both indicated St. Vincent road for his purpose. It was commanded by forts, but that did not deter him; and, resolved to have his way, he next day landed in person near Cape Sagres.

On the summit of the headland was a castle accessible on two sides only. The English military officers declared that a hundred determined men could hold it against the whole of Drake's force. But he would not listen; it commanded the watering-place, and he meant to have it. Detaching part of his force against a neighboring fort, which was at once evacuated, he himself advanced against the castle, and at the summit of the cliff found himself confronted with walls thirty feet high, bristling with brass guns and crowded with soldiers. The garrison had just been reënforced by that of the evacuated fort, and to every one but the admiral the affair was hopeless. He attacked with his musketeers, and, when they had exhausted their ammunition, in the name of his queen and mistress he summoned the place to surrender. In the name of his lord and master the Spanish cap-

tain laughed at him. Whereupon Drake, more obstinate than ever, sent down to the fleet for fagots, and began piling them against the outer gate to fire it. So desperate was the resistance that again and again the attempt failed. For two hours the struggle lasted. As fast as the defenders threw down the fire, the English piled it up again; and in the midst of the smoke and the bullets the admiral toiled like a common seaman, with his arms full of fagots and his face black with soot. How long his obstinacy would have continued it is impossible to say, but at the end of the two hours the Spanish commandant sank under his wounds and the garrison surrendered. Daunted by a feat which every one regarded as little short of a miracle, the castle and monastery of St. Vincent, together with another fort near it, capitulated at the magician's first summons, and left him in complete possession of the anchorage to water the fleet undisturbed.

Having fired the captured strongholds, and tumbled their guns over the cliffs into the sea, Drake returned to the fleet to find the sailors had not been idle. Between St. Vincent and a village some nine miles to the eastward which they had been ordered to burn, they had taken forty-seven barks and caravels laden with stores for the Armada, and destroyed between fifty and sixty fishing-boats with miles of nets. The tunny-fishery, on which the whole of the adjacent country chiefly depended for its subsistence, was annihilated. For the time Drake's work on the Algarve coast was done, and, having watered the fleet and fished up the captured guns, he sailed for Lisbon.

His own idea had been to land there and smite Philip's preparation at its heart, but this the Government had expressly forbidden. Still he hoped that the havoc he had made and the insults he had put on the Spanish coasts might goad Santa Cruz to come out and fight him. For three days he lay off Cascaes, in sight of Lisbon, threatening an attack and sending polished taunts to the Spanish admiral. He offered to convoy him to England if his course lay that way; he took prizes under his very nose; with his fleet in loose order he sailed up to the very entrance of the harbor; but, though seven galleys lay on their oars watching him from the mouth of the Tagus, Santa Cruz would not move, and Drake learned at last how deep was the wound he had inflicted.

Philip's organization was now completely dislocated. The fleet at Lisbon was unmanned. Its crews had been shattered in Cadiz harbor, and the troops that were intended for it had been thrown into the defenceless city under the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, with orders that while Drake was on the coast not a man was to be moved. All thought of an attack on England was given up. It was even doubted whether by straining every nerve it would be possible to save the homeward-bound fleets from the Indies. The Italian squadrons were ordered to land their troops at Cartagena, and Philip hoped that by forced marches across the peninsula they might possibly arrive in time for Santa Cruz to sail before it was too late. Every one else looked on the convoys as doomed. For Drake, having assured himself that Santa Cruz could not stir, and that England was safe for a year at least, resolved to make for the Azores and wait for the prey that had so narrowly escaped him the year before.

On the third day of his stay off the Tagus he took advantage of a northerly gale to run for the anchorage at St. Vincent, which he had made his own, and where he intended to water and refresh for the voyage. There, huddled under the lee of the cape, was found a fresh crowd of store-ships, which he seized. For nine days he lay there, rummaging the ships, taking in water, and sending the men ashore in batches to shake off the sickness with which, as usual, the fleet was attacked. Every day new prizes fell into his hands, and ere he sailed he had taken and destroyed forty more vessels and a hundred small craft. On May 22d he put to sea, and, as the news spread, a panic seized every commercial centre in the Spanish dominions. Half the merchants in Philip's empire saw ruin before them: the whole year's produce both of the East and West Indian trade was at Drake's mercy; and no one knew how Spain, with its resources already strained to the utmost, would survive the shock.

Whatever might have been the result had these fears been realized, destiny seemed to have decided that in the Channel should be played the last great scene. Drake had not been two days out when a storm struck his fleet and scattered it over the face of the sea. For three days it raged with extraordinary fury. Drake's own flag-ship was in dire peril, and, when the heavens

cleared, only three of the battle-ships and half a dozen smaller craft were together. Not a single merchant-ship was to be seen, and the Lion, Borough's flag-ship, on which he was still a prisoner, was missing too. Before leaving St. Vincent Drake had told Walsingham that he ought to have at least six more cruisers to do his work properly, and now two-thirds of what he had before were gone. Still he held on, hoping to find some of the missing ships at the rendezvous in the Azores.

On the morning of June 8th St. Michael's was sighted, but not a sail had rejoined the flag except the Spy, one of the Queen's gunboats, with the captain and master of the Lion on board, and they reported that the crew of Borough's ship had mutinied and carried him home. Then, in the depth of his disappointment, Drake's fury blazed out anew. His fierce self-reliance and fanatic patriotism had taught him to see a traitor in every man that opposed him, and the bitter experience of his lifelong struggle against the enemies of his country and his creed could bring him but to one conclusion—Borough was the traitor who had ruined the greatest chance of his career! A jury was impanelled, the deserter tried for his life, found guilty, and condemned to death.

It was little good except to relieve the admiral's anger. The splendid opportunity was gone; the fruit of his brilliant exploit was snatched from his lips; for, even had the remnant of his fleet been less shattered than it was, the great convoys were beyond its strength. The only hope was to hurry back to England and beg for reinforcements to fight Santa Cruz for the life-blood of Spain.

Yet ere he sailed there was a consolation at hand. As he lay waiting for his shattered squadron to close up, fuming at traitors, and marvelling at the inscrutable will of Heaven, the dawn of June 9th lit up the gray sea and showed him a huge carack in the offing. On a smart breeze he gave chase. The carack kept her course, but, as Drake drew near, began displaying her colors nervously. Drake made not a sign in reply, but held on till he was within range. Then on a sudden, with a blaze of her ensigns and her broadside, the Elizabeth Bonaventura told the stranger what she was. Two of Drake's squadron threw themselves resolutely athwart-hawse of the enemy, and the rest, ply-

ing her hard with shot, prepared to run aboard her towering hull. But, ere they closed, her flag fluttered sadly down, and the famous San Filippe, the King of Spain's own East-Indiaman, the largest merchantman afloat, was a prize in Drake's hands.

Well might he wonder now at God's providence, as with lightened heart he sailed homeward with his prize. For not only was it the richest ever seen in England before or since, not only was its cargo valued at over a million of our money, but in it were papers which disclosed to our merchants all the mysteries and richness of the East India trade. It was a revelation to English commerce. It intoxicated the soberest capitalists; and they knew no rest till they had formed the great East India Company, to widen the gap which Drake had opened, and to lay the foundation of our Indian Empire.

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

A.D. 1588

SIR EDWARD SHEPHERD CREASY

Two years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England, the Geneva Confession of Faith (Calvinistic) was adopted by the Scottish nation, which thus formally became Protestant. The aim of Mary, Queen of Scots, to restore the Catholic religion in that kingdom added many complications to her royal task, as well as to her personal fortunes. Her final condemnation and execution, 1587, for conspiracy against Elizabeth, occurred at a time when the shadow of Spanish supremacy was being cast broadly over Europe. The Spanish power was still attempting the subjugation of the Netherlands, and it was the ambition of Philip II to bring England also under his own sway and that of Rome.

Elizabeth had given aid to Philip's rebellious subjects in the Netherlands, and Sir Francis Drake had committed many depredations upon Spain and her colonies. For the purpose of avenging these acts, as well as the death of Mary Stuart, and of overthrowing the Reformation in Great Britain, Philip gathered up all his strength and prepared to hurl a mighty naval force, the "Invincible Armada," against England.

Creasy's masterly survey of the European situation at this period unfolds the Anglo-Spanish complications. His exhaustive account of the Armada and its ill-fated enterprise makes clear everything important in this famous passage of history.

ON the afternoon of July 19, 1588, a group of English captains was collected at the bowling green on the Hoe, at Plymouth, whose equals have never before or since been brought together, even at that favorite mustering-place of the heroes of the British navy. There was Sir Francis Drake, the first English circumnavigator of the globe, the terror of every Spanish coast in the Old World and the New; there was Sir John Hawkins, the rough veteran of many a daring voyage on the African and American seas and of many a desperate battle; there was Sir Martin Frobisher, one of the earliest explorers of the Arctic seas in search of the northwest passage.

There was the high admiral of England, Lord Howard of

Effingham, prodigal of all things in his country's cause, and who had recently had the noble daring to refuse to dismantle part of the fleet, though the Queen had sent him orders to do so in consequence of an exaggerated report that the enemy had been driven back and shattered by a storm. Lord Howard—whom contemporary writers describe as being of a wise and noble courage, skilful in sea matters, wary and provident, and of great esteem among the sailors—resolved to risk his sovereign's anger, and to keep the ships afloat at his own charge, rather than that England should run the peril of losing their protection.

Another of our Elizabethan sea-kings, Sir Walter Raleigh, was at that time commissioned to raise and equip the land forces of Cornwall; but we may well believe that he must have availed himself of the opportunity of consulting with the lord admiral and the other high officers, which was offered by the English fleet putting into Plymouth; and we may look on Raleigh as one of the group that was assembled at the bowling green on the Hoe.

Many other brave men and skilful mariners, besides the chiefs whose names have been mentioned, were there, enjoying, with true sailor-like merriment, their temporary relaxation from duty. In the harbor lay the English fleet with which they had just returned from a cruise to Corunna in search of information respecting the real condition and movements of the hostile armada. Lord Howard had ascertained that our enemies, though tempest-tossed, were still formidably strong; and, fearing that part of their fleet might make for England in his absence, he had hurried back to the Devonshire coast. He resumed his station at Plymouth, and waited there for certain tidings of the Spaniards' approach.

A match at bowls was being played, in which Drake and other high officers of the fleet were engaged, when a small armed vessel was seen running before the wind into Plymouth harbor with all sails set. Her commander landed in haste, and eagerly sought the place where the English lord admiral and his captains were standing. His name was Fleming; he was the master of a Scotch privateer; and he told the English officers that he had that morning seen the Spanish Armada off the Cornish coast. At this exciting information the captains began to hurry down to the water, and there was a shouting for the ships' boats; but

Drake coolly checked his comrades, and insisted that the match should be played out. He said that there was plenty of time both to win the game and beat the Spaniards. The best and bravest match that ever was scored was resumed accordingly. Drake and his friends aimed their last bowls with the same steady, calculating coolness with which they were about to point their guns. The winning cast was made; and then they went on board and prepared for action, with their hearts as light and their nerves as firm as they had been on the Hoe bowling green.

Meanwhile the messengers and signals had been despatched fast and far through England, to warn each town and village that the enemy had come at last. In every seaport there was instant making ready by land and by sea; in every shire and every city there was instant mustering of horse and man. But England's best defence then, as ever, was in her fleet; and, after warping laboriously out of Plymouth harbor against the wind, the lord admiral stood westward under easy sail, keeping an anxious look-out for the armada, the approach of which was soon announced by Cornish fisher-boats and signals from the Cornish cliffs.

It is not easy, without some reflection and care, to comprehend the full extent of the peril which England then ran from the power and the ambition of Spain, or to appreciate the importance of that crisis in the history of the world. Queen Elizabeth had found at her accession an encumbered revenue, a divided people, and an unsuccessful foreign war, in which the last remnant of our possessions in France had been lost; she had also a formidable pretender to her crown, whose interests were favored by all the Roman Catholic powers. It is true that, during the years of her reign which had passed away before the attempted invasion of 1588, she had revived the commercial prosperity, the national spirit, and the national loyalty of England. But her resources to cope with the colossal power of Philip II still seemed most scanty; and she had not a single foreign ally, except the Dutch, who were themselves struggling hard, and, as it seemed, hopelessly, to maintain their revolt against Spain.

On the other hand, Philip II was absolute master of an empire so superior to the other states of the world in extent, in resources, and especially in military and naval forces as to make

the project of enlarging that empire into a universal monarchy seem a perfectly feasible scheme; and Philip had both the ambition to perform that project and the resolution to devote all his energies and all his means to its realization. Since the downfall of the Roman Empire no such preponderating power had existed in the world. During the mediæval centuries the chief European kingdoms were slowly moulding themselves out of the feudal chaos; and though the wars with each other were numerous and desperate, and several of their respective kings figured for a time as mighty conquerors, none of them in those times acquired the consistency and perfect organization which are requisite for a long-sustained career of aggrandizement. After the consolidation of the great kingdoms they for some time kept each other in mutual check.

During the first half of the sixteenth century the balancing system was successfully practised by European statesmen. But when Philip II reigned, France had become so miserably weak through her civil wars that he had nothing to dread from the rival state which had so long curbed his father, the Emperor Charles V. In Germany, Italy, and Poland he had either zealous friends and dependents or weak and divided enemies. Against the Turks he had gained great and glorious successes; and he might look round the Continent of Europe without discerning a single antagonist of whom he could stand in awe. Spain, when he acceded to the throne, was at the zenith of her power.

The hardihood and spirit which the Aragonese, the Castilians, and the other nations of the peninsula had acquired during centuries of free institutions and successful war against the Moors had not yet become obliterated. Charles V had, indeed, destroyed the liberties of Spain; but that had been done too recently for its full evil to be felt in Philip's time. A people cannot be debased in a single generation; and the Spaniards under Charles V and Philip II proved the truth of the remark that no nation is ever so formidable to its neighbors, for a time, as a nation which, after being trained up in self-government, passes suddenly under a despotic ruler. The energy of democratic institutions survives for a few generations, and to it are superadded the decision and certainty which are the attributes of government when all its

powers are directed by a single mind. It is true that this preternatural vigor is short-lived: national corruption and debasement gradually follow the loss of the national liberties; but there is an interval before their workings are felt, and in that interval the most ambitious schemes of foreign conquest are often successfully undertaken.

Philip had also the advantage of finding himself at the head of a large standing army in a perfect state of discipline and equipment, in an age when, except some few insignificant corps, standing armies were unknown in Christendom. The renown of the Spanish troops was justly high, and the infantry in particular was considered the best in the world. His fleet, also, was far more numerous and better appointed than that of any other European power; and both his soldiers and his sailors had the confidence in themselves and their commanders which a long career of successful warfare alone can create.

Besides the Spanish crown, Philip succeeded to the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the duchy of Milan, Franche-Comté, and the Netherlands. In Africa he possessed Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verd and the Canary islands; and in Asia, the Philippine and Sunda islands and a part of the Moluccas. Beyond the Atlantic he was lord of the most splendid portions of the New World, which Columbus found "for Castile and Leon." The empires of Peru and Mexico, New Spain, and Chile, with their abundant mines of the precious metals, Española and Cuba, and many other of the American islands were provinces of the sovereign of Spain.

Whatever diminution the Spanish empire might have sustained in the Netherlands seemed to be more than compensated by the acquisition of Portugal, which Philip had completely conquered in 1580. Not only that ancient kingdom itself, but all the fruits of the maritime enterprises of the Portuguese, had fallen into Philip's hands. All the Portuguese colonies in America, Africa, and the East Indies acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Spain, who thus not only united the whole Iberian peninsula under his single sceptre, but had acquired a transmarine empire little inferior in wealth and extent to that which he had inherited at his accession. The splendid victory which his fleet, in conjunction with the papal and Venetian galleys, had gained

at Lepanto over the Turks, had deservedly exalted the fame of the Spanish marine throughout Christendom; and when Philip had reigned thirty-five years, the vigor of his empire seemed unbroken, and the glory of the Spanish arms had increased, and was increasing throughout the world.

One nation only had been his active, his persevering, and his successful foe. England had encouraged his revolted subjects in Flanders against him, and given them the aid, in men and money, without which they must soon have been humbled in the dust. English ships had plundered his colonies; had defied his supremacy in the New World as well as the Old; they had inflicted ignominious defeats on his squadrons; they had captured his cities and burned his arsenals on the very coasts of Spain. The English had made Philip himself the object of personal insult. He was held up to ridicule in their stage plays and masks, and these scoffs at the man had—as is not unusual in such cases—excited the anger of the absolute King even more vehemently than the injuries inflicted on his power. Personal as well as political revenge urged him to attack England. Were she once subdued, the Dutch must submit; France could not cope with him; the empire would not oppose him; and universal dominion seemed sure to be the result of the conquest of that malignant island.

There was yet another and a stronger feeling which armed King Philip against England. He was one of the sincerest and one of the sternest bigots of his age. He looked on himself, and was looked on by others, as the appointed champion to extirpate heresy and reëstablish the papal power throughout Europe.

A powerful reaction against Protestantism had taken place since the commencement of the second half of the sixteenth century, and he looked on himself as destined to complete it. The Reformed doctrines had been thoroughly rooted out from Italy and Spain. Belgium, which had previously been half Protestant, had been reconquered both in allegiance and creed by Philip, and had become one of the most Catholic countries in the world. Half Germany had been won back to the old faith. In Savoy, in Switzerland, and many other countries the progress of the Counter-reformation had been rapid and decisive. The Catholic league seemed victorious in France. The papal court itself

had shaken off the supineness of recent centuries, and, at the head of the Jesuits and the other new ecclesiastical orders, was displaying a vigor and a boldness worthy of the days of Hildebrand or Innocent III.

Throughout Continental Europe the Protestants, discomfited and dismayed, looked to England as their protector and refuge. England was the acknowledged central point of Protestant power and policy; and to conquer England was to stab Protestantism to the very heart. Sixtus V, the then reigning Pope, earnestly exhorted Philip to this enterprise. And when the tidings reached Italy and Spain that the Protestant Queen of England had put to death her Catholic prisoner, Mary, Queen of Scots, the fury of the Vatican and Escorial knew no bounds. Elizabeth was denounced as the murderous heretic whose destruction was an instant duty.

A formal treaty was concluded in June, 1587, by which the Pope bound himself to contribute a million of scudi to the expenses of the war, the money to be paid as soon as the King had actual possession of an English port. Philip, on his part, strained the resources of his vast empire to the utmost. The French Catholic chiefs eagerly coöperated with him. In the seaports of the Mediterranean and along almost the whole coast from Gibraltar to Jutland the preparations for the great armament were urged forward with all the earnestness of religious zeal as well as of angry ambition.

"Thus," says the German historian of the Popes,¹ "thus did the united powers of Italy and Spain, from which such mighty influences had gone forth over the whole world, now rouse themselves for an attack upon England! The King had already compiled, from the archives of Simancas, a statement of the claims which he had to the throne of that country on the extinction of the Stuart line; the most brilliant prospects, especially that of a universal dominion of the seas, were associated in his mind with this enterprise. Everything seemed to conspire to such an end—the predominancy of Catholicism in Germany, the renewed attack upon the Huguenots in France, the attempt upon Geneva, and the enterprise against England. At the same moment a thoroughly Catholic prince, Sigismund III, ascended the throne of

¹ Ranke.

Poland, with the prospect also of future succession to the throne of Sweden. But whenever any principle or power, be it what it may, aims at unlimited supremacy in Europe, some vigorous resistance to it, having its origin in the deepest springs of human nature, invariably arises. Philip II had to encounter newly awakened powers, braced by the vigor of youth and elevated by a sense of their future destiny.

"The intrepid corsairs, who had rendered every sea insecure, now clustered round the coasts of their native island. The Protestants in a body—even the Puritans, although they had been subjected to as severe oppression as the Catholics—rallied round their Queen, who now gave admirable proof of her masculine courage and her princely talent of winning the affections and leading the minds and preserving the allegiance of men."

Ranke should have added that the English Catholics at this crisis proved themselves as loyal to their Queen and true to their country as were the most vehement anti-Catholic zealots in the island. Some few traitors there were, but as a body, the Englishmen who held the ancient faith stood the trial of their patriotism nobly. The lord admiral himself was a Catholic, and—to adopt the words of Hallam—"then it was that the Catholics in every country repaired to the standard of the lord lieutenant, imploring that they might not be suspected of bartering the national independence for their religion itself." The Spaniard found no partisans in the country which he assailed, nor did England, self-wounded,

"Lie at the proud foot of her enemy."

For upward of a year the Spanish preparations had been actively and unremittingly urged forward. Negotiations were, during this time, carried on at Ostend, in which various pretexts were assigned by the Spanish commissioners for the gathering together of such huge masses of shipping, and such equipments of troops in all the seaports which their master ruled; but Philip himself took little care to disguise his intentions; nor could Elizabeth and her able ministers doubt but that this island was the real object of the Spanish armament.

The peril that was wisely foreseen was resolutely provided for. Circular-letters from the Queen were sent round to the lord lieutenants of the several counties requiring them to "call to-

gether the best sort of gentlemen under their lieutenancy, and to declare unto them these great preparations and arrogant threatenings, now burst forth in action upon the seas, wherein every man's particular state, in the highest degree, could be touched in respect of country, liberty, wives, children, lands, lives, and—which was specially to be regarded—the profession of the true and sincere religion of Christ, and to lay before them the infinite and unspeakable miseries that would fall out upon any such change, which miseries were evidently seen by the fruits of that hard and cruel government holden in countries not far distant.

"We do look," said the Queen, "that the most part of them should have, upon this instant extraordinary occasion, a larger proportion of furniture, both for horsemen and footmen, but especially horsemen, than hath been certified thereby to be in their best strength against any attempt, or to be employed about our own person or otherwise. Hereunto as we doubt not but by your good endeavors they will be the rather conformable, so also we assure ourselves that almighty God will so bless these their loyal hearts borne toward us, their loving sovereign, and their natural country, that all the attempts of any enemy whatsoever shall be made void and frustrate, to their confusion, your comfort, and to God's high glory."¹

Letters of a similar kind were also sent by the council to each of the nobility and to the great cities. The Primate called on the clergy for their contributions; and by every class of the community the appeal was responded to with liberal zeal, that offered more even than the Queen required. The boasting threats of the Spaniards had roused the spirit of the nation, and the whole people "were thoroughly irritated to stir up their whole forces for their defence against such prognosticated conquests; so that in a very short time all her whole realm, and every corner, were furnished with armed men, on horseback and on foot; and those continually trained, exercised, and put into bands in warlike manner, as in no age ever was before in this realm.

"There was no sparing of money to provide horse, armor, weapons, powder, and all necessities; no, nor want of provision of pioneers, carriages, and victuals, in every county of the realm, without exception, to attend upon the armies. And to this general

¹ Strype, cited in Southey: *Naval History*.

furniture every man voluntarily offered, very many their services personally without wages, others money for armor and weapons, and to wage soldiers—a matter strange, and never the like heard of in this realm or elsewhere. And this general reason moved all men to large contributions: that when a conquest was to be withstood wherein all should be lost, it was no time to spare a portion.”¹

Our lion-hearted Queen showed herself worthy of such a people. A camp was formed at Tilbury; and there Elizabeth rode through the ranks, encouraging her captains and her soldiers by her presence and her words. One of the speeches which she addressed to them during this crisis has been preserved; and, though often quoted, it must not be omitted here.

“My loving people,” she said, “we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and therefore I am come among you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die among you all, to lay down for my God, for my kingdom, and for my people, my honor and my blood even in the dust.

“I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England, too, and think it foul scorn that Parma, of Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm, to which, rather than any dishonor shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns: and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject, not doubting but by your obedience to my

¹ Copy of contemporary letter in the Harleian Collection, quoted by Southey.

general, by your concord in the camp, and your valor in the field we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

Some of Elizabeth's advisers recommended that the whole care and resources of the government should be devoted to the equipment of the armies, and that the enemy, when he attempted to land, should be welcomed with a battle on the shore. But the wiser counsels of Raleigh and others prevailed, who urged the importance of fitting out a fleet that should encounter the Spaniards at sea, and, if possible, prevent them from approaching the land at all.

In Raleigh's great work, the *History of the World*, he takes occasion, when discussing some of the events of the First Punic War, to give his reasonings on the proper policy of England when menaced with invasion. Without doubt we have there the substance of the advice which he gave to Elizabeth's council; and the remarks of such a man on such a subject have a general and enduring interest beyond the immediate crisis which called them forth.

Raleigh says: "Surely I hold that the best way is to keep our enemies from treading upon our ground; wherein if we fail, then must we seek to make him wish that he had stayed at his own home. In such a case, if it should happen, our judgments are to weigh many particular circumstances that belong not unto this discourse. But making the question general, the positive, *Whether England, without the help of her fleet, be able to debar an enemy from landing*, I hold that it is unable so to do, and therefore I think it most dangerous to make the adventure; for the encouragement of a first victory to an enemy, and the discouragement of being beaten to the invaded, may draw after it a most perilous consequence.

"Great difference I know there is, and a diverse consideration to be had, between such a country as France is, strengthened with many fortified places, and this of ours, where our ramparts are but the bodies of men. But I say that an army to be transported over sea, and to be landed again in an enemy's country, and the place left to the choice of the invader, cannot be resisted on the coast of England without a fleet to impeach it; no, nor on the coast of France or any other country, except every creek,

port, or sandy bay had a powerful army in each of them to make opposition.

“For let the supposition be granted that Kent is able to furnish twelve thousand foot, and that those twelve thousand be layed in the three best landing-places within that country, to wit, three thousand at Margat, three thousand at the Nesse, and six thousand at Foulkstone, that is, somewhat equally distant from them both, as also that two of these troops—unless some other order be thought more fit—be directed to strengthen the third, when they shall see the enemy’s fleet to head toward it: I say, that notwithstanding this provision, if the enemy, setting sail from the Isle of Wight, in the first watch of the night, and towing their long boats at their sterns, shall arrive by dawn of day at the Nesse, and thrust their army on shore there, it will be hard for those three thousand that are at Margat—twenty-and-four long miles from thence—to come time enough to reënforce their fellows at the Nesse. Nay, how shall they at Foulkstone be able to do it, who are nearer by more than half the way? seeing that the enemy, at his first arrival, will either make his entrance by force, with three or four shot of great artillery, and quickly put the first three thousand that are intrenched at the Nesse to run, or else give them so much to do that they shall be glad to send for help to Foulkstone, and perhaps to Margat, whereby those places will be left bare.

“Now, let us suppose that all the twelve thousand Kentish soldiers arrived at the Nesse ere the enemy can be ready to disembark his army, so that he will find it unsafe to land in the face of so many prepared to withstand him, yet must we believe that he will play the best of his own game—having liberty to go which way he list—and, under covert of the night, set sail toward the east, where what shall hinder him to take ground either at Margat, the Downes, or elsewhere, before they at the Nesse can be well aware of his departure?

“Certainly there is nothing more easy than to do it. Yea, the like may be said of Weymouth, Purbeck, Poole, and of all landing-places on the southwest; for there is no man ignorant that ships, without putting themselves out of breath, will easily outrun the soldiers that coast them. ‘*Les armées ne volent point en poste*’ (‘Armies neither flye nor run post’), saith a marshal

of France. And I know it to be true that a fleet of ships may be seen at sunset, and after it at the Lizard, yet by the next morning they may recover Portland, whereas an army of foot shall not be able to march it in six days.

"Again, when those troops lodged on the sea-shores shall be forced to run from place to place in vain, after a fleet of ships, they will at length sit down in the midway and leave all at adventure. But say it were otherwise, that the invading enemy will offer to land in some such place where there shall be an army of ours ready to receive him; yet it cannot be doubted but that when the choice of all our trained bands, and the choice of our commanders and captains, shall be drawn together—as they were at Tilbury in the year 1588—to attend the person of the Prince, and for the defence of the city of London, they that remain to guard the coast can be of no such force as to encounter an army like unto that wherewith it was intended that the Prince of Parma should have landed in England.

"For end of this digression, I hope that this question shall never come to trial: his majesty's many movable forts will forbid the experience. And although the English will no less disdain, than any nation under heaven can do, to be beaten upon their own ground, or elsewhere, by a foreign enemy, yet to entertain those that shall assail us, with their own beef in their bellies, and before they eat of our Kentish capons, I take it to be the wisest way—to do which his majesty, after God, will employ his good ships on the sea, and not trust in any intrenchment upon the shore."

The introduction of steam as a propelling power at sea has added tenfold weight to these arguments of Raleigh. On the other hand, a well-constructed system of railways, especially of coast-lines, aided by the operation of the electric telegraph, would give facilities for concentrating a defensive army to oppose an enemy on landing, and for moving troops from place to place in observation of the movements of the hostile fleet, such as would have astonished Sir Walter, even more than the sight of vessels passing rapidly to and fro without the aid of wind or tide. The observation of the French marshal whom he quotes is now no longer correct. Armies can be made to pass from place to place almost with the speed of wings, and far more rapidly than any

post-travelling that was known in the Elizabethan or any other age. Still, the presence of a sufficient armed force at the right spot, at the right time, can never be made a matter of certainty, and, even after the changes that have taken place, no one can doubt but that the policy of Raleigh is that which England should ever seek to follow in defensive war.

At the time of the armada, that policy certainly saved the country, if not from conquest, at least from deplorable calamities. If, indeed, the enemy had landed, we may be sure that he would have been heroically opposed. But history shows us so many examples of the superiority of veteran troops over new levies, however numerous and brave, that, without disparaging our countrymen's soldierly merits, we may well be thankful that no trial of them was then made on English land. Especially must we feel this when we contrast the high military genius of the Prince of Parma, who would have headed the Spaniards, with the imbecility of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the deplorable spirit of favoritism, which formed the great blemish on Elizabeth's character, had then committed the chief command of the English armies.

The ships of the royal navy at this time amounted to no more than thirty-six; but the most serviceable merchant vessels were collected from all the ports of the country; and the citizens of London, Bristol, and the other great seats of commerce showed as liberal a zeal in equipping and manning vessels as the nobility and gentry displayed in mustering forces by land. The seafaring population of the coast, of every rank and station, was animated by the same ready spirit; and the whole number of seamen who came forward to man the English fleet was 17,472; the number of the ships that were collected was 191; and the total amount of their tonnage, 31,985. There was one ship in the fleet—the *Triumph*—of 1100 tons, one of 1000, one of 900, two of 800 each, three of 600, five of 500, five of 400, six of 300, six of 250, twenty of 200, and the residue of inferior burden.

Application was made to the Dutch for assistance; and, as Stowe expresses it: "The Hollanders came roundly in with three-score sail, brave ships of war, fierce and full of spleen, not so much for England's aid as in just occasion for their own defence, these men foreseeing the greatness of the danger that might ensue

if the Spaniard should chance to win the day and get the mastery over them; in due regard whereof, their manly courage was inferior to none."

We have more minute information of the number and equipment of the hostile forces than we have of our own. In the first volume of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, dedicated to Lord Effingham, who commanded against the armada, there is given—from the contemporary foreign writer Meteran—a more complete and detailed catalogue than has perhaps ever appeared of a similar armament:

"A very large and particular description of this navie was put in print and published by the Spaniards, wherein were set downe the number, names, and burthens of the shippes, the number of mariners and souldiers throughout the whole fleete; likewise the quantitie of their ordinance, of their armor, of bullets, of match, of gun-poulder, of victuals, and of all their navall furniture was in the saide description particularized.

"Unto all these were added the names of the governours, capitaines, noblemen, and gentlemen voluntaries, of whom there was so great a multitude that scarce was there any family of accompt, or any one principall man throughout all Spaine that had not a brother, sonne, or kinsman in that fleete; who all of them were in good hope to purchase unto themselves in that navie—as they termed it—invincible, endless glory and renown, and to possess themselves of great seigniories and riches in England and in the Low Countreys. But because the said description was translated and published out of Spanish into divers other languages, we will here only make an abridgement or brief rehearsal thereof.

"Portugall furnished and set foorth under the conduct of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, generall of the fleete, 10 galeons, 2 zabraes, 1300 mariners, 3300 souldiers, 300 great pieces, with all requisite furniture.

"Biscay, under the conduct of John Martines de Ricalde, admiral of the whole fleete, set forth 10 galeons, 4 pataches, 700 mariners, 2000 souldiers, 250 great pieces, etc.

"Guipusco, under the conduct of Michael de Oquendo, 10 galeons, 4 pataches, 700 mariners, 2000 souldiers, 310 great pieces.

"Italy, with the Levant islands, under Martine de Vertendon, 10 galeons, 800 mariners, 2000 souldiers, 310 great pieces, etc.

"Castile, under Diego Flores de Valdez, 14 galeons, 2 pataches, 1700 mariners, 2400 souldiers, and 380 great pieces, etc.

"Andaluzia, under the conduct of Petro de Valdez, 10 galeons, 1 patache, 800 mariners, 2400 souldiers, 280 great pieces, etc.

"Item, under the conduct of John Lopez de Medina, 23 great Flemish hulkes, with 700 mariners, 3200 souldiers, and 400 great pieces.

"Item, under Hugo de Moncada, 4 galliasses, containing 1200 gally-slaves, 460 mariners, 870 souldiers, 200 great pieces, etc.

"Item, under Diego de Mandrana, 4 gallies of Portugall, with 888 gally-slaves, 360 mariners, 20 great pieces, and other requisite furniture.

"Item, under Anthonie de Mendoza, 22 pataches and zabraes, with 574 mariners, 488 souldiers, and 193 great pieces.

"Besides the ships aforementioned, there were 20 caravels rowed with oares, being appointed to performe necessary services under the greater ships, insomuch that all the ships appertayning to this navie amounted unto the summe of 150, eche one being sufficiently provided of furniture and victuals.

"The number of mariners in the saide fleete were above 8000, of slaves 2088, of souldiers 20,000—besides noblemen and gentlemen voluntaries; of great cast pieces, 2600. The aforesaid ships were of an huge and incredible capacitie and receipt, for the whole fleete was large enough to containe the burthen of 60,000 tunnes.

"The galeons were 64 in number, being of an huge bignesse, and very flatly built, being of marveilous force also, and so high that they resembled great castles, most fit to defend themselves and to withstand any assault, but in giving any other ships the encounter farr inferiour unto the English and Dutch ships, which can with great dexteritie wield and turne themselves at all assays. The upper worke of the said galeons was of thickness and strength sufficient to beare off musket-shot. The lower worke and the timbers thereof were out of measure strong, being framed of planks and ribs foure or five foote in thickness, inso-

much that no bullets could pierce them but such as were discharged hard at hand, which afterward prooved true, for a great number of bullets were founde to sticke fast within the massie substance of those thicke planks. Great and well-pitched cables were twined about the masts of their shippes, to strengthen them against the battery of shot.

"The galliasses were of such bignesse that they contained within them chambers, chapels, turrets, pulpits, and other commodities of great houses. The galliasses were rowed with great oares, there being in eche one of them 300 slaves for the same purpose, and were able to do great service with the force of their ordinance. All these, together with the residue aforementioned, were furnished and beautified with trumpets, streamers, banners, warlike ensignes, and other such like ornaments.

"Their pieces of brazen ordinance were 1600, and of yron a 1000.

"The bullets thereto belonging were 120,000.

"Item of gun-poulder, 5600 quintals; of matche, 1200 quintals; of muskets and kaleivers, 7000; of haleberts and partisans, 10,000.

"Moreover, they had great stores of canons, double-canons, culverings and field-pieces for land services.

"Likewise they were provided of all instruments necessary on land to conveigh and transport their furniture from place to place, as namely of carts, wheeles, wagons, etc. Also they had spades, mattocks, and baskets to set pioners on worke. They had in like sort great store of mules and horses, and whatsoever else was requisite for a land armie. They were so well stored of biscuit, that for the space of halfe a yeere they might allow eche person in the whole fleete halfe a quintall every moneth, whereof the whole summe amounteth unto an hundreth thousand quintals.

"Likewise of wine they had 147,000 pipes, sufficient also for halfe a yeere's expedition. Of bacon, 6500 quintals. Of cheese, 3000 quintals. Besides fish, rise, beanes, pease, oile, vinegar, etc.

"Moreover, they had 12,000 pipes of fresh water, and all other necessary provision, as namely candles, lanternes, lampes, sailes, hempe, oxe-hides, and lead to stop holes that should be made with the battery of gunshot. To be short, they brought all

things expedient, either for a fleet by sea, or for an armie by land.

"This navie—as Diego Pimentelli afterward confessed—was esteemed by the King himselfe to containe 32,000 persons, and to cost him every day 30,000 ducates.

"There were in the said navie five terzaes of Spaniards—which terzaes the Frenchmen call regiments—under the command of five governours, termed by the Spaniards masters of the field, and among the rest there were many olde and expert souldiers chosen out of the garisons of Sicilie, Naples, and Terçera. Their captaines or colonels were Diego Pimentelli, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Alonço de Luçon, Don Nicolas de Isla, Don Augustin de Mexia, who had eche of them thirty-two companies under their conduct. Besides the which companies, there were many bands also of Castilians and Portugals, every one of which had their peculiar governours, captaines, officers, colors, and weapons."

While this huge armament was making ready in the southern ports of the Spanish dominions, the Duke of Parma, with almost incredible toil and skill, collected a squadron of war-ships at Dunkirk, and a large flotilla of other ships and of flat-bottomed boats for the transport to England of the picked troops which were designed to be the main instruments in subduing England. The design of the Spaniards was that the armada should give them, at least for a time, the command of the sea, and that it should join the squadron that Parma had collected off Calais. Then, escorted by an overpowering naval force, Parma and his army were to embark in their flotilla, and cross the sea to England, where they were to be landed, together with the troops which the armada brought from the ports of Spain.

The scheme was not dissimilar to one formed against England a little more than two centuries afterward. As Napoleon, in 1805, waited with his army and flotilla at Boulogne, looking for Villeneuve to drive away the English cruisers and secure him a passage across the Channel, so Parma, in 1588, waited for Medina Sidonia to drive away the Dutch and English squadrons that watched his flotilla, and to enable his veterans to cross the sea to the land that they were to conquer. Thanks to Providence, in each case England's enemy waited in vain!

Although the numbers of sail which the Queen's government and the patriotic zeal of volunteers had collected for the defence of England exceeded the number of sail in the Spanish fleet, the English ships were, collectively, far inferior in size to their adversaries', their aggregate tonnage being less by half than that of the enemy. In the number of guns and weight of metal the disproportion was still greater. The English admiral was also obliged to subdivide his force; and Lord Henry Seymour, with forty of the best Dutch and English ships, was employed in blockading the hostile ports in Flanders, and in preventing the Duke of Parma from coming out of Dunkirk.

The Invincible Armada, as the Spaniards in the pride of their hearts named it, set sail from the Tagus on May 29th, but near Corunna met with a tempest that drove it into port with severe loss. It was the report of the damage done to the enemy by this storm which had caused the English Court to suppose that there would be no invasion that year. But, as already mentioned, the English admiral had sailed to Corunna, and learned the real state of the case, whence he had returned with his ships to Plymouth.

The armada sailed again from Corunna on July 12th. The orders of King Philip to the Duke of Medina Sidonia were that he should, on entering the Channel, keep near the French coast, and, if attacked by the English ships, avoid an action and steer on to Calais roads, where the Prince of Parma's squadron was to join him. The hope of surprising and destroying the English fleet in Plymouth led the Spanish admiral to deviate from these orders and to stand across to the English shore; but, on finding that Lord Howard was coming out to meet him, he resumed the original plan, and determined to bend his way steadily toward Calais and Dunkirk, and to keep merely on the defensive against such squadrons of the English as might come up with him.

It was on Saturday, July 20th, that Lord Effingham came in sight of his formidable adversaries. The armada was drawn up in form of a crescent, which from horn to horn measured some seven miles. There was a southwest wind, and before it the vast vessels sailed slowly on. The English let them pass by, and then, following in the rear, commenced an attack on them. A running fight now took place, in which some of the best ships of

the Spaniards were captured; many more received heavy damage, while the English vessels, which took care not to close with their huge antagonists, but availed themselves of their superior celerity in tacking and manœuvring, suffered little comparative loss.

Each day added not only to the spirit, but to the number, of Effingham's force. Raleigh, Oxford, Cumberland, and Sheffield joined him; and "the gentlemen of England hired ships from all parts at their own charge, and with one accord came flocking thither as to a set field where glory was to be attained and faithful service performed unto their Prince and their country."

Raleigh justly praises the English admiral for his skilful tactics: "Certainly he that will happily perform a fight at sea must be skilful in making choice of vessels to fight in: he must believe that there is more belonging to a good man of war upon the waters than great daring, and must know that there is a great deal of difference between fighting loose or at large and grappling. The guns of a slow ship pierce as well and make as great holes as those in a swift. To clap ships together, without consideration, belongs rather to a madman than to a man of war; for by such an ignorant bravery was Peter Strossie lost at the Azores when he fought against the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

"In like sort had the Lord Charles Howard, admiral of England, been lost in the year 1588, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were that found fault with his demeanor. The Spaniards had an army aboard them, and he had none; they had more ships than he had, and of higher building and charging; so that, had he entangled himself with those great and powerful vessels, he had greatly endangered this kingdom of England; for twenty men upon the defences are equal to a hundred that board and enter; whereas, then, contrariwise, the Spaniards had a hundred for twenty of ours, to defend themselves withal. But our admiral knew his advantage, and held it; which had he not done, he had not been worthy to have held his head up."

The Spanish admiral also showed great judgment and firmness in following the line of conduct that had been traced out for him; and on July 27th he brought his fleet unbroken, though

sorely distressed, to anchor in Calais roads. But the King of Spain had calculated ill the number and the activity of the English and Dutch fleets. As the old historian expresses it: "It seemeth that the Duke of Parma and the Spaniards grounded upon a vain and presumptuous expectation that all the ships of England and of the Low Countreys would at the first sight of the Spanish and Dunkerke navie have betaken themselves to flight, yeelding them sea-room, and endeavoring only to defend themselves, their havens, and sea-coasts from invasion.

"Wherefore their intent and purpose was, that the Duke of Parma, in his small and flat-bottomed ships, should, as it were under the shadow and wings of the Spanish fleet, convey ouer all his troupes, armor, and war-like provisions, and with their forces so united, should invade England; or while the English fleet were busied in fight against the Spanish, should enter upon any part of the coast, which he thought to be most convenient. Which invasion—as the captives afterward confessed—the Duke of Parma thought first to have attempted by the river of Thames; upon the banks whereof having at the first arrivall landed twenty or thirty thousand of his principall souldiers, he supposed that he might easily have wonne the citie of London; both because his small shippes should have followed and assisted his land forces and also for that the citie it-selfe was but meanelly fortified and easie to ouercome, by reason of the citizens' delicacie and discontinuance from the warres, who, with continuall and constant labor, might be vanquished, if they yielded not at the first assault."¹

But the English and Dutch found ships and mariners enough to keep the armada itself in check, and at the same time to block up Parma's flotilla. The greater part of Seymour's squadron left its cruising-ground off Dunkirk to join the English admiral off Calais; but the Dutch manned about five-and-thirty sail of good ships, with a strong force of soldiers on board, all well seasoned to the sea-service, and with these they blockaded the Flemish ports that were in Parma's power. Still it was resolved by the Spanish admiral and the Prince to endeavor to effect a junction, which the English seamen were equally resolute to prevent; and bolder measures on our side now became necessary.

¹ Hakluyt: *Voyages*.

The armada lay off Calais, with its largest ships ranged outside, "like strong castles fearing no assault, the lesser placed in the middle ward." The English admiral could not attack them in their position without great disadvantage, but on the night of the 29th he sent eight fire-ships among them, with almost equal effect to that of the fire-ships which the Greeks so often employed against the Turkish fleets in their war of independence.

The Spaniards cut their cables and put to sea in confusion. One of the largest galleases ran foul of another vessel and was stranded. The rest of the fleet was scattered about on the Flemish coast, and when the morning broke it was with difficulty and delay that they obeyed their admiral's signal to range themselves round him near Gravelines. Now was the golden opportunity for the English to assail them, and prevent them from ever letting loose Palma's flotilla against England, and nobly was that opportunity used.

Drake and Fenner were the first English captains who attacked the unwieldy leviathans; then came Fenton, Southwell, Burton, Cross, Raynor, and then the lord admiral, with Lord Thomas Howard and Lord Sheffield. The Spaniards only thought of forming and keeping close together, and were driven by the English past Dunkirk, and far away from the Prince of Parma, who, in watching their defeat from the coast, must, as Drake expressed it, have chafed like a bear robbed of her whelps. This was indeed the last and the decisive battle between the two fleets. It is, perhaps, best described in the very words of the contemporary writer, as we may read them in Hakluyt:

"Upon the 29 of July in the morning, the Spanish fleet after the forsayd tumult, having arranged themselves againe into order, were, within sight of Greveling, most bravely and furiously encountered by the English, where they once again got the wind of the Spaniards, who suffered themselves to be deprived of the commodity of the place in Caleis road, and of the advantage of the wind neer unto Dunkerk, rather than they would change their array or separate their forces now conjoynd and united together, standing only upon their defence.

"And albeit there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there 22 or 23 among them all, which matched 90 of the Spanish ships in the bigness, or could

conveniently assault them. Wherefore the English shippes using their prerogative of nimble steerage, whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they listed, came often times very near upon the Spaniards, and charged them so sore that now and then they were but a pike's length asunder; and so continually giving them one broad side after another, they discharged all their shot, both great and small, upon them, spending one whole day, from morning till night, in that violent kind of conflict, untill such time as powder and bullets failed them.

"In regard of which want they thought it convenient not to pursue the Spaniards any longer, because they had many great advantages of the English, namely, for the extraordinary bigness of their shippes, and also for that they were so neerely conjoyned, and kept together in so good array, that they could by no meanes be fought withall one to one. The English thought, therefore, that they had right well acquitted themselves in chasing the Spaniards first from Caleis, and then from Dunkerk, and by that means to have hindered them from joyning with the Duke of Parma his forces, and getting the wind of them, to have driven them from their own coasts.

"The Spaniards that day sustained great loss and damage, having many of their shippes shot thorow and thorow, and they discharged likewise great store of ordinance against the English, who, indeed, sustained some hinderance, but not comparable to the Spaniards' loss; for they lost not any one ship or person of account; for very diligent inquisition being made, the Englishmen all the time wherein the Spanish navy sayled upon their seas, are not found to haue wanted aboue one hundred of their people; albeit Sir Francis Drake's ship was pierced with shot about forty times, and his very cabben was twice shot thorow, and about the conclusion of the fight, the bed of a certaine gentleman lying weary thereupon, was taken quite from under him with the force of a bullet.

"Likewise, as the Earle of Northumberland and Sir Charles Blunt were at dinner upon a time, the bullet of a demy-culvering brake thorow the middest of their cabben, touched their feet, and strooke downe two of the standers-by. With many such accidents befalling the English shippes, which it were tedious to rehearse."

It reflects little credit on the English government that the English fleet was so deficiently supplied with ammunition as to be unable to complete the destruction of the invaders. But enough was done to insure it. Many of the largest Spanish ships were sunk or captured in the action of this day. And at length the Spanish admiral, despairing of success, fled northward with a southerly wind, in the hope of rounding Scotland, and so returning to Spain without a further encounter with the English fleet.

Lord Effingham left a squadron to continue the blockade of the Prince of Parma's armament; but that wise general soon withdrew his troops to more promising fields of action. Meanwhile the lord admiral himself, and Drake, chased the "vincible" armada, as it was now termed, for some distance northward; and then, when they seemed to bend away from the Scotch coast toward Norway, it was thought best, in the words of Drake, "to leave them to those boisterous and uncouth northern seas."

The sufferings and losses which the unhappy Spaniards sustained in their flight round Scotland and Ireland are well known. Of their whole armada only fifty-three shattered vessels brought back their beaten and wasted crews to the Spanish coast, which they had quitted in such pageantry and pride.

Some passages from the writings of those who took part in the struggle have been already quoted, and the most spirited description of the defeat of the armada which ever was penned may perhaps be taken from the letter which our brave vice-admiral Drake wrote in answer to some mendacious stories by which the Spaniards strove to hide their shame. Thus does he describe the scenes in which he played so important a part:¹

"They were not ashamed to publish, in sundry languages in print, great victories in words, which they pretended to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere; when, shortly afterward, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations, how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal carracks, Flor-

¹ Strype, and the notes to the Life of Drake, in the *Biographia Britannica*.

entines, and large hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, when they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdez with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugh de Moncado, with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland; where, for the sympathy of their religion, hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those others that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters to be shipped into England, where her majesty, of her princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or to entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burden of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all others, their magazines of provision, were put in print, as an army and navy irresistible and disdaining prevention; with all which their great and terrible ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, barque, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."

HENRY OF NAVARRE ACCEPTS CATHOLICISM

HE IS ACKNOWLEDGED KING OF FRANCE

A.D. 1593

MAXIMILIEN DE BÉTHUNE, DUC DE SULLY

Few periods in French history are of greater interest and importance than that of which Sully treats in the following pages. Henry of Navarre is regarded by the French people as the most brilliant of all their kings in personal qualities and achievements; and his great accomplishment of ending the terrible religious wars of his country is one of the most conspicuous of the happier results in modern annals. Sully, whose account of these matters stands alone among those of contemporary narrators, was the friend and companion of Henry of Navarre, with whom he served in the wars. He also became famous as King Henry's minister of finance.

After the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the "Wars of the Huguenots" in France continued with fury. In 1573, the year following the massacre, by the Peace of La Rochelle Charles IX granted to the Protestants partial toleration. By the Peace of Monsieur, in 1576, Henry III granted them free exercise of their religion in all France except Paris. Among French Roman Catholics this treaty caused deep dissatisfaction, and in the same year they formed the Holy League—also called the Catholic League—for the purpose of wiping out the Huguenot party and raising the Guises to the throne. The League made an alliance with Philip II of Spain.

Henry of Navarre, head of the Huguenot party after the death of Condé in 1569, became heir-presumptive to the throne of France in 1584. The Holy League, refusing to recognize his title, proclaimed the cardinal Charles de Bourbon heir-presumptive. On the death of Henry III, successor of Charles IX, in 1589, the League proclaimed Bourbon as king, under the title of Charles X. In the following year Henry of Navarre signally defeated the League at Ivry, but still the war went on. Battles and sieges, widespread intrigues, and frequent assassinations kept the kingdom in a condition of tumult and alarm. Disputes between the contending parties proved futile, debates in the States or legislative assembly of Paris availed nothing, and the successive "treaties" of the long war period failed to bring lasting peace.

At length Henry decided to abjure the Protestant faith, and his abjuration was followed by the surrender to him of the chief cities of the kingdom (1593), including Paris.

Still, although the King secured the general recognition of the Roman Catholics, and was crowned, as Henry IV, in July, 1594, war was continued by the League and its Spanish allies. In April, 1598, Henry issued the famous Edict of Nantes, whereby Huguenots were granted the political rights enjoyed by Catholics, and religious, military, and judicial concessions were made to the Protestants. This edict ended the long religious wars, and in May the Peace of Vervins with Spain and the League was concluded. The central event selected for this work is the securing by Henry of the sovereign power, whereby the end of these prolonged troubles was finally reached.

ALTERNATE succession of war and debates lasted all the time that the States of Paris continued to be held, and even till the day that the King abjured the Protestant religion. His intention of changing his religion now became daily more certain: many causes urged him to adopt this resolution, the principal of which (not to mention his conscience, of which he alone could be the true judge) were his grief for the miseries to which the people would still be exposed; his dread of the Catholics about his person; the powerful and subtle theological arguments of M. du Perron, added to his sweet and agreeable conversation; the artful connivance of some of the ministers and Huguenots in the cabinet, who were willing to profit by the times at any rate; the faithless ambition of many of the most powerful and distinguished among the Protestants, at the mercy of whom he dreaded falling, should the Catholics resolve to abandon him; the contempt which he had conceived against some of the zealous Catholics (and particularly M. d'O), on account of the insolent language they had used toward him; his desire of getting rid of them, and of one day making them suffer for their temerity; his dread lest the States, still sitting in Paris, might elect the Cardinal of Bourbon king, and marry him to the Infanta of Spain; finally, the fatigue and troubles he had endured from his youth, the hope of enjoying a life of ease and tranquillity for the future, added to the persuasions of some of his most faithful servants, among whom may be also reckoned his mistress,¹ the one by tears and

¹ The Marchioness de Monceaux, who, D'Aubigné says, acted this part in the hope of becoming queen herself if Henry should be declared king.

supplications, the other by remonstrances: all these circumstances, I say, fixed him in his resolution of embracing the Catholic religion.

While these things were under consideration a great number of the larger towns, and Paris in particular, which were in the party of the League, being no longer able to endure the inconveniences and privations which the confusion of the times had occasioned—all commerce, internal as well as external, being at a stand, on account of the prohibitions against trading with the places in the King's interest—disturbances broke out among the people, who at last compelled their leaders to send a deputation to the King to request liberty to trade: M. de Belin was accordingly appointed for this purpose, and came to the King when he was either at Mantes or Vernon; but, notwithstanding all his arguments, the whole council opposed his request. There was not a Protestant there who appeared willing that he should grant it; and, what is still more surprising, it met with equal opposition from the Catholics, without their being able to assign a lawful, or even a plausible, reason for such a conduct.

All these persons were perplexed in their debates, and perceived plainly that their opinion would signify nothing, yet could not prevail upon themselves to alter it. The King looking at me that moment, "Monsieur de Rosny," said he, "what makes you so thoughtful? Will not you speak your mind absolutely any more than the others?" I then began, and was not afraid to declare myself against all those who had voted, by maintaining that it was necessary not to hesitate a moment, but to endeavor to gain the affections of the people by kind treatment, as experience had proved that harsh measures were productive of no good consequences whatever. I therefore advised the King to grant them not only the liberty of trade, which they requested, but also a general truce, if, as the Count de Belin seemed to hint, they should desire it. To these I added many other reasons; but they only excited against me the hatred or contempt of most of the council, to whose decision the King was obliged to yield, and the Count de Belin returned without being able to gain anything.

Henry, reflecting upon this refusal and judging that there wanted but little more of the same nature to alienate the people's

affections from him without a possibility of regaining them, and to induce them to go over to the party of his enemies, he resolved to defer his abjuration no longer. He was now convinced that there was no probability of his subduing the reluctance of several of the Protestants, or of ever obtaining their free consent to this proceeding;¹ but that it was necessary to act independently of them, and hazard some murmurs, which would end in nothing. As for the Catholics of his party, the King endeavored only to remove their fears that, looking upon them as persons of whom he was already secure, he would apply himself wholly to gaining the rest by bestowing all rewards upon them. He therefore at last declared publicly that on July 20, 1593, he would perform his abjuration, and named the Church of St. Denis for this ceremony.

This declaration threw the League into confusion, and filled the hearts of the people and the Catholics of the royal party with joy. The Protestants, although they had expected it, discovered their discontent by signs and low murmurs, and did, for form's sake, all that such a juncture required of them, but they did not go beyond the bounds of obedience. All the ecclesiastics, with Du Perron, intoxicated with his triumph, at their head, flocked together; everyone was desirous of a share in this work. Du Perron, for whom I had obtained the bishopric of Evreux, thought he could not show his gratitude for it in a better manner than by exercising his functions of converter upon me. He accosted me with the air of a conqueror, and proposed to me to be present at a ceremony where he flattered himself he should shine with such powers of reasoning as would dissipate the profoundest darkness. "Sir," I replied, "all I have to do by being present at your disputes is to examine which side produces the strongest and most effectual arguments. The state of affairs, your number and your riches, require that yours should prevail." In effect they did. There was a numerous court at St. Denis, and all was conducted with great pomp and splendor. I may

¹ Henry IV was always sensible that his abjuration would expose him to great dangers, which made him write in this manner to Mademoiselle d'Estrées: "On Sunday I shall take a dangerous leap. While I am writing to you I have a hundred troublesome people about me, which makes me detest St. Denis as much as you do Mantes," etc.

be excused from dwelling upon the description of this ceremony here, since the Catholic historians have been so prolix upon the subject.

I did not imagine I could be of any use at this time, therefore kept myself retired, as one who had no interest in the show that was preparing, when I was visited by Du Perron, whom the Cardinal of Bourbon had sent to me to decide a dispute that had arisen on occasion of the terms in which the King's profession of faith should be conceived. The Catholic priests and doctors loaded it with all the trifles their heads were filled with, and were going to make it ridiculous, instead of a grave and solemn composition. The Protestant ministers, and the King himself, disapproved of the puerilities and trifles with which they had stuffed this instrument; and it occasioned debates which had like to have thrown everything again into confusion. I went immediately with Du Perron to the Cardinal of Bourbon, with whom it was agreed that those articles of faith which were disputed by the two churches should be admitted, but that all the rest should be suppressed as useless. The parties approved of this regulation; and the instrument was drawn up in such a manner that the King there acknowledged all the Roman tenets upon the Holy Scripture: the Church, the number and ceremonies of the sacraments, the sacrifices of the mass, transubstantiation, the doctrine of justification, the invocation of saints, the worship of relics and images, purgatory, indulgences, and the supremacy and power of the pope,¹ after which the satisfaction was general.²

¹ Another act of equal validity, by which Henry IV acknowledged the pope's authority, is the declaration which he made after his conversion, that it was necessity and the confusion of affairs which obliged him to receive absolution from the prelates of France rather than from those of the Holy Father.

² It was Renauld, or Beaune de Samblançai, Archbishop of Bourges, who received the King's abjuration; the Cardinal of Bourbon, who was not a priest, and nine other bishops assisted at the ceremony. Henry IV entering the Chapel of St. Denis, the Archbishop said to him, "Who are you?" Henry replied, "I am the King." "What is your request?" said the Archbishop. "To be received," said the King, "into the pale of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church." "Do you desire it?" added the prelate. "Yes, I do desire it," replied the King. Then, kneeling, he said: "I protest and swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to

The ceremony of the King's abjuration was followed by a deputation of the Duke of Nevers to Rome, who, together with the Cardinal de Gondy and the Marquis de Pisany, was to offer the Pope the submission usual in such cases. Although this change was a mortal blow for the League, yet the Spaniards and the Duke of Mayenne still held out; they endeavored to persuade their partisans that there still remained resources capable of making it ineffectual; but they spoke at that time contrary to their own opinion, and this feigned confidence was only designed to obtain greater advantages from the King before he was securely fixed on the throne.

This is not a mere conjecture, at least with regard to the King of Spain, since it is certain that he ordered Taxis and Stuniga to offer the King forces sufficient to reduce all the chiefs of the League and the Protestant party, without annexing any other condition to this offer than a strict alliance between the two crowns, and an agreement that the King should give no assistance to the rebels in the Low Countries. Philip II judged of Henry by himself, and considered his conversion only as the principle of a new political system, which made it necessary for him to break through his former engagements. It may not, perhaps, be useless to mention here an observation I have made on the conduct of Spain, which is, that although before and after the death of Catherine de' Medicis she had put a thousand different springs in motion, changed parties and interests as she thought most expedient to draw advantages from the divisions that shook this kingdom, yet the Protestant party was the only one to which she never made any application: she had often publicly protested that she never had the least intention to gain or suffer their alliance.

It is by an effect of this very antipathy that the Spaniards have constantly refused the Reformed religion admission into their states—an antipathy which cannot be attributed to any-

live and die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion; to protect and defend it against all its enemies, at the hazard of my blood and life, renouncing all heresies contrary to this Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church." He afterward put this same confession in writing into the hands of the Archbishop, who presented him his ring to kiss, giving him absolution with a loud voice, during which *Te Deum* was sung, etc.

thing but the republican principles the Protestants are accused of having imbibed. The King being fully convinced that, to stifle the seeds of schism in his kingdom, it was necessary to give none of the different factions occasion to boast that his power was at their disposal, and that to reduce all parties he must be partial to none, he therefore steadily rejected these offers from Spain, and those which the Duke of Mayenne made him to the same purpose, but at that very time appeared willing to treat with any of the chiefs or cities of the League which would surrender, and to reward them in proportion to their readiness and services; and it was this prudent medium that he was resolved to persist in.

Although he now professed the same religion as the League, yet his aversion to the spirit which actuated that party, and to the maxims by which they were governed, was not lessened; the very name only of the League was sufficient to kindle his anger. The Catholic Leaguers, supposing that his abjuration authorized them to abolish in those cities which depended upon them the edicts that were favorable to the Huguenots, the King caused them to be restored; and though in some places the Leaguers had obtained the consent even of the Huguenots themselves—determined to purchase peace at any price—for this purpose, yet, the Protestant party murmuring at it, Henry cancelled all that had been done to that effect,¹ and showed that it was his design to keep the balance even.

The Duke of Mayenne, finding that in this last scheme, which he had believed infallible, he was disappointed as well as in the rest, placed all his future dependence upon his old friends the Parisians, and neglected no method by which he might awaken their mutinous disposition; but so far was he from succeeding in this attempt that he could not hinder them from discovering their joy at what had just passed at St. Denis. They talked publicly of peace, and even in his presence; and he had the mortification to hear a proposal to send deputies to the King

¹ The King, on the 12th of December this year, held an assembly of the Protestants at Mantes, in which he publicly declared that his changing his religion should make no alteration in the affairs of the Protestants. And, the Calvinists having asked many things of him, he told them he could not comply with their requests, but that he would tolerate them.

to demand a truce for six months, and they obliged him to give his consent to it. The truce for three months, which had been granted them at Surène, had only inspired them with an inclination for a longer one.

The King gave audience to the deputies in full council. The greatest number of those who composed it, listening to nothing but their jealousy of the Duke of Mayenne, whom they feared as a man that had the means in his power of purchasing favor and rewards, were of the opinion that no attention ought to be paid to this demand of the deputies, because the person who sent them persisted in his revolt against the King, even after his abjuration. Notwithstanding the justice of not confounding the Duke of Mayenne with the Parisians, I saw this advice was likely to be followed, and it certainly might have produced some very bad consequence. I therefore insisted so strongly upon the advantage of letting the people, already recovered from their first terrors, taste the sweets of a peace which would interest them still more in the King's favor, that this Prince declared he would grant the truce they demanded of him, but for the months of August, September, and October only.

The next day a prodigious concourse of the populace of Paris assembled at St. Denis. The King showed himself to the people and assisted publicly at mass; wherever he turned his steps the crowd was so great that it was sometimes impossible to pierce through it, while every moment a million of voices cried, "Long live the King!" Everyone returned, charmed with the gracefulness of his person, his condescension, and that engaging manner which was natural to him. "God bless him!" said they, with tears in their eyes, "and grant that he may soon do the same in our Church of Notre Dame in Paris." I observed to the King this disposition of the people with regard to him; tender and sensible as he was, he could not behold this spectacle without strong emotions.

Some months later, while on a mission for the King, I received from his majesty a letter, which concluded with these words: "Come to me at Senlis on the 20th of March, or at St. Denis on the 21st, that you may help to cry, 'Long live the King!' in Paris, and afterward we will do the same at Rouen."

It was upon some correspondence the King carried on in Paris

that he founded his hopes of being soon admitted there, and he was on his way thither from St. Denis when I joined him. His party in that city was so firmly united, and so many persons of equal courage and fidelity had joined it, that it was almost impossible but that it should succeed. Ever since the battle of Arques, when the Count of Belin was taken prisoner by the King's forces, and had an opportunity of discovering the great qualities of Henry contrasted with the weakness of his enemies, the Duke of Mayenne perceived the inclinations of the count to lean secretly toward the King. Full of this suspicion, he did not hesitate a moment about depriving him of the government of so considerable a city as Paris, and, seeking for a man whose fidelity to himself and the League could be depended upon, to whom he might intrust the care of this great city at a time when the necessity of his affairs obliged him to repair to the frontier of Picardy, he fixed upon Brissac and made him governor.

Brissac, at first, answered his purposes perfectly well. The study of Roman history had inspired this officer, who valued himself greatly upon his penetration and judgment, with a very singular project, which was to form France into a republic upon the model of ancient Rome, and make Paris the capital of this new state. Had Brissac descended ever so little from these lofty ideas to an attention to particular applications, which in the greatest designs it is necessary to have some regard to, he would have perceived that there are circumstances under which a scheme, however happily imagined, may, by the nature of the obstacles which oppose it, by the difference of the genius and character of the people, by the force of those laws they have adopted, and by long custom, which, as it were, stamps a seal upon them, become alike chimerical and impracticable. Time only and long experience can bring remedies to defects in the customs of a state whose form is already determined; and this ought always to be attempted with a view to the plan of its original constitution: this is so certain that, whenever we see a state conducted by measures contrary to those made use of in its foundation, we may be assured a great revolution is at hand; nor does the application of the best remedies operate upon diseases that resist their force.

Brissac did not go so far; he could not for a long time com-

prehend from whence the general opposition his designs met with proceeded, for he had explained himself freely to the nobles and all the chief partisans of the League; at last he began to be apprehensive for his own safety lest, while, without any assistance, he was laboring to bring his project to perfection, the King should destroy it entirely by seizing his capital. Possessed with this fear, the Roman ideas quickly gave place to the French spirit of those times, which was to be solicitous only for his own advantage. When self-interested motives are strengthened by the apprehension of any danger, there are few persons who will not be induced by them to betray even their best friend. Thus Brissac acted: he entered into the Count of Belin's resolutions, though from a motive far less noble and generous, and thought of nothing but of making the King purchase at the highest price the treachery he meditated against the Duke of Mayenne in his absence. St. Luc, his brother-in-law, undertook to negotiate with the King in his name, and having procured very advantageous conditions, Brissac agreed to admit Henry with his army into Paris in spite of the Spaniards. The troops of the League were absolutely at his disposal, and there was no reason to apprehend any opposition from the people.

D'O lost no time in making application for the government of Paris and the Isle of France, and obtained his request; but now a conflict between his interest and ambition so perplexed this superintendent that, notwithstanding his new dignity, the reduction of Paris was among the number of those things he most feared should happen: he would have had it believed that the true motive of this fear was, lest the finances should become a prey to the men of the sword and gown, by whom, he said, the King, as soon as he was possessed of Paris, would be oppressed for the payment of pensions, appointments, and rewards. But this discourse deceived none but those who were ignorant of the advantage he found in keeping the affairs of the finances in their present state of confusion, and with what success he had hitherto labored for that purpose.

The King, upon this occasion, put all the friends of the Count of Belin in motion, on whom he had no less dependence than upon Brissac, and at nine o'clock in the morning presented himself, at the head of eight thousand men, before the Porte Neuve,

where the Mayor of Paris and the other magistrates received him in form. He went immediately and took possession of the Louvre, the Palace, the Great and Little Châtelet, and, finding no opposition anywhere, he proceeded even to the Church of Notre Dame, which he entered to return thanks to God for his success. His soldiers, on their part, fulfilled with such exactness the orders and intentions of their master that no one throughout this great city complained of having received any outrage from them. They took possession of all the squares and crossways in the street, where they drew up in order of battle. Everything was quiet, and from that day the shops were opened with all the security which a long-continued peace could have given.

The Spaniards had now only the Bastille, the Temple, and the quarters of St. Anthony and St. Martin in their possession; and there they fortified themselves, being about four thousand in number, with the Duc de Feria and Don Diego d'Evora at their head, all greatly astonished at such unexpected news, and firmly resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity, if any attempts were made to force them from those advantageous posts. The King relieved them from their perplexity by sending to tell them that they might leave Paris and retreat in full security. He treated the Cardinals of Placentia and Pelleve with the same gentleness, notwithstanding the resentment he still retained for their conduct with regard to him. Soissons was the place whither these enemies of the King retired,¹ protected by a strong escort. His majesty then published a general pardon for all the French who had borne arms against him. When this sacrifice is not extorted by necessity, but, on the contrary, made at a time when vengeance has full liberty to satiate itself, it is not one of the least marks of a truly royal disposition.

¹ The King had a mind to see them march out, and viewed them from a window over St. Denis' gate. They all saluted him with their hats off, bowing profoundly low. The King, with great politeness, returned the salute to the principal officers, adding these words: "Remember me to your master; go, I permit you, but return no more." This anecdote agrees with that in the *Memoirs for the History of France*, but is contradicted by the *Journal* written by the same author.

CULMINATION OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN "HAMLET"

A.D. 1601

JAMES O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS

The tragedy of *Hamlet* is generally regarded by critics as Shakespeare's masterpiece. Hence it is often referred to as the highest literary product of human genius. In the following discussion of the play, Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, the master and dean of later Shakespearean scholars, gives 1601 as the probable date of its first production. At that time Shakespeare was a London actor, and leading shareholder in the Globe Theatre, where his play was presumably produced. He had made his first big success some five years before with *Romeo and Juliet*, and was, so far as we can judge, on the high tide of financial prosperity. The profession of an actor carried with it in those days much discredit, but in his far-off home at Stratford, Shakespeare had in 1601 already begun to seek the repute of a country gentleman, and had purchased the finest house and estate in the little village.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' *Memoranda on Hamlet* were never thrown into final shape by the author. Therefore the editors have taken such slight liberties in rearranging the order of his text as were necessary to make its discourse consecutive.

THE tragedy of *Hamlet* is unquestionably the highest effort of artistic literary power yet given to the world. There is nothing to be found in real competition with it excepting in the other works of Shakespeare, but all are inferior to this great masterpiece. There is hardly a speech in the whole play which may not fairly be made the subject of an elaborate discourse, especially when viewed in connection with its bearings, however occasionally remote, on the character of Hamlet, the development of which appears to have been the chief object of the author, not only in the management of the plot, but in the creation of the other personages who are introduced. There is contemporary evidence to this effect in the *Stationers' Register* of 1602 in the title there given—*The Revenge of Hamlet*.

There was an old English tragedy on the subject of Hamlet which was in existence at least as early as the year 1589, in the representation of which an exclamation of the Ghost—"Hamlet, revenge!"—was a striking and well-remembered feature. This production is alluded to in some prefatory matter by Nash in the edition of Greene's *Menaphon*, issued in that year, here given: "I'le turne backe to my first text, of studies of delight, and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triuiall translators. It is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions that run through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of art, that could scarcely latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede; yet English *Seneca* read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speeches."

Another allusion occurs in Lodge's *Wits' Miserie*, "and though this fiend be begotten of his father's own blood, yet is he different from his nature; and were he not sure that jealousie could not make him a cuckold, he had long since published him for a bastard: you shall know him by this, he is a foule lubber, his tongue tipt with lying, his heart steeled against charity; he walks for the most part in black under color of gravity, and looks as pale as the visard of the ghost which cried so miserably at the theator like an oister-wife, '*Hamlet, revenge.*'" Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "*Asini.* 'Wod I were hang'd, if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.' *Tuc.* 'No, fye'st, my name's *Hamlet, revenge.* Thou hast been at Parris Garden, hast not?' *Hor.* 'Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide *Zulziman* there'"; with which may be compared another passage in *Westward Hoe*, 1607—"I, but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad *Hamlet* and crie, *revenge.*" So, likewise, in Rowland's *Night Raven*, 1620, a scrivener, who has his cloak and hat stolen from him, exclaims, "I will not cry, *Hamlet, revenge* my greeves." There is also reason to suppose that another passage in the old tragedy of *Hamlet* is alluded to in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608: "There are, as Hamlet sayes, things cald whips in store," a sentence which seems to have been

well known and popular, for it is partially cited in the *Spanish Tragedie*, 1592, and in the *First Part of the Contention*, 1594.

It seems, however, certain that all the passages above quoted refer to a drama of Hamlet anterior to that by Shakespeare, and the same which is recorded in Henslowe's *Diary* as having been played at Newington in 1594 by "my Lord Admeralle and my lorde Chamberlen men, 9 of June, 1594, receved at Hamlet, viii, 5," the small sum arising from the performance showing most probably that the tragedy had then been long on the stage. As Shakespeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company at that time, it is certain that he must have been well acquainted with the older play of *Hamlet*, one of a series of dramas on the then favorite theme of revenge, aided by the supernatural intervention of a ghost.

There are a few other early allusions to the first *Hamlet* which appear to deserve quotation. "His father's empire and government was but as the *Poeticall Furie in a Stageaction*, compleat, yet with horrid and wofull Tragedies: a first, but no second to any *Hamlet*; and that now *Reuenge*, iust *Reuenge* was coming with his Sworde drawne against him, his royall Mother, and dearest Sister to fill up those Murdering Sceanes."—Sir Thomas Smithe's *Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia*, 1605. "Sometimes would he overtake him and lay hands upon him like a catch-pole, as if he had arrested him, but furious Hamlet would presently cyther breake loose like a beare from the stake, or else so set his pawes on this dog that thus bayted him that, with tugging and tearing one another's frockes off, they both looked like mad Tom of Bedlam."—Decker's *Dead Terme*, 1608. "If any passenger come by and, wondering to see such a conjuring circle kept by hel-houndes, demaund what spirits they raise there, one of the murderers steps to him, poysons him with sweete wordes and shifts him off with this lye, that one of the women is falne in labor; but if any mad Hamlet, hearing this, smell villanie and rush in by violence to see what the tawny divels are dooing, then they excuse the fact, lay the blame on those that are the actors, and perhaps, if they see no remedie, deliver them to an officer to be lead to punishment."—Decker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light, or the Bellman's Second Nights-Walke*, 1609, a tract which was reprinted under more than one different title.

Mr. Collier, in his *Farther Particulars*, 1839, cites a very curious passage—"a trout, Hamlet, with four legs"—which is given as a proverbial line in Clarke's *Paroemiologia Anglo-Latina* (or *Proverbs English and Latin*), 1639. It is unnecessary to be too curious in searching for the exact meaning of the phrase, but, as Dr. Ingleby suggested to me, it is in all probability taken from the older play of *Hamlet*, which does not appear to have been entirely superseded at once by the new, or at least was long remembered by play-goers.

The preceding notices may fairly authorize us to infer that the ancient play of *Hamlet*—1. Was written by either an attorney or an attorney's clerk, who had not received a university education; 2. Was full of tragical, high-sounding speeches; 3. Contained the passage "There are things called whips in store," spoken by Hamlet; 4. Included a very telling brief speech by the Ghost in the two words "Hamlet, revenge!" 5. Was acted at the theatre in Shoreditch and at the playhouse at Newington Butts; 6. Had for its principal character a hero exhibiting more general violence than can be attributed to Shakespeare's creation of Hamlet.

As the older *Hamlet* was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Company in the year 1594, it is possible that Shakespeare might then have undertaken the part of the Ghost, a character he afterward assumed in his own tragedy. There is a curious inedited notice of this personage in Saltonstall's *Picturæ Loquentes*, 1635: "a chamberlaine is as nimble as Hamlet's ghost, heere and everywhere, and when he has many guests, stands most upon his pantofles, for hee's then a man of some calling."

There are a number of critics, following the lead of Coleridge, who tells us that Shakespeare's judgment is commensurate with his genius; but they speak of the former generally as if it were always unfettered, and neglect to add that it was continually influenced by the conditions under which he wrote, and that it was often his task to discover a route to a successful result through the tortuous angularities of a preconceived foreground. There is every reason to believe that this was the case with the tragedy of *Hamlet* and, if so, it is certain that no genius but that of Shakespeare could have moulded the inartistic materials of a rude original into that harmonious composition, which,

although it has certainly been tampered with by the players, and is therefore not the perfect issue of his free inspiration, is the noblest drama the world is ever likely to possess.

It must be recollected that in 1602 Shakespeare was in the zenith of his dramatic power. His tragedy of *Hamlet* was produced on the stage either in 1601 or 1602, as appears from the entry of it on the books of the Stationers' Company on July 26, 1602: "James Robertes—Entered for his copie under the handes of Mr. Pasfeild and Mr. Waterson, warden, a booke called the *Revenge of Hamlett, Prince (of) Denmarke*, as yet was *latelie acted* by the Lo: Chamberleyne his servantes."

No copy of this date is known to exist, but a surreptitious and imperfect transcript of portions of the tragedy appeared in the following year under the title of "*The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke*. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell, 1603." In the next year, 1604, N. L., who was Nicholas Ling, obtained by some means a playhouse copy of the tragedy, not a copy in the state in which it left the hands of the author, but representing in the main the genuine words of Shakespeare. It was published under the following title: "*The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke*. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L., and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunston's Church in Fleetstreet, 1604." This impression was reissued in the following year, the title-page and a few leaves at the end, sigs. N. and O., being fresh-printed, the sole alteration in the former being the substitution of 1605 for 1604.

Hamlet is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and it could not have been written before 1599, in which year the Globe was erected, there being a clear allusion to that theatre in act ii, sc. 2. The tragedy continued to be acted after Shakespeare's company commenced playing at the Blackfriars Theatre, it being alluded to in a manuscript list, written in 1660, of "some of the most ancient plays that were played at Blackfriars."

According to Downes, Sir William Davenant, "having seen Mr. Taylor of the Black-Fryars Company act it, who, being instructed by the author, Mr. Shaksepeur, taught Mr. Betterton in every particle of it."—*Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708. Roberts, in his answer to Mr. Pope's *Preface on Shakspeare*, 1729, thinks that Lowin was the original Hamlet.

The date of 1601 for the production of *Hamlet* appears to suit the internal evidence very well. That evidence decidedly leads to the conclusion that it could not have been written long before that time, and, without placing too much reliance on the general opinion that Shakspeare entirely laid aside his earlier style of composition at some particular era, that year is probably about the latest in which he would have written in the strain of the following lines, which, taken by themselves, might be assigned to the period of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The dearest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near."

Were it not that the elder play of *Hamlet* did not belong to Shakspeare's company, these lines might lead to the conjecture that he had made some additions to it long before he wrote his own complete tragedy.

There was once in existence a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, 1598, with manuscript notes by Gabriel Harvey, one of those notes being in the following terms: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, but his *Lucrece* and his tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke*, have it in them to please the wiser sort." This note was first printed in 1766 by Steevens, who gives the year 1598 as the date of its insertion in the volume, but, observed Dr. Ingleby, "we are unable to verify Steevens' note or collate his copy, for the book which con-

tained Harvey's note passed into the collection of Bishop Percy, and his library was burned in the fire at Northumberland House." Under these circumstances one can only add the opinions of those who have had the opportunity of inspecting the volume. Firstly, from the letter of Percy to Malone, 1803: "In the passage which extols Shakespeare's tragedy, Spenser is quoted by name among our flourishing metricians. Now this edition of Chaucer was published in 1598, and Spenser's death is ascertained to have been in January, 1598-1599, so that these passages were all written in 1598, and prove that *Hamlet* was written before that year, as you have fixed it." Secondly, from a letter from Malone to Percy, written also in 1803, in which he gives reasons for controverting this opinion: "When I was in Dublin I remember you thought that, though Harvey had written 1598 in his book, it did not follow from thence that his remarks were then written; whilst, on the other hand, I contended that, from the mention of Spenser, they should seem to have been written in that year; so that, like the two Reynoldses, we have changed sides and each converted the other; for I have now no doubt that these observations were written in a subsequent year. The words that deceive are 'our now flourishing metricians,' by which Harvey does not mean 'now living,' but now admired or in vogue; and what proves this is that in his catalogue he mixes the living and the dead, for Thomas Watson was dead before 1593. With respect to Axio Philus, I think you will agree with me hereafter that not Spenser, but another person, was meant. Having more than once named Spenser, there could surely be no occasion to use any mysterious appellation with respect to that poet. My theory is that Harvey bought the book in 1598 on its publication, and then sat down to read it, and that his observations were afterward inserted at various times. That passage, which is at the very end, and subjoined to Lydgate's catalogue, one may reasonably suppose was not written till after he had perused the whole volume."

The tragedy of *Hamlet* is familiarly alluded to more than once in the play of *Eastward Hoe*, printed in 1605, in a manner which indicates that the former drama was very well established in the memories of the audience. There is a parody on one of Ophelia's songs which is of some interest in regard to the question of the critical value of the quarto of 1604; the occurrence of

the word "all" before "flaxen" showing that the former word was incorrectly omitted in all the early quartos excepting in that of 1603. One of the subordinate characters in *Eastward Hoe* is a running-footman of the name of Hamlet, who enters in great haste to tell the coachman to be ready for his mistress, whereupon Potkin, a tankard-bearer, says: "Sfoote, Hamlet, are you madde? Whether run you nowe? You should brushe up my olde mistresse."

There is an unsupported statement by Oldys to the effect that Shakespeare received but five pounds for his tragedy of *Hamlet*, but whether from the company who first acted it or from the publisher is not mentioned. This is the only information that has reached us respecting the exact emolument received by Shakespeare for any of his writings, but it cannot be accepted merely on such an authority. It is, however, worthy of remark that Greene parted with his *Orlando* to the Queen's Players for twenty nobles; so the sum named appears to have been about the usual amount given for a play sold direct from the author to a company, but in all probability, when *Hamlet* was produced, Shakespeare was playing at the Globe Theatre on shares.

Notwithstanding the extreme length of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, there is such a marvellously concentrative power displayed in much of the construction and dialogue that, in respect to a large number of the incidents and speeches, a wide latitude of interpretation is admissible, the selection in those cases from possible explanations depending upon the judgment and temperament of each actor or reader. Hence it may be confidently predicted that no æsthetic criticisms upon this drama will ever be entirely and universally accepted, and as certainly that there will remain problems in connection with it which will be subjects for discussion to the end of literary time. Among the latter the reason or reasons which induced Hamlet to defer the fulfilment of his revenge may perhaps continue to hold a prominent situation, although the solution of that special mystery does not seem to be attended with difficulties equal to those surrounding other cognate inquiries which arise in the study of the tragedy.

In respect to this drama, as to many others by the same author, the prophetic words of Leonard Digges may be usefully

remembered—"Some second Shakespeare must of Shakespeare write." Until this miracle occurs, it is not likely that any æsthetic criticism on the tragedy will be successful; and certainly at present, notwithstanding the numbers of persons of high talent and genius who have discussed the subject, nothing has been, nor is likely to be, produced which is altogether satisfactory. The cause of this may perhaps to some extent arise from the latitude of interpretation the dramatic form of composition allows, to the appreciation of the minor details of a character, and the various plausible reasons that can often be assigned for the same line of action; something also may be due to the unconscious influence exercised by individual temperament upon the exposition of that character, and again much to the defective state of the text; but the reason of the general failure in *Hamlet* criticism is no doubt chiefly to be traced to the want of ability to enter fully into the inspiration of the poet's genius.

It may, however, be safely asserted that the simpler explanations are, and the less they are biassed by the subtleties of the philosophical critics, the more likely they are to be in unison with the intentions of the author. Take, for instance, the well-established fact that immodesty of expression, the recollection derived, it may often be, accidentally and unwillingly from oral sources during the previous life, is one of the numerous phases of insanity; and not only are the song-fragments chanted by Ophelia, but even the ribaldry addressed to her by Hamlet, in the play-scene, vindicated, there being little doubt that Shakespeare intended the simulated madness of the latter through his intellectual supremacy to be equally true to nature, the manners of his age permitting the delineation in a form which is now repulsive and inadmissible.

The present favorite idea is that in *Hamlet* the great dramatist intended to delineate an irresolute mind depressed by the weight of a mission which it is unable to accomplish. This is the opinion of Goethe following, if I have noted rightly, an English writer in the *Mirror* of 1780. A careful examination of the tragedy will hardly sustain this hypothesis. So far from *Hamlet* being indecisive, although the active principle in his character is strongly influenced by the meditative, he is really a man of singular determination, and, excepting in occasional paroxysms, one

of powerful self-control. His rapidity of decision is strikingly exhibited after his first interview with the Ghost. Perceiving at once how important it was that Marcellus, at all events, should not suspect the grave revelations that had been made, although they had been sufficient to have paralyzed one of less courage and resolution than himself, he outwits his companions by banter, treating the apparition with intentional and grotesque disrespect and jocularly at a moment when an irresolute mind would have been terrified and prostrated.

Then Hamlet's powerful intellect not only enables him to recognize almost instantaneously the difficulties which beset his path, but immediately to devise a scheme by which some of them might be overcome. The compliance with the advice of his father's spirit, in strict unison with his own natural temperament, that the pursuit of his revenge was to harmonize with the dictates of his conscience, involving of course his duties to others, was attended by obstacles apparently insurmountable; yet all were to be removed before the final catastrophe, however acutely he might feel the effort of suppressing his desire for vengeance, that obligation the fulfilment of which was postponed by subtle considerations, and by fear lest precipitate action might leave him with "a wounded name." But this duty, it is important to observe, was never sought to be relinquished. The influences practically render delay a matter of necessity with him, and leaving a murderer to contend against one who, as he must have felt, would not have scrupled to design his assassination if at any moment safety could be in that way secured, his determination to assume the garb of insanity in the presence of the King and of those likely to divulge the secret, is easily and naturally explained.

Hamlet is wildly impetuous in moments of excitement, so that his utterances are not invariably to be accepted as evidences of his general nature. Much of the difficulty in the interpretation of the tragedy arises from the oversight of accepting his soliloquies as continuous illustrations of his character, instead of being, as they mostly are, transient emanations of his subtle irritability. Even in the midst of his impetuosity the current of violent thought was subject to a controlling interruption by a sudden reaction arising from the influence of reason; but it was

natural on occasions that, stirred by his desire for revenge, he should doubt the validity of his reasons for delay. A wide distinction also must be drawn in the matter of time for vengeance, between action resulting from sudden and that from remoter provocation.

There seems to have been in Hamlet, so far as regards the commands of the apparition, an almost perpetual conflict between impulse and reason, each in its turn being predominant. The desire for revenge is at times so great that it is only by the strongest effort of will he resists precipitate action, then, losing no pretext to find causes for its exercise, overpowering the dictates of his penetrative genius. It is not rashness in Hamlet on one occasion and procrastination on another, but a power of instantaneous action that could be controlled by the very briefest period of reflection, the great feature in his intellect being a preternaturally rapid reflective power, and men of genius almost invariably do meditate before action.

Among the numerous unsupported conjectures respecting this tragedy may be mentioned that, when Shakespeare drew the characters of, 1. Hamlet; 2. Horatio; 3. Claudius; 4. The Queen, he had in his mind, 1. The Earl of Essex or Sir Phillip Sydney or himself; 2. Lord Southampton or Fulke Greville; 3. The Earl of Leicester; 4. Mary, Queen of Scots. Although some of these suggestions are ingeniously supported, there is not one of them which rests on any kind of real evidence or external probability.

Burbage was the first actor of Hamlet in Shakespeare's tragedy. His performance is spoken of in terms of high commendation, but there is no record of his treatment of the character, his delineation probably differing materially from that of modern actors. Stage tradition merely carries down the tricks of the profession, no actor entirely replacing another, and, in the case of Hamlet, hardly two of recent times, whose performances I have had the opportunity of witnessing, but who are or have been distinct in manner and expression, and even in idea. Few actors or readers can be found to agree respecting Shakespeare's conception of the character. This, however, may be safely asserted, that no criticism on Hamlet will ever be permanent which does not recognize the sublimity of his nature. Horatio under-

stood Hamlet better than anyone, and his judgment of him doubtless expressed Shakespeare's own estimate:

"Now cracks a noble heart—good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

A "noble heart" that ever shrank from an act that would have resulted in his own aggrandizement, for, although the monarchy was elective, not hereditary, the succession of Hamlet had been proclaimed by the King and tacitly accepted.

DOWNFALL OF IRISH LIBERTY

"FLIGHT OF THE EARLS"

A.D. 1603

JUSTIN MCCARTHY

At the accession of Henry VIII to the English throne that portion of Ireland mainly colonized from England, the ruling country, was known as the English pale—that is, district. It comprised "the four shires" or counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth. Beyond this district the country was held by various Celtic clans ruled by their own chieftains. Early in Henry's reign the English lords began to show their independence of royal authority, and also to ally themselves with the native chieftains. Henry saw that the Irish, who had often before aimed at independence of England, were about to renew the struggle. He determined to forestall them, and sent one lord deputy after another to Ireland in charge of the royal interests.

Disputes between his own representatives, and their doubtful loyalty, caused the King much trouble, and Irish affairs were far from being composed when Thomas Fitzgerald, tenth earl of Kildare, renounced his allegiance to Henry and headed an unsuccessful rebellion. Fitzgerald was executed at Tyburn in 1537.

Matters were now further complicated by the introduction of the Reformation into Ireland. Most of the Irish people were stanch adherents of Catholicism, while some of the leading English Protestants in Ireland favored Irish nationality as strongly as did the Catholics. After the death of Henry VIII the religious troubles were intensified. Under Edward VI a severe policy was pursued against the Irish Catholics and Nationalists. After a brief reaction under Mary, the Catholic sovereign of England, the policy of suppression was renewed with still greater severity by Queen Elizabeth, and the condition of Ireland became one of chronic rebellion.

THIS time of trouble called forth some powerful champions of the Irish national cause. One of these, Shane O'Neil, has been celebrated in many a popular ballad. The head of the house to which he belonged had acknowledged allegiance to Henry VIII and received the title of Earl of Tyrone. The English title carried with it, according to English law, the principle

of hereditary succession; but when the first earl died, the clan of O'Neil refused to adopt the English practice, and, according to the Irish principle of tanistry, chose as his successor the member of the house for whom they had the highest regard.

This was Shane O'Neil, who was a younger and not even a legitimate son of the Earl of Tyrone, but whose energy, courage, and strong national sentiments had already made him the hero of his sept. Shane O'Neil at once proclaimed himself the champion of Irish national independence. Queen Elizabeth, amid all her troubles with foreign states, had to pour large numbers of troops into Ireland, and these troops, as all historians admit, overran the country in the most reckless and merciless manner. Shane O'Neil, however, held his own, and began to prove himself a formidable opponent of English power.

The evidence of history leaves little or no doubt that Elizabeth connived at a plot for the removal of O'Neil by assassination. This project did not come to anything, and the Queen tried another policy. She was a woman not merely of high intellect but also of artistic feeling, and it would seem as if the picturesque figure of Shane O'Neil had aroused some interest in her. She proposed to enter into terms with the new "Lord of Ulster," as he now declared himself, and invited him to visit her court in England. O'Neil seems to have accepted with great good-will this opportunity of seeing a life hitherto unknown to him, and he soon appeared at court. We read that O'Neil and his retainers presented themselves in their saffron-colored shirts and shaggy mantles, bearing battle-axes as their weapons, amid the stately gentlemen, the contemporaries of Essex and Raleigh, who thronged the court of the great Queen. A meeting took place on January 6, 1562.

Froude tells us the effect produced upon the court by the appearance of O'Neil and his followers: "The council, the peers, the foreign ambassadors, bishops, aldermen, dignitaries of all kinds, were present in state, as if at the exhibition of some wild animal of the desert. O'Neil stalked in, his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling on his back and clipped short below the eyes, which gleamed from under it with a gray lustre, frowning, fierce, and cruel. Behind him followed his gallow-glasses, bareheaded and fair-haired, with shirts of mail

which reached beneath their knees, a wolf's skin flung across their shoulders, and short, broad battle-axes in their hands." O'Neil made a formal act of submission to the Queen, and negotiations set in for a definite and lasting arrangement. Nothing came of it. O'Neil seems to have understood that he was acting under a promise of safe-conduct, and was to be confirmed in the ownership of his estates in return for his submission. But, whatever may have been the misunderstanding, it is certain that these terms were not carried out according to O'Neil's expectation. He was detained in London in qualified captivity, and was informed that he could only be restored to his lands when he had engaged to make war against his former allies the Scots, had pledged himself not to make war without the consent of the English government, and to set up no claim of supremacy over other chiefs in Ireland.

O'Neil seems to have proved himself skilful as a diplomatist, and he greatly gratified the Queen by paying intense deference to all her suggestions, and even by modestly requesting that she would choose a wife for him. He seems to have agreed to what he did not intend to carry out. Some terms were understood to be arranged at last, and on May 5, 1562, a royal proclamation was issued declaring that in future he was to be regarded as a good and loyal subject of the Queen. Shane returned to Ireland, and made known to his friends that the articles of agreement had been forced upon him under peril of captivity or death, and that he could not regard them as binding. He went so far to maintain the terms of the treaty as to begin a war against the Scots, and sent the Queen a list of his captives in token of his sincerity. But he still insisted that he had never made peace with the Queen except by her own seeking; that his ancestors were kings of Ulster, and that Ulster was his kingdom and should continue to be his.

He soon after applied to Charles IX, King of France, to send him five thousand men to assist him in expelling the English from Ireland. Then war set in again between the English Lord Deputy and Shane O'Neil. Defeated in many encounters, O'Neil again tried to make terms with the Queen, and again applied to the King of France for the help of an army to drive the English from Ireland and restore the Catholic faith. By this

time the Scottish settlers in Ulster, who appear to have once been as much disliked by the English government as the Irish themselves, had turned completely against him. His end was not in keeping with his soldierly picturesque career. After a severe defeat he took refuge with some old tribal enemies of his, who at first professed to receive him as a friend and find a shelter for him. A quarrel sprang up at a drinking-festival during the June of 1567, and Shane and most of his companions were killed in the affray.

It is not easy to come to a satisfactory estimate of the character of Shane O'Neil. Some English historians treat him as if he were a mere monster of treachery and violent crime. Most Irish legends and stories convert him into a perfect hero and patriot; while other Irish writers of graver order are inclined to dwell altogether upon the wrongs done to him, and the perfidies employed to ensnare him by those who acted for the English government. It is necessary to keep always in mind that, in their dealings with the Irish native populations, the English government only too frequently employed deception and treachery, thus giving the Irish chieftains what they considered warrant enough for playing a similar game. Shane O'Neil was very unscrupulous in his methods of dealing with his enemies; he was a man of sensuous passions and fierce hatreds, but he was gifted with splendid courage, a remarkable capacity for soldier-ship, and much of the diplomatist's or statesman's art.

An Irish essayist, who writes with much judgment and moderation on the subject, describes Shane as "a thorough Celtic chief, not of the traditional type, but such as centuries of prolonged struggle for existence had made the chieftains of his nation." This seems the only fair standard by which to judge his career. No Irish family gave more trouble in its time to the English conquerors than did the O'Neils, and Shane O'Neil was in some of his qualities the most extraordinary man of the family. There were other O'Neils who bequeathed to their country's history a brighter and purer fame, and of whose characters we can form a common estimate with less chance of dispute, but in Shane O'Neil we see a genuine type of the ancestral Irish chieftain brought into dealings and antagonism with the advances and the emissaries of a newer civilization.

This prolonged period of incessant war brought about the almost complete devastation of wide tracts of country in Ireland. Historians and poets tell the same sad story. Holinshed says that except in the cities or towns the traveller might journey for miles without meeting man, woman, child, or even beast. Edmund Spenser declared that the story of many among the inhabitants, and the picture one could see of their miserable state, was such that "any stony heart would rue the same." Mr. Froude affirms that in Munster alone there had been so much devastation that "the lowing of a cow or the sound of a plough-boy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel." It was made a boast by at least one of those engaged in ruling Ireland on behalf of the Queen that he had reduced some of the populations so deeply down that they preferred slaughter in the field to death by starvation. When the supposed pacification of Munster was accomplished, the province was divided into separate settlements, to be held under the crown, at hardly more than a nominal quit-rent, by any loyal settlers who were willing to hold the land as vassals of the sovereign and fight for their lives. All these lands were obtained by the confiscation of the estates of the rebellious chieftains.

A new deputy, Sir John Perrot, convened a parliament in Ireland. There was something farcical as well as grim in calling together a parliament under such conditions, when the delegates were supposed to be convened that they might give frank and sincere advice to the representative of the sovereign. Some of the Irish chieftains who had given their allegiance to the English sovereign not only accepted the Deputy's invitation, but actually presented themselves in full English costume. In former parliaments, when Irish chieftains were loyal enough to take part in the sittings, they still wore the costume of their septs; but now, after so many struggles, some of the Irish nobles thought they would do better by making a complete submission to the conqueror, and inaugurating the new season of peace and prosperity by adopting the costume of their rulers.

This parliament naturally proved most obedient. Whatever the Deputy wished, it promptly adopted. More estates were confiscated to the Crown, and the land thus obtained was par-

celled out on the cheapest terms of holding to English nobles, and also to mere English adventurers, who undertook to colonize it with workmen and traders from England. But it was soon found that English traders and laborers were not easily to be persuaded into the risks of a settlement under these conditions, and the new owners were compelled in most cases either to put up with such labor as the country afforded or to allow the soil to lie barren for the time. The scheme which the rulers had in mind—a scheme which meant nothing less than the substitution of an English for an Irish population—proved a failure. An English nobleman endowed with the spirit of adventure might be tempted to accept an estate in Ireland on the chance of making a brilliant career there, winning the favor of his sovereign, and becoming a great figure in the eyes of his own court and his own country. A mere adventurer might be as ready to try his fortunes in Ireland as in some unexplored part of the New World beyond the Atlantic. But the ordinary trader or working-man of English birth and ways did not at that time feel inclined to give up his business and his home to venture on a settlement in that wild western island, where all reports told him that every man's hand was against every other man, and that the loyal subjects of the Queen were hunted like wild game by the uncivilized Irish.

Sir John Perrot was not a man qualified to make the situation any better than he had found it. A man of quick and violent temper, he succeeded in making enemies of some of the Irish chieftains who had lately been coming over to the service of the Crown, and converted some of his friends in office into his most bitter enemies. Sir John Perrot had to be withdrawn, and a new deputy appointed in his place. Such a representative of English government was not likely to encourage many of the Irish chieftains to accept the advances of an English deputy, or to believe that they could secure safety for themselves and their lands by submitting to his rule. The new Deputy, Sir William Russell, had a hard task before him.

One of the most important and famous struggles made during these years against English dominion was led by Hugh O'Neil. This celebrated Irish leader was the grandson of that Shane O'Neil whom Henry VIII had created Earl of Tyrone.

He had led thus far a very different life from that usually led by an Irish chieftain. The ruling powers were at first inclined to make a favorite of him, and confirmed him in his earldom and estates. He was brought over when very young to England, and we learn that even in the brilliant court of Queen Elizabeth he was distinguished for gifts and graces of body and mind. For a long time Tyrone seemed a loyal supporter of English rule. He commanded a troop in the Queen's service, and even took part in the suppression of risings in his own country, coöperating with the Earl of Essex in the Ulster wars and the settlement of Antrim. One romantic incident of his life brought him into personal antagonism with Sir Henry Bagnal, the Lord Marshal of Ireland. Hugh O'Neil had been left a widower, and he fell in love with Bagnal's beautiful sister. Bagnal highly disapproved of the match, but, as the lady was heart and soul in love with the Irish chieftain, her brother's opposition was vain. She eloped with her lover and married him. Bagnal became O'Neil's determined enemy. It may be that Sir Henry Bagnal did his best to prejudice the ruling authorities against O'Neil, and at that time no very substantial evidence was needed to set up a charge of treason against an Irish chieftain.

Perhaps when O'Neil returned to his own country he was recalled to national sentiments by the sight of oppression there, and it is certain that he was roused to indignation by the arbitrary imprisonment of one of his kinsmen known as Red Hugh. When Red Hugh succeeded in escaping from prison he inspired Tyrone with a keen sense of his wrongs, and brought him into the temper of insurrection. O'Neil threw himself completely into the new movement for independence. A confederation of Irish chieftains was organized, and O'Neil took the command. He proved himself possessed of the most genuine military talents, and he could play the part of the statesman as well as of the soldier. The confederation of Irish chieftains soon became an embattled army, and the brothers-in-law met in arms as hostile commanders on the shores of the northern Blackwater. As one historian has well remarked, there was something positively Homeric about this struggle, in which the two men connected by marriage encountered each other as commanders of opposing armies. Events had been moving on since the marriage between

Tyrone and Bagnal's sister. O'Neil's young wife had found her early grave before this last engagement between her husband and her brother. The army of Bagnal was completely defeated, and Bagnal was killed upon the field.

For a time victory seemed to follow Tyrone. Before long the greater part of Ireland was in the hands of the Irish forces. The Earl of Essex was sent to Ireland at the head of the largest army ever despatched from England for the conquest of the island. But Essex does not seem to have made any serious effort. He appears to have had some idea of coming to terms with Tyrone. The two had a meeting, over which many pages of historical description and conjecture have been spent, but it is certain that, so far as Essex was concerned, neither peace nor war came of his intervention. He was recalled to London. His failure in Ireland, and the trouble it brought upon him in England, only drove him into the wild movements which led to his condemnation as a traitor and to his death on the scaffold.

The place which Essex had so unsuccessfully endeavored to hold was given to Lord Mountjoy, who proved himself a more fitting man for the work. Mountjoy was a strong man, who made up his mind from the first that he was sent to Ireland to fight the Irish. He had a great encounter with Tyrone, and Tyrone was defeated. From that moment the fortunes of the struggle seem to have turned. The resources of the Irish were very limited, and it was almost certain that, if the English government carried on the war long enough, the Irish must sooner or later be defeated. It was a question of numbers and weapons and money, and in all these the English had an immense superiority. Tyrone had great hopes that a Spanish army would come to the aid of the Irish. A large Spanish force was actually despatched for the purpose, but the news of Tyrone's defeat reached the Spaniards on their arrival, and they promptly reëmbarked, and gave up what they considered a lost cause. Some of the Irish chiefs were compelled to surrender; others fled to Spain, in the hope of stirring up some movement there against England, or at least of finding a place of shelter. Ireland was suffering almost everywhere from famine, and in many districts famine of the most ghastly order. Tyrone found it impossible to carry on the struggle for independence under such terrible conditions. There was

nothing for it but to surrender and come to terms as best he could with his conquering enemy.

The times just then might have been regarded as peculiarly favorable for Tyrone. Queen Elizabeth was dead, and the son of Mary Stuart sat on the English throne. Tyrone made a complete surrender of his estates, pledged himself to enter into alliance with no foreign power against England, and even undertook to promote the introduction of English laws and customs into any part of Ireland over which he had influence. In return Tyrone received from the King the restoration of his lands and his title by letters-patent, and a free pardon for his campaigns against England. He was brought to London to be presented to King James, and was treated with great courtesy and hospitality. This aroused much anger among some of the older soldiers and courtiers in London, who did not understand why an Irish rebel should be treated as if he were a respectable member of society. Sir John Harrington expressed his opinions very freely in letters which are still preserved. "I have lived," he wrote, "to see that damnable rebel Tyrone brought to England, honored, and well liked. Oh! what is there that does not prove the inconstancy of worldly matters? I adventured perils by sea and land, was near starving, ate horseflesh in Munster, and all to quell that man, who now smileth in peace at those who did harass their lives to destroy him; and now doth Tyrone dare us, old commanders, with his presence and protection."

When Tyrone returned to his own country he found that the reign of peace and reconciliation between England and Ireland was as far off as ever. Tyrone had believed it was fortunate for him to have made terms of peace in King James' reign and not in Elizabeth's. But he soon found that his hopes of a better time coming were premature. James no doubt thought it good policy to secure the allegiance of a man like Tyrone by apparently generous concessions. But he had no idea of adopting any policy toward Ireland other than the old familiar policy of striving to reduce her to the conditions of an English province, with English laws, customs, costumes, and religion.

The King appears to have set his mind on the complete suppression of the national religion by the enforcement of the sternest penal laws against Catholics. He was determined also to blot

out whatever remained of the old Brehon laws, still dear to the memories of the people, and still cherished among the sacred traditions of the country. When King James succeeded to the throne he promised the Irish that they should have the right of practising their religion, at least in private; but he soon recalled his promise, and made it clear that those who would retain the protection of the new ruling system must abjure the faith of their fathers. Those who were put into the actual government of the country saw that this policy could not be carried out without much resistance, and therefore decreed the complete disarmament of all Irish retainers who still acknowledged the leadership of the chieftains. One of the greatest of these chieftains, O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel, was called upon to conform openly to the English Church, under pain of being proceeded against as a traitor.

The state of things he found existing on his return to Ireland would naturally have driven Tyrone into rebellion, and the rulers of the country appear to have made up their minds that he must be planning some such rising. Tyrconnel was naturally regarded as an enemy of the same order, and the policy of the ruling powers was to anticipate their designs and condemn them in advance. Tyrone and Tyrconnel were accordingly proclaimed traitors to the King. The two earls determined that, as immediate insurrection had no chance of success, there was no safety for them but in prompt escape from the country.

Then followed "the flight of the earls." Tyrone and Tyrconnel, with their families and many of their friends and retainers, nearly a hundred persons in all, made their escape in one vessel from the Irish shore, and for twenty-one days were at the mercy of the sea and of the equinoctial winds, for they sailed about the middle of September. A story characteristic of the faith which then filled the hearts of Irish chieftains is told. Tyrone fastened his golden crucifix to a string and drew it through the sea at the stern of the vessel, in the hope that the waves might thus be stilled. In the first week of October they landed on the shore of France and travelled on to Rouen, receiving nothing but kindness from the French. When King James heard of their flight he at once demanded from France the surrender of the earls, but Henry IV refused to surrender them.

Henry received the exiles with gracious and friendly greeting, but it was not thought prudent by the earls, any more than by the French King, they should remain in France at the risk of involving the two countries in war. The earls, with their families and followers, went into Flanders and then on to Rome. Pope Paul V gave them a cordial welcome, and made liberal arrangements for their maintenance, while the King of Spain showed his traditional sympathy with Ireland by settling pensions on them. Tyrconnel died soon after, in the Franciscan Church of St. Pietro di Montorio, and was laid in his grave wrapped in the robe of a Franciscan friar. Tyrone lived for several years. He was filled in this later time by a passionate longing to see once more the loved country of his birth, and he appealed to the English government for permission to return to Ireland and live quietly there until the end came. His request was not granted. The English authorities, no doubt, felt good reason to believe that his return to Ireland would be the cause of profound and dangerous emotion among the people who loved him and whom he loved so well.

His later years in Rome were literally darkened, because his sight, which had been for some time failing, soon left him to absolute blindness. He died on July 20, 1616, having lived a life of seventy-six years. Tyrone's body was laid to rest in the same church which held the body of his comrade Tyrconnel. Their graves are side by side. A modern writer tells us that the church which has become the tomb of the two exiled earls stands "where the Janiculum overlooks the glory of Rome, the yellow Tiber and the Alban Hills, the deathless Coliseum, and the stretching Campagna." "Raphael had painted his Transfiguration for the grand altar; the hand of Sebastiano del Piombo had colored the walls with the scourging of the Redeemer." The present writer has seen the graves, and even the merest stranger to the spirit of Irish history must feel impressed by the story of the two exiles who found their last resting-place enclosed by such a scene.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

A.D. 1605

SAMUEL R. GARDINER

The "Gunpowder Plot" acquires importance from the fact that its anniversary, November 5th, is still celebrated in England with fire-crackers, burnings of "Guy Fawkes" scarecrows, and other patriotic manifestations. Historically the plot, being detected before its execution, ended in smoke, with no more terrible result than the execution of the conspirators.

James I, son of the ill-starred Mary of Scotland, succeeded Elizabeth on the English throne in 1603, and held both England and Scotland under his sway. The English Catholics had been led to hope that James would be lenient toward their faith, but in this they were disappointed, and a few desperate followers of their religion united in the Gunpowder Plot. More than one attempt has been made to prove that this really amounted to very little, and was exaggerated by James' minister, the Earl of Salisbury, to justify the harshness of the Government toward Catholics.

Father Gerard's book, *What was the Gunpowder Plot?* is the strongest argument yet produced in favor of this view; but the fact remains undenied and undeniable that some sort of plot existed. We present here the latest summarizing of the matter (1897) by the standard English historian, Gardiner, confining the account almost wholly to Fawkes' own confessions.

BEFORE examining the evidence, it will be well to remind my readers what the so-called traditional story of the plot is, or, rather, the story which has been told by writers who have in the present century availed themselves of the manuscript treasures now at our disposal, and which are for the most part in the Public Record Office. With this object I cannot do better than borrow the succinct narrative of the *Edinburgh Review*.¹

"Early in 1604 the three men, Robert Catesby, John Wright, and Thomas Winter, meeting in a house at Lambeth, resolved on a Powder Plot, though, of course, only in outline. By April they had added to their number Wright's brother-in-law, Thomas Percy, and Guy Fawkes, a Yorkshire man of respectable family,

¹ January, 1897, p. 192.

but actually a soldier of fortune, serving in the Spanish army in the Low Countries, who was specially brought over to England as a capable and resolute man. Later on they enlisted Wright's brother Christopher, Winter's brother Robert, Robert Keyes, and a few more; but all, with the exception of Thomas Bates, Catesby's servant, men of family and for the most part of competent fortune, though Keyes is said to have been in straitened circumstances, and Catesby to have been impoverished by a heavy fine levied on him as a recusant.¹

"Percy, a second cousin of the Earl of Northumberland, then captain of the Gentleman Pensioners, was admitted by him into that body in—it is said—an irregular manner, his relationship to the earl passing in lieu of the usual oath of fidelity. The position gave him some authority and license near the court, and enabled him to hire a house, or part of a house, adjoining the House of Lords. From the cellar of this house they proposed to burrow under the House of Lords; to place there a large quantity of powder, and to blow up the whole when the King and his family were there assembled at the opening of Parliament. On December 11, 1604, they began to dig in the cellar, and after a fortnight's labor, having come to a thick wall, they left off work and separated for Christmas.

"Early in January they began at the wall, which they found to be extremely hard, so that, after working for about two months,² they had not got more than half way through it. They then learned that a cellar actually under the House of Lords, and used as a coal cellar, was to be let; and as it was most suitable for their design, Percy hired it as though for his own use. The digging was stopped, and powder, to the amount of thirty-six barrels, was brought into the cellar, where it was stowed under heaps of coal or firewood, and so remained, under the immediate care of Guy Fawkes,³ till, on the night of November 4, 1605—the opening of Parliament being fixed for the next day—Sir Thomas Knyvet, with a party of men, was ordered to examine the cellar.

¹ This is a mistake. The fine of three thousand pounds was imposed for his part in the Essex rebellion.

² Off and on, a fortnight at the end of January and beginning of February, and then again probably for a very short time in March.

³ Fawkes was absent part of the time.

He met Fawkes coming out of it, arrested him, and on a close search found the powder, of which a mysterious warning had been conveyed to Lord Monteagle a few days before. On the news of this discovery the conspirators scattered, but by different roads rejoined each other in Warwickshire, whence, endeavoring to raise the country, they rode through Worcestershire, and were finally shot or taken prisoners at Holbeche in Staffordshire."

It is this story that I now propose to compare with the evidence. First of all, let us restrict ourselves to the story told by Guy Fawkes himself in the five examinations to which he was subjected previously to his being put to the torture on November 9th, and to the letters, proclamations, etc., issued by the Government during the four days commencing with the 5th. From these we learn, not only that Fawkes' account of the matter gradually developed, but that the knowledge of the Government also developed; a fact which fits in very well with the "traditional story," but which is hardly to be expected if the Government account of the affair was cut-and-dried from the first.

Fawkes' first examination took place on November 5th, and was conducted by Chief Justice Popham and Attorney-General Coke. It is true that only a copy has reached us, but it is a copy taken for Coke's use, as is shown by the headings of each paragraph inserted in the margin in his own hand. It is therefore out of the question that Salisbury, if he had been so minded, would have been able to falsify it. Each page has the signature (in copy) of "Jhon Jhonson," the name by which Fawkes chose to be known.

The first part of the examination turns upon Fawkes' movements abroad, showing that the Government had already acquired information that he had been beyond sea. Fawkes showed no reluctance to speak of his own proceedings in the Low Countries, or to give the names of persons he had met there, and who were beyond the reach of his examiners. As to his movements after his return to England, he was explicit enough so far as he was himself concerned, and also about Percy, whose servant he professed himself to be, and whose connection with the hiring of the house could not be concealed.

Fawkes stated that after coming back to England he "came to the lodging near the Upper House of Parliament," and "that

Percy hired the house of Whynniard for £12 rent, about a year and a half ago"; that his master, before his own going abroad, *i.e.*, before Easter, 1605, "lay in the house about three or four times." Further, he confessed "that about Christmas last," *i.e.*, Christmas, 1604, "he brought in the night-time gunpowder [to the cellar under the Upper House of Parliament]." ¹ Afterward he told how he covered the powder with fagots, intending to blow up the King and the Lords; and, being pressed how he knew that the King would be in the House on the 5th, said he knew it only from general report, and by the making ready of the King's barge; but he would have "blown up the Upper House whensoever the King was there."

He further acknowledged that there was more than one person concerned in the conspiracy, and said he himself had promised not to reveal it, but denied that he had taken the sacrament on his promise. Where the promise was given he could not remember, except that it was in England. He refused to accuse his partners, saying that he himself had provided the powder, and defrayed the cost of his journey beyond sea, which was only undertaken "to see the country, and to pass away the time." When he went, he locked up the powder and took the key with him, and "one Gibbons' wife, who dwells thereby, had the charge of the residue of the house."

Such is that part of the story told by Fawkes which concerns us at present. It is obvious that Fawkes, who, as subsequent experience shows, was no coward, had made up his mind to shield as far as possible his confederates, and to take the whole of the blame upon himself. He says, for instance, that Percy had only lain in the house for three or four days before Easter, 1605, a statement, as subsequent evidence proved, quite untrue; he pretends not to know, except from rumor and the preparation of the barge, that the King was coming to the House of Lords on the 5th, a statement almost certainly untrue. In order not to criminate others, and especially any priest, he denies having taken the sacrament on his promise, which is also untrue.

What is more noticeable is that he makes no mention of the mine, about which so much was afterward heard, evidently—so at least I read the evidence—because he did not wish to bring

¹ The words between brackets are inserted in another hand.

upon the stage those who had worked at it. If indeed the passage which I have placed in square brackets be accepted as evidence, Fawkes did more than keep silence upon the mine. He must have made a positive assertion—soon afterward found to be untrue—that the cellar was hired several months before it really was. This passage is, however, inserted in a different hand from the rest of the document. My own belief is that it gives a correct account of a statement made by the prisoner, but omitted by the clerk who made the copy for Coke, and inserted by some other person. Nobody that I can think of had the slightest interest in adding the words, while they are just what Fawkes might be expected to say if he wanted to lead his examiners off the scent. At all events, even if these words be left out of account, it must be admitted that Fawkes said nothing about the existence of a mine.

Though Fawkes kept silence as to the mine, he did not keep silence on the desperate character of the work on which he had been engaged. "And," runs the record, "he confesseth that when the King had come to the Parliament House this present day, and the Upper House had been sitting, he meant to have fired the match and have fled for his own safety before the powder had taken fire, and confesseth that, if he had not been apprehended this last night, he had blown up the Upper House when the King, Lords, Bishops, and others had been there, and saith that he spake for [and provided]¹ those bars and crows of iron, some in one place, some in another, in London, lest it should be suspected, and saith that he had some of them in or about Gracious Street."² Fawkes here clearly takes the whole terrible design, with the exception of the mine, on his own shoulders.

Commissioners were now appointed to conduct the investigation further. They were: Nottingham, Suffolk, Devonshire, Worcester, Northampton, Salisbury, Mar, and Popham, with Attorney-General Coke in attendance. This was hardly a body of men who would knowingly cover an intrigue of Salisbury's.

¹ Inserted in the same hand as that in which the words about the cellar were written. It will be observed that the insertion cannot serve anyone's purpose.

² Gracechurch Street.

Worcester is always understood to have been professedly a Catholic; Northampton was certainly one, though he attended the King's service, while Suffolk was friendly toward the Catholics; and Nottingham, if he is no longer to be counted among them,¹ was at least not long afterward a member of the party which favored an alliance with Spain, and therefore a policy of toleration toward the Catholics.

Before five of these commissioners—Nottingham, Suffolk, Devonshire, Northampton, and Salisbury—Fawkes was examined a second time on the forenoon of the 6th. In some way the Government had found out that Percy had had a new door made in the wall leading to the cellar, and they now drew from Fawkes an untrue statement that it was put in about the middle of Lent, that is to say, early in March, 1605.² They had also discovered a pair of brewer's slings, by which barrels were usually carried between two men, and they pressed Fawkes hard to say who was his partner in removing the barrels of gunpowder. He began by denying that he had had a partner at all, but finally answered that "he cannot discover the party, but"—*i.e.*, lest—"he shall bring him in question." He also said that he had forgotten where he slept on Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday in the week before his arrest.

Upon this James himself intervened, submitting to the Commissioners a series of questions with the object of drawing out of the prisoner a true account of himself, and of his relations to Percy. A letter had been found on Fawkes when he was taken, directed not to Johnson, but to Fawkes, and this among other things had raised the King's suspicions. In his third examination, on the afternoon of the 6th, in the presence of Northampton, Devonshire, Nottingham, and Salisbury, Fawkes gave a good deal of information, more or less true, about himself; and, while still maintaining that his real name was Johnson, said that the letter, which was written by a Mrs. Bostock in Flanders, was addressed to him by another name "because he called himself

¹ On July 20-30, 1605, Father Creswell writes to Paul V that Nottingham showed him every civility "that could be expected from one who does not profess our holy religion."

² The "cellar" was not really hired till a little before Easter, March 31st.

Fawkes," that is to say, because he had acquired the name of Fawkes as an alias.

"If he will not otherwise confess," the King had ended by saying, "the gentler tortures are to be first used unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*." To us, living in the nineteenth century, these words are simply horrible. As a Scotchman, however, James had long been familiar with the use of torture as an ordinary means of legal investigation, while even in England, though unknown to the law, that is to say, to the practice of the ordinary courts of justice, it had for some generations been used not infrequently by order of the council to extract evidence from a recalcitrant witness, though, according to Bacon, not for the purpose of driving him to incriminate himself. Surely, if the use of torture was admissible at all, this was a case for its employment. The prisoner had informed the government that he had been at the bottom of a plot of the most sanguinary kind, and had acknowledged by implication that there were fellow-conspirators whom he refused to name.

If, indeed, Father Gerard's view of the case, that the government, or at least Salisbury, had for some time known all about the conspiracy, nothing—not even the Gunpowder Plot itself—could be more atrocious than the infliction of torments on a fellow-creature to make him reveal a secret already in their possession. If, however, the evidence I have adduced be worth anything, this was by no means the case. What it shows is that on the afternoon of the 6th all that the members of the government were aware of was that an unknown number of conspirators were at large—they knew not where—and might at that very moment be appealing—they knew not with what effect—to Catholic landowners and their tenants, who were, without doubt, exasperated by the recent enforcement of the penal laws. We may, if we please, condemn the conduct of the government which had brought the danger of a general Catholic rising within sight. We cannot deny that, at that particular moment, they had real cause of alarm. At all events, no immediate steps were taken to put this part of the King's orders in execution.

Some little information, indeed, was coming in from other witnesses. In his first examination, on November 5th, Fawkes had stated that in his absence he locked up the powder, and "one

Gibbons' wife who dwells thereby had the charge of the residue of the house." An examination of her husband on the 5th, however, only elicited that he, being a porter, had with two others carried three thousand billets into the vault. On the 6th, Ellen, the wife of Andrew Bright, stated that Percy's servant had, about the beginning of March, asked her to let the vault to his master, and that she had consented to abandon her tenancy of it if Mrs. Whynniard, from whom she held it, would consent. Mrs. Whynniard's consent having been obtained, Mrs. Bright, or rather Mrs. Skinner—she being a widow remarried subsequently to Andrew Bright—received two pounds for giving up the premises.

The important point in this evidence is that the date of March, 1605, given as that on which Percy entered into possession of the cellar, showed that Fawkes' statement that he had brought powder into the cellar at Christmas, 1604, could not possibly be true. On the 7th Mrs. Whynniard confirmed Mrs. Bright's statement, and also stated that, a year earlier, in March, 1604, "Mr. Percy began to labor very earnestly with this examine and her husband to have the lodging by the Parliament House, which one Mr. Henry Ferris, of Warwickshire, had long held before, and, having obtained the said Mr. Ferris' good-will to part from it after long suit by himself and great entreaty of Mr. Carleton, Mr. Epsley, and other gentleman belonging to the Earl of Northumberland, affirming him to be a very honest gentleman, and that they could not have a better tenant, her husband and she were contented to let him have the said lodging at the same rent Mr. Ferris paid for it."

Mrs. Whynniard had plainly never heard of the mine; and that the Government was in equal ignorance is shown by the indorsement on the agreement of Ferris—or rather Ferrers—to make over his tenancy to Percy—"The bargain between Ferris and Percy for the bloody cellar, found in Winter's lodging." Winter's name had been under consideration for some little time, and doubtless the discovery of this paper was made on, or more probably before, the 7th. The Government, having as yet nothing but Fawkes' evidence to go upon, connected the hiring of the house with the hiring of the cellar, and at least showed no signs of suspecting anything more.

On the same day, the 7th, something was definitely heard of the proceedings of the other plotters, who had either gathered at Dunchurch for the hunting-match, or had fled from London to join them, and a proclamation was issued for the arrest of Percy, Catesby, Rokewood, Thomas Winter, Edward¹ Grant, John and Christopher Wright, and Catesby's servant, Robert Ashfield. They were charged with assembling in troops in the counties of Warwick and Worcester, breaking into stables and seizing horses. Fawkes, too, was on that day subjected to a fourth examination. Not very much that was new was extracted from him. He acknowledged that his real name was Guy Fawkes, that—which he had denied before—he had received the sacrament not to discover any of the conspirators, and also that there had been at first five persons privy to the plot, and afterward five or six more “were generally acquainted that an action was to be performed for the Catholic cause, and saith that he doth not know that they were acquainted with the whole conspiracy.” Being asked whether Catesby, the two Wrights, Winter, or Tresham, were privy, he refused to accuse any one.

That Fawkes had already been threatened with torture is known, and it may easily be imagined that the threats had been redoubled after this last unsatisfactory acknowledgment. On the morning of the 8th, however, Waad, who was employed to worm out his secrets, reported that little was to be expected. “I find this fellow,” he wrote, “who this day is in a most stubborn and perverse humour, as dogged as if he were possessed. Yesterday I had persuaded him to set down a clear narration of all his wicked plots from the first entering to the same, to the end they pretended, with the discourses and projects that were thought upon amongst them, which he undertook [to do] and craved time this night to bethink him the better; but this morning he hath changed his mind and is [so] sullen and obstinate as there is no dealing with him.”

The sight of the examiners, together with the sight of the rack,² changed Fawkes' mind to some extent. He was resolved

¹ Properly “John.”

² In *The King's Book* it is stated that Fawkes was shown the rack, but never racked. Probably the torture used on the 9th was that of the manacles, or hanging up by the wrists or thumbs.

that nothing but actual torture should wring from him the names of his fellow-plotters, who so far as was known in London were still at large.¹ He prepared himself, however, to reveal the secrets of the plot so far as was consistent with the concealment of the names of those concerned in it. His fifth examination, on the 8th, the last before the one taken under torture on the 9th, gives to the inquirer into the reality of the plot all that he wants to know.

"He confesseth," so the tale begins, "that a practice was first broken unto him against his majesty for the Catholic cause, and not invented or propounded by himself, and this was first propounded unto him about Easter last was twelvemonth, beyond the seas in the Low Countries, by an English layman,² and that Englishman came over with him in his company into England, and they two and three more³ were the first five mentioned in the former examination. And they five resolving to do somewhat for the Catholic cause (a vow being first taken by all of them for secrecy), one of the other three⁴ propounded to perform it with powder, and resolved that the place should be (where this action should be performed and justice done) in or near the place of the sitting of the Parliament, wherein Religion had been unjustly suppressed. This being resolved, the manner of it was as followeth:

"First they hired the house at Westminster, of one Ferres, and having his house they sought then to make a mine under the Upper House of Parliament, and they began to make the mine in or about the 11 of December, and they five first entered into the works, and soone after took an other⁵ to them, having first sworn him and taken the sacrament for secrecy; and when they came to the wall (that was about three yards thick) and found it a matter of great difficulty, they took to them an other in like manner, with oath and sacrament as aforesaid;⁶ all which seven were

¹ The principal ones were either killed or taken at Holbeche on that very day.

² Thomas Winter.

³ Catesby, Percy, and John Wright.

⁴ *I.e.*, Catesby. In a copy forwarded to Edmondes by Salisbury (Stowe MSS. 168, fol. 223) the copyist had originally written "three or four more," which is altered to "three."

⁵ Christopher Wright.

⁶ Robert Winter.

gentlemen of name and blood, and not any was employed in or about this action (no, not so much as in digging and mining) that was not a gentleman.

“And having wrought to the wall before Christmas, they ceased until after the holidays, and the day before Christmas (having a mass of earth that came out of the mine) they carried it into the garden of the said house, and after Christmas they wrought the wall till Candlemas, and wrought the wall half through; and saith that all the time while the other wrought, he stood as sentinel, to decry any man that came near; and when any man came near to the place, upon warning given by him they ceased until they had notice to proceed from him; and sayeth that they seven all lay in the house, and had shot and powder, and they all resolved to die in that place, before they yielded or were taken.

“And, as they were working, they heard a rushing in the cellar, which grew by one Bright’s selling of his coals,¹ whereupon this examinant, fearing they had been discovered, went into the cellar and viewed the cellar, and perceiving the commodity thereof for their purpose, and understanding how it would be letten, his master, Mr. Percy, hired the cellar for a year for £4 rent; and confesseth that after Christmas twenty barrells of powder were brought by themselves to a house, which they had on the bank side in hampers, and from that house removed the powder to the said house near the Upper House of Parliament; and, presently, upon hiring the cellar they themselves removed the powder into the cellar, and covered the same with fagots which they had before laid into the cellar.

“After, about Easter, he went into the Low Countries (as he before hath declared in his former examination) and that the true purpose of his going over was, lest, being a dangerous man, he should be known and suspected, and in the mean time he left the key of the cellar with Mr. Percy, who in his absence caused more billets to be laid into the cellar, as in his former examination he confessed, and returned about the end of August, or the beginning of September, and went again to the said house, near to the

¹ This is an obvious mistake, as the widow Skinner was not at this time married to Bright, but one just as likely to be made by Fawkes himself as by his examiners.

said cellar, and received the key of the cellar again of one of the five,¹ and then they brought in five or six barrels of powder more into the cellar, which also they covered with billets, saving four little barrels covered with fagots, and then this examinant went into the country about the end of September.

"It appeareth the powder was in the cellar placed as it was found the 5 of November, when the Lords came to prorogue the Parliament, and sayeth that he returned again to the said house near the cellar on Wednesday the 30 of October.

*"He confesseth he was at the Earl of Montgomery's marriage, but, as he sayeth, with no intention of evil, having a sword about him, and was very near to his Majesty and the Lords there present."*²

"Forasmuch as they knew not well how they should come by the person of the Duke Charles, being near London, where they had no forces (if he had not been also blown up), he confesseth that it was resolved among them that the same day that this detestable act should have been performed, the same day should other of their confederacy have surprised the person of the Lady Elizabeth, and presently have proclaimed her Queen, *to which purpose a proclamation was drawn, as well to avow and justify the action, as to have protested against the Union, and in no sort to have meddled with religion therein, and would have protested also against all strangers*, and this proclamation should have been made in the name of the Lady Elizabeth.

"Being demanded why they did not surprise the King's person, and draw him to the effecting of their purpose, sayeth that so many must have been acquainted with such an action as it would not have been kept secret.

"He confesseth that if their purpose had taken effect, until they had had power enough, they would not have avowed the deed to be theirs; but if their power (for their defence and safety) had been sufficient, they themselves would then have taken it upon them. They meant also to have sent for the prisoners in the Tower to have come to them, of whom particularly they had some consultation.

¹ Percy.

² The words in Italics are marked by pen-strokes across them for omission.

"He confesseth that the place of rendezvous was in Warwickshire, and that armour was sent thither, but the particular thereof he knows not.

"He confesseth that they had consultation for the taking of the Lady Mary into their possession, but knew not how to come by her.

"And confesseth that provision was made by some of the conspiracy of some armour of proof this last summer for this action.

"He confesseth that the powder was bought by the common purse of the confederates.

"L. Admiral [Earl of Nottingham] Earl of Salisbury

L. Chamberlain [Earl of Suffolk] Earl of Mar

Earl of Devonshire

Lord Chief Justice [Pop-

Earl of Northampton

ham]¹

"Attended by Mr. Attorney-General [Coke]."

The 9th, the day on which Fawkes was put to the torture, brought news to the government that the fear of insurrection need no longer be entertained. It had been known before this that Fawkes' confederates had met on the 5th at Dunchurch on the pretext of a hunting-match,² and had been breaking open houses in Warwickshire and Worcestershire in order to collect arms. Yet so indefinite was the knowledge of the council that, on the 8th, they offered a reward for the apprehension of Percy alone, without including any of the other conspirators.³ On the evening of the 9th⁴ they received a letter from Sir Richard Walsh, the Sheriff of Worcestershire.

"We think fit," he wrote, "with all speed to certify your Lordships of the happy success it hath pleased God to give us

¹ *G. P. B.*, No. 49. In the Stowe copy the names of the commissioners are omitted, and a list of fifteen plotters added. As the paper was enclosed in a letter to Edmondes of the 14th, these might easily be added at any date preceding that.

² Probably, as Father Gerard suggests, what would now be known as a coursing-match.

³ *Proclamation Book, R. O.*, p. 117.

⁴ A late postscript added to the letter to the ambassadors sent off on the 9th (*Winwood*, ii. 173) shows that before the end of the day Salisbury had learned even more of the details than were comprised in the sheriff's letter.

against the rebellious assembly in these parts. After such time as they had taken the horses from Warwick upon Tuesday night last,¹ they came to Mr. Robert Winter's house to Huddington upon Wednesday night,² where—having entered—[they] armed themselves at all points in open rebellion. They passed from thence upon Thursday morning³ unto Hewell—the Lord Windsor's house—which they entered and took from thence by force great store of armour, artillery of the said Lord Windsor's, and passed that night into the county of Staffordshire unto the house of one Stephen Littleton, Gentleman, called Holbeche, about two miles distant from Stourbridge, whither we pursued, with the assistance of Sir John Foliot, Knight, Francis Ketelsby, Esquire, Humphrey Salway, Gentleman, Edmund Walsh, and Francis Conyers, Gentlemen, with few other gentlemen and the power and face of the country.

“We made against them upon Thursday morning,³ and freshly pursued them until the next day,⁴ at which time, about twelve or one of the clock in the afternoon, we overtook them at the said Holbeche House—the greatest part of their retinue and some of the better sort being dispersed and fled before our coming, whereupon and after summons and warning first given and proclamation in his Highness's name to yield and submit themselves—who refusing the same, we fired some part of the house and assaulted some part of the rebellious persons left in the said house, in which assault one Mr. Robert Catesby is slain, and three others verily thought wounded to death whose names—as far as we can learn—are Thomas Percy, Gentleman, John Wright, and Christopher Wright, Gentlemen; and these are apprehended and taken: Thomas Winter Gentleman, John Grant Gentleman, Henry Morgan Gentleman, Ambrose Rokewood Gentleman, Thomas Ockley carpenter, Edmund Townsend servant to the said John Grant, Nicholas Pelborrow, servant unto the said Ambrose Rokewood, Edward Ockley carpenter, Richard Townsend servant to the said Robert Winter, Richard Day servant to the said Stephen Littleton, which said prisoners are in safe custody here, and so shall remain until your Honours good pleasures be further known. The rest of that rebellious assem-

¹ November 5th.

² November 6th.

³ November 7th.

⁴ November 8th.

bly is dispersed, we have caused to be followed with fresh suite and hope of their speedy apprehension. We have also thought fit to send unto your Honours—according unto our duties—such letters as we have found about the parties apprehended; and so resting in all duty at your Honours' further command, we take leave, from Stourbridge this Saturday morning, being the ixth of this instant November 1605.

“Your Honours' most humble to be commanded,

“RICH. WALSH.”

CERVANTES' "DON QUIXOTE" REFORMS LITERATURE

A.D. 1605

HENRY EDWARD WATTS

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra is the most celebrated of Spanish authors; but his fame rests upon a far more solid basis than merely that of having written the most readable and tender of humorous romances. He reformed literature. He tilted at windmills as truly as ever his hero did, and overthrew the false taste for wordy pomp and emptiness which was characteristic of his times. It was not only Spanish literature that felt the impulse of his warm, frank honesty and insight into life. All Europe was his debtor.

Cervantes was an impoverished nobleman, that too common product of Spain in those days when her American gold fleets had begun to fail her. In his early manhood he was an author and then a soldier of fortune in Italy. He fought as a common soldier on one of the Genoese galleys in the great sea-fight of Lepanto, distinguished himself there by his heroism, and was three times wounded, crippled in one arm for life. Later he was captured by Algerian pirates, and was for five years a slave, ever planning and attempting escapes, a daring, dashing hero, the life and admiration of his fellow-captives.

After his ransom and return to Spain, Cervantes once more took up literature, the amusement of his youth. He became a playwright and romancer. The government gave him a small position as a tax-collector, but with such good-natured carelessness did he handle this ungenial employ that he had repeatedly to make good from his own pocket the losses he entailed upon the government. Even this unsatisfactory labor failed the impractical author about the period of the death of King Philip II (1598). He was imprisoned for debt, and sank into such abject poverty that he depended on his friends for bread. How much the gloomy Philip II is satirized in Cervantes' masterpiece has always been a disputed question.

THE accession of the new King, which had been hailed as "the light after darkness," had little effect on Cervantes' fortunes. Philip III, though he had some taste for letters, and was not without sprouts of kindness in his heart, had been by education and by an over-strict regimen in youth debased, so that he was even more completely a slave to the priestly influence

than his father had been, without any of his father's ability or force of character. The Duke of Lerma was "the Atlas who bore the burden of the monarchy."¹ He was a man, according to Quevedo, "alluring and dexterous rather than intelligent; ruled by the interested cunning of his own creatures but imperious with all others; magnificent, ostentatious; choosing his men only by considerations of his own special policy or from personal friendship." Under such a man, who ruled the King at his will, it was not likely that any portion of the royal benevolence should light on Miguel de Cervantes. Moreover, the crowd of suppliants at court was very great, their appetite stimulated doubtless by the flattering reports of the new King's liberal disposition.

A contemporary writer laments with pathetic zeal and pious indignation the lot of many famous captains and valiant soldiers, who, after serving the King all their lives and being riddled with wounds, were not only pushed aside into corners without any reward, but condemned to see unworthy men without merit loaded with benefits, merely through enjoying the favor of some minister or courtier.² The Duke of Lerma, as one who professed a contempt for all letters and learning, was even less likely to be influenced by Cervantes' literary merits than by his services as a soldier—services which had now become an old story. Disappointed in his hopes of preferment, Cervantes had to maintain himself and his family by the exercise of his pen—writing, as we learn, letters and memorials for those who needed them,³ while busy upon his new book.

Without the gifts which are in favor at court—unskilled in the arts of solicitation—we can imagine, with a man of Cervantes' temperament, what a special hell it must have been—"in suing long to bide." About this time he seems almost to have dropped out of life. The four years between 1598 and 1602 are the obscurest in his story. We do not know where he lived or what he did. It was the crisis of the struggle with his unrelenting evil destiny. The presumption is that he was still in the South,

¹ The phrase was probably used by Cervantes in irony. It had been used by others before, and was a common form.

² Fr. Sepulveda, quoted by Navarrete.

³ And "employed in various agencies and businesses," says Navarrete, vaguely.

engaged in his humble occupation of gathering rents, of buying grain for the use of the fleet, with intervals perhaps of social enjoyment among such friends as he had made at Seville; among whom is reckoned the painter Francisco de Pacheco. This was for our hero the darkest hour before the dawn. For already, according to my calculation, he must have begun to write *Don Quixote*, being now (1602) in his fifty-fifth year.¹ He had duly qualified himself, by personal experience, to tell the story of the adventures of him who sought to revive the spirit of the ancient chivalry. His own romance was ended. The pathetic lines of Goethe might seem to be written for his own case:

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte."²

Never had any man of letters to go through a severer ordeal. At last his genius found the true path for which it had been beating about so many years; but not until his prime of life had passed, when even that brave heart must have been chilled and that gay spirit deadened.

In 1601 Philip III, at the instance of the Duke of Lerma, removed the court to the old capital of Castile, Valladolid—by nature far better situated for a metropolis than Madrid, which had been the choice of his grandfather, Charles V. Thither Cervantes repaired, in 1603, doubtless with some hope of gleaning some crumbs of the royal favor. He was no more fortunate with the new King than he had been with the old. Despair-

¹ That *Don Quixote* could not have been written before 1591 is proved by the mention in chapter vi of a book published in that year. That it must have been written subsequently to 1596 is proved by the reference in chapter xix to an incident which was not ended till September, 1596 (see Navarrete). There are other hints and allusions in the story which, I think, show that it could scarcely have been begun while Philip II was alive.

² From *Wilhelm Meister, Lehrjahre*, chapter xii, thus Englished by Thomas Carlyle:

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knew you not, ye unseen Powers,"

ing of place or patronage, he turned, with his brave spirit unquenched as by the record sufficiently appears, to completing this new thing among books.

Don Quixote was probably finished by the beginning of 1604, though some further time elapsed, as it seems, before the author had courage to go to print. His genius had lain fallow for twenty years. He was now old, and had written nothing, or at least published nothing, since *Galatea*. What fame was left to him he had earned as a poet among many poets. As an author, if he was remembered at all, it was in a line wholly different from that which he now essayed. There is reason to believe that the manuscript of the new book was in circulation among those who called themselves the author's friends, as was the custom of the age, before he found a patron and a publisher.¹ The publisher was got at last in Francisco Robles, the King's printer, to whom the copyright was sold for ten years.² The patron appeared in the person of the Duque de Bejar, a nobleman described by a writer of that age—Cristobal de Mesa—as himself both a poet and a valiant soldier. The choice was not altogether a happy one, for the Duke of Bejar might be said to have an ancestral claim to be regarded as a patron of books of chivalries. It was to his great-grandfather that one of the silliest and most extravagant of the romances had been dedicated by the author, Feliciano de Silva, who is the writer specially ridiculed by Cervantes—the very book which is the subject of a parody in the opening chapter of *Don Quixote*.³ The Duke of Bejar was noted, moreover,

¹ There are two curious pieces of evidence in proof that *Don Quixote* was known before it was printed. In the first edition of the *Picara Justina*, composed by Francisco de Ubeda—the license to print which is dated August, 1604—there are some truncated verses, like those in the beginning of *Don Quixote*, in which *Don Quixote* is mentioned by name as already famous (*Catalogo de Salva*, vol. ii, p. 157). Also in a private letter from Lope de Vega to his patron, the Duke of Sessa, there is a malignant allusion to Cervantes, speaking of poets. "There is none so bad as Cervantes, and none so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*." The letter is dated August 4, 1604.

² That seems to have been the usual period for which a book was licensed in that age. The sum which Cervantes received for his copyright is not recorded.

³ The Third Part of *Don Florisel de Niquea* was dedicated to a former Duke de Bejar. See Salva's *Catalogo*, vol. ii, p. 14.

for his own uncommon affection for the books of chivalries then in fashion, and it is probable that he at first understood *Don Quixote* to be one such as he was in the habit of reading. Learning of his mistake, he refused, it is said, the dedication, and withdrew his patronage from the author. Then, according to the pleasant story first told by Vicente de los Rios, was enacted that scene which has been so favorite a subject with modern artists. Cervantes begged of the Duke to give him a hearing before deciding against his book; upon which he was permitted to read a chapter, which the Duke found so much to his taste that he graciously readmitted the author into his favor and consented to receive the dedication. There is another tradition which imputes to the Duke's confessor—an ecclesiastic who must have had a cleaner nose for heterodoxy than most of his fellows—the original rejection of the dedication by the Duke, the alteration in its wording, and the subsequent neglect of the author.¹ The dedication which now does duty at the opening of the First Part of *Don Quixote* I have shown to have been tampered with by someone bearing no good-will to Cervantes.

The privilege of publication is dated September 26th, and the *Tasa* December 20, 1604. The book itself, the First Part of *Don Quixote* (it was not so called in the first edition, of course), was printed by Juan de la Cuesta during 1604, and published at Madrid in January, 1605.² The impression was very carelessly made, and swarms with blunders, typographical and otherwise, showing that it was not corrected or revised by the author. The press-work, however, is quite equal in execution to that of most books of that age.

The reception which *Don Quixote* met with on its first appear-

¹ Cervantes is supposed to reflect on this meddlesome ecclesiastic in Part II, chap. xxxi, of *Don Quixote*, where there is a passage against those of the religious profession who "govern the houses of princes," written with a bitterness most unusual in our author.

² Those who are fond of dwelling on coincidences may find one here of singular interest. The year during which *Don Quixote* was being printed was also the year in which, according to the best authorities, Shakespeare was producing his perfected *Hamlet*. The two noblest works of human wit, their subjects bearing a curious affinity one to another, each the story of a mind disordered by the burden of setting the world right, were thus born in the same year.

ance was cordial beyond all precedent, and such as must have convinced the author, who was evidently doubtful of his new experiment, that here at last his genius had found its true field of exercise. The persons of culture, indeed, received the book coldly. The half-learned sneered at the title as absurd and at the style as vulgar. Who was this *ingenio lego*—this lay, unlearned wit—"a poor Latin-less author," which is what they said of Shakespeare—outside of the *cultos* proper, of no university education—who had dared to parody the tastes of the higher circles? The envy and malice of all his rivals—especially of those who found themselves included in the satire—even the great Lope himself, the phoenix of his age, then at the height of his glory—spoke out, with open mouth, against the author. The chorus of dispraise was swelled by all those, persons chiefly of high station, whose fashion of reading had been ridiculed. A book, professing to be of entertainment, in which knights and knightly exercises were made a jest of—in which peasants, innkeepers, muleteers, and other vulgar people spoke their own language and behaved after their own fashion—was a daring innovation, all the more offensive because the laugh was directed at what was felt to be a national infirmity. Who was the bold man who, being neither courtier nor ecclesiastic, made sport for the world out of the weaknesses of *caballeros*? An old soldier of Lepanto, indeed! Lepanto was a name outworn. Spain was now in a new world. Crusades against the unbeliever, even those more popular ones which combined the saving of souls with the getting of gold, were long out of fashion. Lastly, the entire ecclesiastical body—the formidable phalanx of the endowed, with their patrons dependents, and dupes—though they were too dull to perceive and too dense to feel the shafts aimed at obscurantism and superstition, had something more than a suspicion that this book called *Don Quixote* was a book to be discouraged.

In spite of the frowns and sneers of the quality, however, and the ill-concealed disgust of the learned, *Don Quixote* was received with unbounded applause by the common people.¹ Those best

¹ *Con general aplauso de las gentes*—he says in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, speaking through the mouth of the Duchess. The legend, revived in the present age, that *Don Quixote* hung fire on the first publication, and that the author wrote anonymously a tract called *El Bus-*

critics in every age and country, the honest readers, who were neither *bourgeois* nor genteel, neither learned nor ignorant, welcomed the book with a joyous enthusiasm, as a wholly new delight and source of entertainment. Nothing like it had ever appeared before. It was an epoch-marking book, if ever there was one.

The proud and happy author himself spoke of his success with a frank complacency which, in any other man, would savor of vanity. Some seven or eight editions of *Don Quixote* are supposed to have been printed in the first year, of which six are now extant—two of Madrid, two of Lisbon, and two of Valencia.¹ The number of copies issued from the press in one year was probably in excess of the number reached by any book since the invention of printing.² But though all Spain talked of *Don Quixote* and read *Don Quixote*, and though the book brought him much fame, some consolation, and a few good friends, it does not appear to have helped to mend the fortunes of Cervantes in any material degree. In accordance with the usual dispensation, the author derived the least benefit from his success. Fran-

capie (The Search-foot), in order to explain his story and its object, rests only upon the evidence of one Ruidiaz, and is contradicted by all the facts of the case. No such aid was necessary to push the sale of the book, whose purpose had been sufficiently explained by the author in his preface. The so-called *Buscapie*, published in 1848 by Adolfo de Castro, is an impudent forgery, which has imposed upon no one. It is the composition of Señor de Castro himself, who is a *farceur*, of some wit and more effrontery. Ticknor is even too serious in the attention which he bestows on Señor de Castro and his work, which an English publisher has thought worthy of a translation.

¹ Señor Gayangos is of opinion that there were other editions of 1605 which have wholly perished; one probably at Barcelona, the press of which city was very active in that year; one at Pamplona, and probably one at Saragossa, which were capitals of old kingdoms. See also Señor Asensio's letter to the *Ateneo*, No. 23, p. 296; and the Bibliography of *Don Quixote* at the end of this volume.

² The ordinary *obra*, or impression, of a book at this period, I am told by Señor Gayangos—and there can be no better authority—was 250 copies. But in the case of a popular book like *Don Quixote* the impression would be larger—probably 500 copies. Supposing 8 editions to have been issued in 1605, there would thus have been printed 4,000 copies in the first year—a number unprecedentedly large in an age when readers were few and books a luxury.

cisco Robles and Juan de la Cuesta, doubtless, made a good thing of it; but to Miguel de Cervantes there must have come but a small share of the profit. The laws of copyright were, in that age, little regarded; and it may be questioned whether, in a book published in Madrid, they could be enforced outside of Castile. The pirates and the wreckers were busy upon *Don Quixote* from its very earliest appearance; and its quick and plentiful reproduction in all the chief cities, not only of Spain but of the outside Spanish dominions, though highly flattering to the author, could not have greatly helped to lighten his life of toil and penury.

Taking the object of *Don Quixote* to be, what Cervantes declared it—"the causing of the false and silly books of chivalries to be abhorred by mankind"—no book was ever so successful. The doughtiest knight of romance never achieved an adventure so stupendous as that which Miguel de Cervantes undertook and accomplished. With his pen, keener than the lance of Esplandian or Felixmarté, he slew the whole herd of puissant cavaliers, of very valiant and accomplished lovers. Before him went down the Florisandros and Florisels, the Lisuartes and Lepolemos, the Primaleons and the Polindos, and the whole brood of the invincible. Scarcely a single romance was printed, and not one was written, after the date of the publication of *Don Quixote*.¹ Such a revolution in taste was never accomplished by any single writer, in any age or country.

A few words only are here needed, in the discussion of that question which has occupied so largely the ingenuity of writers, native and foreign, as to what was the object of Cervantes in writing *Don Quixote*. There are those who insist upon seeking in every work of humor or of wit some meaning other and deeper than in the book appears, as though it were impossible that an author should be disinterested or write merely out of the fulness of his heart or pride in his work. With Cervantes' own declaration, more than once repeated, of the purpose of his

¹ The last book of the kind written before *Don Quixote*, according to Clemencin, was *Politicisne de Boecia*, published in 1602; but *La Toledana Discreta*, which is a romantic poem in *ottava rima*, was published in 1604, and a few chap-books and religious romances, of the slighter kind, afterward.

book the critics will not be content. So good a book must have had a better reason for being than Cervantes' dislike of the fantastic books of the later chivalry. Who, then, was the man—the original of Don Quixote? Against whom was the satire levelled? Of course nothing was then known to the world outside of poor Don Rodrigo de Pacheco, the Argamasillan *hidalgo*. Some great man Cervantes must have intended to ridicule. It was Charles V, said some. It was his son Philip, cried others—ignoring the absurdity of the Prudent one losing his wits through excessive reading of romances. It was the Duke of Lerma—or the Duke of Osuna—or some other great man, or Cervantes' wife's cousin, who opposed his marriage with Catalina. It was Ignatius Loyola—our own countryman, the good John Bowle, suggested.

Surely these various theories are a little far-fetched and not a little grotesque and absurd. What there is in either of the two Spanish monarchs to liken him to the Knight of La Mancha it is difficult to see. Those who have looked upon that wonderful equestrian picture of Titian's in the Museo at Madrid, with its weird, weary, far-off expression, are irresistibly led to think of Don Quixote; but the converse is by no means so clear that on looking at Don Quixote we are tempted to think of that most unromantic of monarchs, Carlos Quinto.¹ His son is still more unlike his supposed portrait. As to the Duke of Lerma, they who can believe, on the faith of the cock-and-bull stories told by the Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy and the Jesuit Rapin, that Cervantes satirized the all-powerful minister in revenge for personal injuries suffered at his hands, may be consigned to the same limbo with the believers in the Bacon-Shakespeare. The theory about Loyola, first mooted by Bowle, the English commentator, is of all, perhaps, not the least absurd. The one shred by which it hangs is a passage in *Don Quixote* where the angry Biscayan, the adversary of Don Quixote, is made a native of Azpetitia

¹The question is reopened in the *España Moderna* (1894), by my good friend Asensio, who quotes from one of the histories of Charles V how that as a youth he would draw his sword and lay about him at the figures in the tapestry, and how once he was discovered teasing a caged lion with a stick. This is slender material on which to base the theory of Charles V being the original of Don Quixote.

—this being the name of the obscure village where Loyola was born.

A sufficient answer to all these theories is that contained in the book itself. Surely no one has read *Don Quixote* with profit to himself who has been unable to see that the hero is not one whom the author desired to revile or to malign. Never was a satire like this, which leaves us full of love and sympathy for the object. And why cannot we believe the author when he avers that never did his humble pen stoop to satire? He meant, of course, the satire of persons as distinguished from the reprehension and the ridicule of human follies and general vices. As a lampoon, *Don Quixote* could hardly have endured to this day. The spirit which has given it eternal life is love, and not hate.

To estimate the worth of the service performed by Cervantes—not in abolishing romance, as has been absurdly said, still less in discrediting chivalry, as with even a more perverse misconception of his purpose has been suggested, but in purging books of fiction of their grossness and their extravagance, and restoring romance to truth and to nature—we have to consider the enormous influence exercised by this pernicious literature over the minds of the people of Spain in the sixteenth century.

The ceaseless wars with the Moors had trained the whole manhood of the nation to soldiership. The trade of fighting was familiar to every man of good birth, so that the word for "knight" (*caballero*) came to be synonymous with that for "gentleman." The constant exercise in arms made of chivalry, in Spain, a more solemn and serious calling than elsewhere. As a native writer says, with equal point and spirit, there was developed by the chronic war with the Moor a *caballerismo*—there is none but a Spanish word for a quality purely indigenous—essentially distinct from the gay, fantastic chivalry of the North. It extended to all classes of the people. It was not confined to the aristocracy. "Every Spaniard was a warrior, every warrior a noble, and every noble a knight of his country."¹ They had not to go far to seek for adventures. They had the Paynim at home: Mahound and Termagaunt were at their doors. There was a constant supply at hand of men of the wrong faith and alien habits

¹ See the eloquent and judicious prologue to his *Romancero General* by Don Agustin Duran.

—the delight in fighting whom was enhanced by the fact that they equally were possessed of the chivalric fervor, and, though Moors and misbelievers, gentlemen still and cavaliers.¹ The long and desperate struggle for existence evolved the highest qualities of the race. And small wonder it was that out of that fruitful soil which had grown the Cid and the warriors of the heroic age, who should be rightly classed as prechivalric, there sprung up that ranker produce, the knights-errant. Of these, the seekers after adventure, the bohemians of the knightly order, Spain, as her native historians boast, was the teeming mother. No other country in that age, or in the previous one, could show the world such a scene as that gravely enacted before King Juan II and his court, when eighty knights ran a-tilt with each other, and incurred serious loss of limb and permanent injury to their persons, in order that one of them might fulfil a fantastic vow made to his mistress.²

Knight-errantry, which was a caprice in France and in England, in Spain was a calling. No other country could afford such a field for it, and to no other society was it so well suited. The grave and wise Fernando de Pulgar, the counsellor and chronicler of Ferdinand and Isabella, speaks with complacency of the noblemen he knew who had gone into foreign countries in search of adventures, "so as to gain honor for themselves, and the fame of valiant and hardy knights for the gentlemen of Castile"—boasting that there were more Spanish knights of the errant sort than of any other nation.

The romance of chivalry was the natural growth of this fashion of knight-errantry; and, like its parent, flourished nowhere so luxuriantly as in Spain. *Amadis of Gaul* and *Beli-anis of Greece* are, in fact, as much "racy of the soil" as *Don Quixote* itself.

There were some simple or devout enough to take the romance for a gospel, who believed in *Amadis* as much as in any

' "Caballeros Granadinos,
Aunque Moros, hijos d'algo."

² See the account of the Paso Honroso, held at the instance of Suero de Quiñones, before Juan II, in 1434, at the bridge of Orbigo, near Leon, which is contained in Appendix D, vol. i, of my translation of *Don Quixote*.

other hero or saint. In the *Arte de Galanteria*, written by Francisco de Portugal about the close of the sixteenth century, it is mentioned that a Portuguese poet, Simon de Silveira, once swore upon the Evangelists that he believed the whole of *Amadis* to be true history. This is capped by another story in the same book of how a certain knight came home from hunting and found his wife and daughters dissolved in tears. Asking them what was the matter—whether any child or relation was dead—they said “No; but Amadis is dead!” They had come to the 174th chapter of *Lisuarte of Greece*, where the old Amadis finally dies.

The influence of the *Palmerins* and of the Carlovigian romances, which form a class by themselves, was scarcely inferior to that of *Amadis*. *Palmerin of England* himself, the patriarch of the family—that “Palm of England,” as Cervantes calls him—may be placed second to his rival in merit. The difference in spirit is great between the two; for *Amadis* really is, though in its present form of the fifteenth, of the fourteenth century, when chivalry was in its early prime; and *Palmerin* was not written till the sixteenth century, when the true ideal of knighthood had already been dimmed by the lust of gold-seeking and religious adventure. Southey, perhaps, ranks *Palmerin* too high in the literary scale by placing it on a level with *Amadis*, and averring that he knew “no romance and no epic in which suspense is so successfully kept up.” Of their successors, the long line of sons, grandsons and nephews, each more valiant and puissant than the last, it must be said that they are as scant of beauty as of grace. In order to keep up the interest of their readers, the authors of the Primaleons and the Polindos—the Florisels and the Florisandos—were compelled to put in wonders on an ascending scale; to pile up adventure upon adventure; to make the dragons fiercer, the giants huger, the fighting more terrible, and the slaughter more bloody. The popular appetite, which craved for more and more excitement with every successive stimulant, could only be fed by inventions so monstrous that it is a wonder the stomach of the readers of romances of chivalry did not reject the nauseous aliment. Yet there is no evidence of any decline in the production of these books up to the date of the appearance of *Don Quixote*.

It was to do battle with this brood of fabled monsters, against

whom the pulpit and the parliament had preached and legislated in vain, that Cervantes took up his pen. The adventure was one reserved for his single arm; and it was achieved with a completeness of success such as must have astonished our hero himself, as we know by many signs that it disgusted and irritated many of his literary rivals. The true nature of the service performed, as well as Cervantes' motive in undertaking it, has been greatly misrepresented. Nothing can be more certain than that his aim in *Don Quixote* was, primarily, to correct the prevailing false taste in literature. What moral and social results followed were the necessary consequences of the employment of his rare wit and humor on such a work. There is no reason to believe that Cervantes, at first, had any more serious intention than that which he avowed, namely, to give "a pastime to melancholy souls"¹ in destroying "the authority and influence which the books of chivalries have in the world and over the vulgar." That he was not impelled to this work by any antipathy to knightly romances as such—still less by any ambition to repress the spirit of chivalry, or to purge the commonwealth of social and political abuses—is abundantly proved by the whole tenor of his book, if not by the evidence of his life. His own tastes strongly inclined him to books of romance. Perhaps no one in that age had read more of those books, or was so deeply imbued with their spirit.

The opinion of an acute Spanish writer, Don Vicente de Salva, on this point we hold to be a very sensible one—"Cervantes did not intend to satirize the substance and essence of books of chivalries, but only to purge away their follies and impossibilities." What is *Don Quixote* itself, it is shrewdly added, but a romance of chivalry, "which has ruined the fortunes of

¹ See the *Viaje del Parnaso*, chapter iv:

"Y he dado en *Don Quixote* pasatiempo
Al pecho melancolico y mohino
En cualquiera sason, en todo tiempo."

("And I am he in *Quixote* who has given
A pastime for the melancholy soul
In every age, and all time and season.")

Why cannot we believe the author, when he thus plainly and candidly avows his purpose?

its predecessors by being so immensely in advance of them" ?¹ What was Cervantes' own last book, as we shall presently show, but in some kind a romance of chivalry—not free, alas! from some of the very errors he had himself burlesqued? Nay, what was Cervantes' own life but a romance of chivalry?

That, after all, the overthrow of the books of chivalries was but a small part of the good work which Cervantes performed in *Don Quixote* is only to say that, like all great writers, he "buildded better than he knew." The pen of the genius, as Heine says, is ever greater than the man himself. Rejecting all the many subtle and ingenious theories as to what was Cervantes' object in writing his book; that it was a crusade against enthusiasm, as even Heine seems to suspect; that it was a missionary tract, intended to destroy popery and throw down antichrist, as some, even bearded men, have dared to suggest; that it was a programme of advanced liberalism artfully veiled under a mask of levity, and, indeed, the forerunner of that gospel of sentimental cosmopolitanism since preached by other eminent persons supposed to resemble Cervantes in their characters or *Don Quixote* in their careers—I hold that the author wrote but out of the fullness of his own heart, giving us, by a happy impulse, a fable in which are transparently figured his own character, his own experiences, and his own sufferings. What is the key but this to the mystery which makes this book, on a purely local subject of passing interest, the book of humanity for all time—as popular out of Spain as among Spaniards? A mere burlesque would have died with the books which it killed. A satire survives only so long as the person or the thing satirized is remembered. But *Don Quixote* lives, and, by a miracle of genius, keeps *Amadis* and *Palmerin* alive.

The invention is the most simple, as it is the most original, in literature. From *Don Quixote* dates an epoch in the art of fiction. For once Cervantes was happy in his opportunity. And what is the secret of his success? It is that this "child of

¹ See the essay of Salva's in Ochoa, *Apuntes para una Biblioteca*, vol. ii, pp. 723-740. I know one great Spanish scholar who has never forgiven Cervantes for destroying the books of chivalries. But his anger is rather that of the bibliographer than of the critic or patriot. He has the best collection of those evil books in Europe.

his sterile, ill-cultured wit" is no creature of pure fancy, but fashioned in the very likeness of its parent, drawn out of his life, shaped after his pattern—an image of its creator. How could Cervantes' romance fail of holding the field against all the romances? It was his own life from which he drew—that life which had been a true knight-errantry. The hero himself, the enthusiast, nursed on visions of chivalry, who is ever mocked by fortune; the reviver of the old knighthood, who is buffeted by clowns and made sport of by the baser sort; who, in spite of the frequent blows, jeers, reverses, and indignities he receives, never ceases to command our love and sympathy—who is he but the man of Lepanto himself, whose life is a romance at least as various, eventful, and arduous; as full of hardships, troubles, and sadness; as prolific of surprising adventures and strange accidents, as the immortal story he has written? This is the key to *Don Quixote*, which, unless we use, we shall not reach to the heart of the mystery.

EARLIEST POSITIVE DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA

A.D. 1606

LOUIS BECKE AND WALTER JEFFERY

As shown by the authors of the following account, there is no lack of evidence that it was belief in a great southern land which led early geographers and sailors to belief in the existence of the Australian continent. Notwithstanding this, it is held by some students of the subject to be doubtful whether the first navigators who reached the shores of Australia set out with any expectation of discovering a great land in the south.

Whether this was the case or not, it is argued that the earliest achievements in that quarter were either of no definite consequence or were imperfectly estimated by those who made or promoted the discoveries in connection with which not even their names have been preserved.

The narrative of Becke and Jeffery, with its references to other leading authorities, furnishes the completest and most recent information on this subject available within the compass of a reasonably brief survey.

LEARNED geographers have gone back to very remote times, even to the Middle Ages, and, by the aid of old maps, have set up ingenious theories showing that the Australian continent was then known to explorers. Some evidence had been adduced of a French voyage in which the continent was discovered in the youth of the sixteenth century, and, of course, it has been asserted that the Chinese were acquainted with the land long before Europeans ventured to go so far afloat. There is strong evidence that the west coast of Australia was touched by the Spanish and the Portuguese during the first half of the sixteenth century, and proof of its discovery early in the seventeenth century. At the time of these very early South Sea voyages the search, it should always be remembered, was for a great antarctic continent. The discovery of islands in the Pacific was, to the explorers, a matter of minor importance; New Guinea, although visited by the Portuguese in 1526, up to the time of Captain

Cook was supposed by Englishmen to be a part of the mainland; and the eastern coast of Australia, though touched upon earlier and roughly outlined upon maps, remained unknown to them until Cook explored it.

Early Voyages to Australia, by R. H. Major, printed by the Hakluyt Society in 1859, is still the best collection of facts, and contains the soundest deductions from them on the subject, and although ably written books have since been published, the industrious authors have added little or nothing in the way of indisputable evidence to that collected by Major. The belief in the existence of the Australian continent grew gradually and naturally out of a belief in a great southern land. G. B. Barton, in an introduction to his valuable Australian history, traces this from 1578, when Frobisher wrote:

"Terra Australis seemeth to be a great, firm land, lying under and about the south pole, being in many places a fruitful soil, and is not yet thoroughly discovered, but only seen and touched on the north edge thereof by the travel of the Portugales and Spaniards in their voyages to their East and West Indies. It is included almost by a parallel, passing at 40 degrees in south latitude, yet in some places it reacheth into the sea with great promontories, even into the tropic Capricornus. Only these parts are best known, as over against Capo d'buona Speranza (where the Portugales see popinjays commonly of a wonderful greatness), and again it is known at the south side of the Strait of Magellanies, and is called Terra del Fuego. It is thought this south land, about the pole Antarctic, is far bigger than the north land about the pole Arctic; but whether it be so or not, we have no certain knowledge, for we have no particular description thereof, as we have of the land under and about the north pole."

Then Purchas, in 1578, says: "This land about the Straits is not perfectly discovered, whether it be continent or islands. Some take it for continent, and extend it more in their imagination than any man's experience toward those islands of Saloman and New Guinea, esteeming (of which there is great probability) that Terra Australis, or the Southern Continent, may for the largeness thereof take a first place in order and the first in greatness in the division and parting of the Whole World."

The most important of the Spanish voyages was that made by De Quiros, who left Callao in December, 1605, in charge of an expedition of three ships. One of these vessels was commanded by Luis Vaez de Torres. De Quiros, who is believed to have been by birth a Portuguese, discovered several island groups and many isolated islands, among the former being the New Hebrides, which he, believing he had found the continent, named *Tierra Australis del Espiritu Santo*. Soon after, the ships commanded by De Quiros became separated from the other vessels, and Torres took charge. He subsequently found that the land seen was an island group, and so determined to sail westward in pursuance of the scheme of exploration. In about the month of August he fell in with a chain of islands—now called the *Louisiade Archipelago* and included in the British possession of New Guinea—which he thought, reasonably enough, was the beginning of New Guinea, but which really lies a little to the southeast of that great island. As he could not weather the group, he bore away to the southward, and his subsequent proceedings are here quoted from Burney's *Voyages*:

“We went along three hundred leagues of coast, as I have mentioned, and diminished the latitude $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, which brought us into 9 degrees. From thence we fell in with a bank of from 3 to 9 fathoms, which extends along the coast to $7\frac{1}{2}$ south latitude; and the end of it is in 5 degrees. We could go no further on for the many shoals and great currents, so we were obliged to sail south-west in that depth to 11 degrees south latitude. There is all over it an archipelago of islands, without number, by which we passed; and at the end of the eleventh degree the bank became shoaler. Here were very large islands, and they appeared more to the southward. They were inhabited by black people, very corpulent and naked. Their arms were lances, arrows, and clubs of stone ill-fashioned. We could not get any of their arms. We caught in all this land twenty persons of different nations, that with them we might be able to give a better account to your Majesty. They give (us) much notice of other people, although as yet they do not make themselves well understood. We were upon this bank two months, at the end of which time we found ourselves in twenty-five fathoms and 5 degrees south latitude and ten leagues from the coast; and

having gone 480 leagues here, the coast goes to the north-east. I did not search it, for the bank became very shallow. So we stood to the north."

The "very large islands" seen by Torres were, no doubt, the hills of Cape York, the northernmost point of Australia, and so he, all unconsciously, had passed within sight of the continent for which he was searching. A copy of the report by Torres was lodged in the archives of Manila; and when the English took that city in 1762, Dalrymple, the celebrated geographer, discovered it, and gave the name of Torres Straits to what is now well known as the dangerous passage dividing New Guinea from Australia. De Quiros, in his ship, made no further discovery. He arrived on the Mexican coast in October, 1606, and did all he could to induce Philip III of Spain to sanction further exploration, but without success.

Of the voyages of the Dutch in Australian waters much interesting matter is available. Major sums up the case in these words: "The entire period up to the time of Dampier, ranging over two centuries, presents these two phases of obscurity: that in the sixteenth century—the period of the Portuguese and Spanish discoveries—there are indications on maps of the great probability of Australia having already been discovered, but with no written documents to confirm them; while in the seventeenth century there is documentary evidence that its coasts were touched upon or explored by a considerable number of Dutch voyagers, but the documents immediately describing these voyages have not been found."

The period of known Dutch discovery begins with the establishment of the Dutch East India Company, and a knowledge of the west coast of Australia grew with the growth of the Dutch colonies, but grew slowly, for the Dutchmen were too busy trading to risk ships and spend time and money upon scientific voyages.

In January, 1644, Commodore Abel Janszoon Tasman was despatched upon his second voyage of discovery to the South Seas, and his instructions, signed by the Governor-General of Batavia, Antonio van Diemen, begin with a recital of all previous Dutch voyages of a similar character. From this document an interesting summary of Dutch exploration can be made.

Tasman, in his first voyage, had discovered the island of Van Diemen, which he named after the then Governor of Batavia, but which has since been named Tasmania, after its discoverer. During this first voyage the navigator also discovered New Zealand, passed round the east side of Australia without seeing the land, and on his way home sailed along the northern shore of New Guinea.

But to come back to the summary of Dutch voyages found in Tasman's instructions: During 1605 and 1606 the Dutch yacht *Duyphen* made two exploring voyages to New Guinea. On one trip, the commander, after coasting New Guinea, steered southward along the islands on the west side of Torres Straits to that part of Australia, a little to the west and south of Cape York, marked on modern maps as *Duyphen Point*, thus unconsciously—for he thought himself still on the west coast of New Guinea—making the first authenticated discovery of the continent.

Dirk Hartog, in command of the *Endragt*, while on his way from Holland to the East Indies, put into what Dampier afterward called *Shark's Bay*, and on an island, which now bears his name, deposited a tin plate with an inscription recording his arrival, and dated October 25, 1616. The plate was afterward found by a Dutch navigator in 1697, and replaced by another, which, in its turn, was discovered in July, 1801, by Captain Hamelin, of the *Naturaliste*, on the well-known French voyage in search of the ill-fated *La Perouse*. The Frenchman copied the inscription, and nailed the plate to a post, with another recording his own voyage. These inscriptions were a few years later removed by De Freycinet, and deposited in the museum of the Institute of Paris. Hartog ran along the coast a few degrees, naming the land after his ship, and was followed by many other voyagers at frequent intervals down to the year 1727, from which time Dutch exploration has no more a place in Australian discovery.

During the one hundred twenty-two years of which we have records of their voyages, although the Dutch navigators' work, compared with that done by Cook and his successors, was of small account, yet, considering the state of nautical science, and that the ships were for the most part Dutch East Indiamen,

the Dutch names which still sprinkle the north and the west coasts of the continent show that from Cape York in the extreme north, westward of the great Australian Bight in the south, the Dutchmen had touched at intervals the whole coast line.

But before leaving the Dutch period there are one or two voyages that, either on account of their interesting or important character, deserve brief mention. In 1623 Arnhem's Land, now the northern district of the northern territory of South Australia, was discovered by the Dutch yachts *Pesa* and *Arnhem*. This voyage is also noteworthy on account of the massacre of the master of the *Arnhem* and eight of his crew by the natives while they were exploring the coast of New Guinea. In 1627 the first discovery of the south coast was made by the *Gulde Zeepard*, and the land then explored, extending from Cape Leeuwin to the Nuyts Archipelago, on the South Australian coast, was named after Peter Nuyts, then on board the ship on his way to Batavia, whence he was sent to Japan as ambassador from Holland.

In the year 1628 a colonizing expedition of eleven vessels left Holland for the Dutch East Indies. Among these ships was the *Batavia*, commanded by Francis Pelsart. A terrible storm destroyed ten of the fleet, and on June 4, 1629, the *Batavia* was driven ashore on the reef still known as Houtman's Abrolhos, which had been discovered and named by a Dutch East Indian some years earlier—probably by the commander of the *Leeuwin*, who discovered and named after his ship the cape at the southwest point of the continent. The *Batavia*, which carried a number of chests of silver money, went to pieces on the reef. The crew of the ship managed to land upon the rocks, and saved some food from the wreck, but they were without water. Pelsart, in one of the ship's boats, spent a couple of weeks in exploring the inhospitable coast in the neighborhood, in the hope of discovering water, but found so little that he ultimately determined to attempt to make Batavia and from there bring succor to his ship's company. On July 3d he fell in with a Dutch ship off Java and was taken on to Batavia. From there he obtained help and returned to the wreck, arriving at the Abrolhos in the middle of September; but during the absence of the commander the castaways had gone through a terrible experience, which is related in Therenot's *Recueil de Voyages curieux*, and

translated into English in Major's book, from which the following is extracted:

"While Pelsart is soliciting assistance, I will return to those of the crew who remained on the island; but I should first inform you that the supercargo, named Jerome Cornelis, formerly an apothecary at Haarlem, had conspired with the pilot and some others, when off the coast of Africa, to obtain possession of the ship and take her to Dunkirk, or to avail themselves of her for the purpose of piracy. This supercargo remained upon the wreck ten days after the vessel had struck, having discovered no means of reaching the shore. He even passed two days upon the mainmast, which floated, and, having from thence got upon a yard, at length gained the land. In the absence of Pelsart, he became commander, and deemed this a suitable occasion for putting his original design into execution, concluding that it would not be difficult to become master of that which remained of the wreck, and to surprise Pelsart when he should arrive with the assistance which he had gone to Batavia to seek, and afterward to cruise in these seas with his vessel. To accomplish this it was necessary to get rid of those of the crew who were not of his party; but before inbruing his hands with blood he caused his accomplices to sign a species of compact, by which they promised fidelity one to another. The entire crew was divided (living upon) between three islands; upon that of Cornelis, which they had named the graveyard of Batavia, was the greatest number of men.

"One of them, by name Weybehays, a lieutenant, had been despatched to another island to seek for water, and having discovered some after a search of twenty days he made the preconcerted signal by lighting three fires, but in vain, for they were not noticed by the people of Cornelis' company, the conspirators having during that time murdered those who were not of their party. Of these they killed thirty or forty. Some few saved themselves upon pieces of wood, which they joined together, and, going in search of Weybehays, informed him of the horrible massacre that had taken place.

"Having with him forty-five men, he resolved to keep upon his guard, and to defend himself from their assassins if they should make an attack upon his company, which in effect they

designed to do, and to treat the other party in the same manner; for they feared lest their company, or that which remained upon the third island, should inform the commander upon his arrival, and thus prevent the execution of their design. They succeeded easily with the party last mentioned, which was the weakest, killing the whole of them, excepting seven children and some women. They hoped to succeed as easily with Weybehays' company, and in the mean while broke open the chests of merchandise which had been saved from the vessel. Jerome Cornelis caused clothing to be made for his company out of the rich stuffs which he found therein, choosing to himself a body-guard, each of whom he clothed in scarlet, embroidered with gold and silver. Regarding the women as part of the spoil, he took one for himself, and gave one of the daughters of the minister to a principal member of his party, abandoning the other three for public use. He drew up also certain rules for the future conduct of his men.

"After these horrible proceedings he caused himself to be elected captain-general by a document which he compelled all his companions to sign. He afterward sent twenty-two men in two shallops to destroy the company of Weybehays, but they met with a repulse. Taking with him thirty-seven men, he went himself against Weybehays, who received him at the water's edge as he disembarked, and forced him to retire, although the lieutenant and his men had no weapons but clubs, the ends of which were armed with spikes.

"Finding force unavailing, the mutineer had recourse to other means. He proposed a treaty of peace, the chaplain, who remained with Weybehays, drawing up the conditions. It was agreed to with this proviso, that Weybehays' company should remain unmolested, and they, upon their part, agreed to deliver up a little boat in which one of the sailors had escaped from the island where Cornelis was located to that of Weybehays, receiving in return some stuffs for clothing his people. During his negotiations Cornelis wrote to certain French soldiers who belonged to the lieutenant's company, offering to each a sum of money to corrupt them, with the hope that with this assistance he might easily compass his design. His letters, which were without effect, were shown to Weybehays, and Cornelis, who was igno-

rant of their disclosure, having arrived the next day with three or four others to find Weybehays and bring him the apparel, the latter caused him to be attacked, killed two or three of the company, and took Cornelis himself prisoner. One of them, by name Wouterlos, who escaped from this rout, returned the following day to renew the attack, but with little success.

"Pelsart arrived during these occurrences in the frigate *Sardam*. As he approached the wreck he observed smoke from a distance, a circumstance that afforded him great consolation, since he perceived by it that his people were not all dead. He cast anchor, and threw himself immediately into a skiff with bread and wine, and proceeded to land on one of the islands. Nearly at the same time a boat came alongside with four armed men. Weybehays, who was one of the four, informed him of the massacre, and advised him to return as speedily as possible to his vessel, for that the conspirators designed to surprise him, having already murdered twenty-five persons, and to attack him with two shallops, adding that he himself had that morning been at close quarters with them. Pelsart perceived at the time the two shallops coming toward him, and had scarcely got on board his vessel before they came alongside.

"He was surprised to see the people covered with embroidery of gold and silver, and weapons in their hands, and demanded of them why they approached the vessel armed. They replied that they would inform him when they came on board. He commanded them to cast their arms into the sea or otherwise he would sink them. Finding themselves compelled to submit, they threw away their weapons, and, being ordered on board, were immediately placed in irons. One of them, named Jan de Bremen, confessed that he had put to death or assisted in the assassination of twenty-seven persons. The same evening Weybehays brought his prisoner on board.

"On September 18th the captain and the master pilot, taking with them ten men of Weybehays' company, passed over in boats to the island of Cornelis. Those who still remained thereon lost all courage as soon as they saw them, and allowed themselves to be placed in irons."

Pelsart remained another week at the *Abrolhos*, endeavoring to recover some of the *Batavia's* treasure, and succeeded in find-

ing all but one chest. The mutineers were tried by the officers of the *Sardam*, and all but two were executed before the ship left the scene of their awful crime. The two men who were not hanged were put on shore on the mainland, and were probably the first Europeans to end their lives upon the continent. Dutch vessels for many years afterward sought for traces of the marooned seamen, but none was ever discovered.

The 1644 voyage of Tasman was made expressly for the purpose of exploring the north and northwestern shores of the continent, and to prove the existence or otherwise of straits separating it from New Guinea. Tasman's instructions show this, and prove that while the existence of the straits was suspected, and although Torres had unconsciously passed through them, they were not known. Tasman explored a long length of coast line, establishing its continuity from the extreme northwestern point, Arnhem Land, as far as the twenty-second degree of south latitude, Exmouth Gulf. He failed to prove the existence of Torres Straits; but to him, it is generally agreed, is due the discovery and naming of the Gulf of Carpentaria—Carpenter, in Tasman's time, being president at Amsterdam of the Dutch East India Company—and the naming of a part of North Australia, as he had previously named the island to the south, after Van Diemen. From this voyage dates the name "New Holland." The great stretch of coast lines embracing his discoveries became known to his countrymen as *Hollandia Nova*, a name which, in its English form, was adopted for the whole continent, and remained until it was succeeded by the more euphonious name of Australia. Tasman continued doing good service for the Dutch East India Company until his death, about 1659, at Batavia.

SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA

CHARTER UNDER WHICH AMERICA WAS COLONIZED

A.D. 1607

R. R. HOWISON

As the first of the original English colonies in North America, Virginia enjoys a primacy in our history which, however other sectional claims may be contested, is beyond dispute. The name Virginia, which in 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh gave to his settlement on the Carolina coast, at first covered an indefinite extent of the great central territory of the continent.

After the failure and disappearance of Raleigh's colony, no further attempts were made to settle the region until 1606, when new interest in American colonization had been aroused in England. The credit for awakening this interest is given to Bartholomew Gosnold, an English navigator who, in 1602, sailed directly west and in May reached Cape Cod. Then, coasting along New England, he found and named Martha's Vineyard, and in July returned to England.

English adventurers were so much impressed with his enthusiastic reports and his arguments in favor of new endeavors to occupy western lands, that they began to urge a fresh undertaking. Gosnold's views were strongly supported by the geographer Richard Hakluyt, "to whom America owes a heavy debt of gratitude." There were numerous offers of money and service, and when application was made to King James I he was quite ready to sanction the project. He is said to have thought of the profits that might return to him and also of the satisfaction to be found in being rid of the "turbulent spirits" sure to be drawn into the enterprise.

ON April 10, 1606, James I issued a patent to Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Richard Hakluyt, and others with them associated, under which they proposed to embark upon their eagerly sought scheme. This royal grant deserves our close attention, as it will explain the nature of the enterprise and the powers originally enjoyed by those who entered upon it.

Selecting for the scene of operations the beautiful belt of country lying between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth parallels of north latitude, the King certainly provided an ample field for the success of the patentees. This tract extends from Cape Fear to Halifax, and embraces all the lands between its boundaries in North America, except perhaps the French settlement in Arcadia, which had already been so far matured as to come under the excluding clause of the patent. For colonizing this extensive region the King appointed two companies of adventurers—the first consisting of noblemen, knights, gentlemen, and others in and about the city of London, which, through all its subsequent modifications, was known by the title of the London Company; the other consisted of knights, gentlemen, merchants, and others in and about the town of Plymouth, and was known as the Plymouth Company, though its operations were never extensive and were at last utterly fruitless.

To the London adventurers was granted exclusive right to all the territory lying between the thirty-fourth and thirty-eighth parallels and running from the ocean to an indefinite extent westward into the wilds of America, even to the waters of the Pacific. They were also allowed all the islands, fisheries, and other marine treasures within one hundred miles directly eastward from their shores and within fifty miles from their most northern and most southern settlements, following the coast to the northeast or southwest, as might be necessary. Within these limits ample jurisdiction was conferred upon them. To the Plymouth Company were granted in like manner the land and appurtenances between the forty-first and forty-fifth parallels. Thus the whole region between thirty-eight and forty-one was left open to the enterprise of both companies; but to render angry collision impossible, the charter contained the judicious clause above noted, by which each colony might claim exclusive right fifty miles north or south of its extreme settlements, and thus neither could approach within one hundred miles of the other.

The hope of gold and silver from America was yet clinging with tenacity to the English mind. James grants to the companies unlimited right to dig and obtain the precious and other metals, but reserves to himself one-fifth of all the gold and silver

and one-fifteenth of all the copper that might be discovered. Immediately after this clause we find a section granting to the councils for the colonies authority to coin money and use it among the settlers and natives. This permission may excite some surprise when we remember that the right to coin has been always guarded with peculiar jealousy by English monarchs, and that this constituted one serious charge against the Massachusetts colony in the unjust proceedings by which her charter was wrested from her in subsequent years.

To the companies was given power to carry settlers to Virginia and plant them upon her soil, and no restriction was annexed to this authority except that none should be taken from the realm upon whom the King should lay his injunction to remain. The colonists were permitted to have arms and to resist and repel all intruders from foreign states; and it was provided that none should trade and traffic within the colonies unless they should pay or agree to pay to the treasurers of the companies $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their stock in trade if they were English subjects, and 5 per cent. if they were aliens. The sums so paid were to be appropriated to the company for twenty-one years from the date of the patent, and afterward were transferred to the crown. James never forgot a prospect for gain, and could not permit the colonists to enjoy forever the customs which, as consumers of foreign goods, they must necessarily have paid from their resources.

The jealous policy which at this time forbade the exportation, without license, of English products to foreign countries, has left its impress upon this charter. The colonists were, indeed, allowed to import all "sufficient shipping and furniture of armour, weapons, ordinance, powder, victual, and all other things necessary," without burdensome restraint; but it was provided that if any goods should be shipped from England or her dependencies "with pretence" to carry them to Virginia, and should afterward be conveyed to foreign ports, the goods there conveyed and the vessel containing them should be absolutely forfeited to his majesty, his heirs and successors.

The lands held in the colonies were to be possessed by their holders under the most favorable species of tenure known to the laws of the mother-country. King James had never admired

the military tenure entailed upon England by the feudal system, and he had made a praiseworthy though unsuccessful effort to reduce them all to the form of "free and common soccage," a mode of holding land afterward carried into full effect under Charles II, and which, if less pervaded by the knightly spirit of feudal ages, was more favorable to the holder and more congenial with the freedom of the English constitution. This easy tenure was expressly provided for the lands of the new country; and it is a happy circumstance that America has been little affected even by the softened bonds thus early imposed upon her.

But how shall these colonial subjects be governed? and from whom shall they derive their laws? These were questions to which the vanity and the arbitrary principles of the King soon found a reply. Two councils were to be provided, one for each colony, and each consisting of thirteen members. They were to govern the colonists according to such laws, ordinances, and instructions as should afterward be given by the King himself, under his sign manual and the privy seal of the realm of England; and the members of the council were to be "ordained, made, and removed from time to time," as the same instructions should direct. In addition to these provincial bodies a council of thirteen, likewise appointed by the King, was to be created in England, to which was committed the general duty of superintending the affairs of both colonies.

And to prove the pious designs of a monarch whose religion neither checked the bigotry of his spirit nor the profaneness of his language it was recited in the preamble of this charter that one leading object of the enterprise was the propagation of Christianity among "such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God, and might in time be brought to human civility and to a settled and quiet government."

Such was the first charter of James to the colony of Virginia. We will not now pause to consider it minutely either for praise or for blame. With some provisions that seem to be judicious, and which afterward proved themselves to be salutary, it embraces the most destructive elements of despotism and dissension. The settlers were deprived of the meanest privilege of self-

government, and were subjected to the control of a council wholly independent of their own action, and of laws proceeding directly or indirectly from the King himself. The Parliament of England would have been a much safer depositary of legislative power for the colonists than the creatures of a monarch who held doctrines worthy of the Sultan of Turkey or the Czar of the Russian empire.

But all parties seemed well satisfied with this charter, and neither the King nor the adventurers had before their minds the grand results that were now giving birth. The patentees diligently urged forward preparations for the voyage, and James employed his leisure hours in preparing the instructions and code of laws contemplated by the charter. His wondrous wisdom rejoiced in the task of acting the modern Solon, and penning statutes which were to govern the people yet unborn; and neither his advisers nor the colonists seemed to have reflected upon the enormous exercise of prerogative herein displayed. The adventurers did not cease to be Englishmen in becoming settlers of a foreign clime, and the charter had expressly guaranteed to them "all liberties, franchises, and immunities" enjoyed by native-born subjects of the realm. Even acts of full Parliament bind not the colonies unless they be expressly included, and an English writer of subsequent times has not hesitated to pronounce this conduct of the royal law-maker in itself illegal (November 20th). But James proceeded with much eagerness to a task grateful alike to his vanity and his principles of government.

By these articles of instruction, the King first establishes the general council, to remain in England, for the superintendence of the colonies. It consisted originally of thirteen, but was afterward increased to nearly forty, and a distinction was made in reference to the London and Plymouth companies. In this body we note many names which were afterward well known both in the interests of America and the mother-land.

Sir William Wade, lieutenant of the Tower of London; Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Oliver Cromwell, Sir Herbert Croft, Sir Edwin Sandys, and others formed a power to whom were intrusted many of the rights of the intended settlement. They were authorized, at the pleasure and in the name of his majesty, to give directions for the good government of the settlers in Virginia,

and to appoint the first members of the councils to be resident in the colonies.

These resident councils thus appointed, or the major part of them, were required to choose from their own body a member, not being a minister of God's Word, who was to be president, and to continue in office for a single year. They were authorized to fill vacancies in their own body, and, for sufficient cause, to remove the president and elect another in his stead; but the authority to "increase, alter, or change" these provincial councils was reserved as a final right to the King.

The Church of England was at once established, and the local powers were to require that the true word and service of God, according to her teachings, should be preached, planted, and used, not only among the settlers, but, as far as possible, among the sons of the forest.

The crimes of the rebellion, tumults, conspiracy, mutiny, and sedition, as well as murder, incest, rape, and adultery, were to be punished with death, without benefit of clergy. To manslaughter, clergy was allowed. These crimes were to be tried by jury, but the president and council were to preside at the trial—to pass sentence of death—to permit no reprieve without their order, and no absolute pardon without the sanction of the King, under the great seal of England.

But with the exception of these capital felonies, the president and council were authorized to hear and determine all crimes and misdemeanors, and all civil cases, without the intervention of a jury. These judicial proceedings were to be summary and verbal, and the judgment only was to be briefly registered in a book kept for the purpose.

For five years succeeding the landing of the settlers, all the results of their labor were to be held in common, and were to be stored in suitable magazines. The president and the council were to elect a "cape merchant" to superintend these public houses of deposit, and two clerks to note all that went into or came out from them, and every colonist was to be supplied from the magazines by the direction and appointment of these officers or of the council.

The adventurers of the first colony were to choose from their number one or more companies, each to consist of at least three

persons, to reside in or near London, and these were to superintend the general course of trade between the mother-country and her distant daughter, and direct it into such channels as would be most advantageous to both.

No person was to be admitted to reside in the colonies but such as would take oath of obedience to the King, in the ample form provided for by a statute passed early in the reign of James, and any rash offenders who should attempt to withdraw from allegiance to his majesty was to be imprisoned until reformation, or else sent to England, there to receive "condign punishment."

The president and councils, or the major part of them, were empowered, from time to time, to make, ordain, and constitute laws, ordinances, and officers for the better government of the colony, provided that none of these laws affected life or limb in the settlers. Their enactments were also required to be, in substance, consonant to the jurisprudence of England, and the King or the council in the mother-country was invested with absolute power at any time to rescind and make void the acts of the provincial councils.

As the colonists should increase in population and influence the King reserves to himself the right to legislate for them; but condescends to restrict his law-making energies to such action as might be "consonant to the law of England or the equity thereof."

And to show his tender feelings toward the aborigines, whose lands he was so deliberately appropriating to the use of his subjects, his majesty requires that they shall be treated with all kindness and charity and that all proper means should be used to bring them to "the knowledge of God and the obedience of the King, his heirs and successors, under such severe pains and punishments as should be inflicted by the respective presidents and councils of the several colonies."

On these kindly ordinances the philosophic reader will not fail to observe the impress of the man. The stern penalty of death visited the crimes of rebellion and conspiracy, which aimed a blow at sovereign power, and even the popular tumult, which kings have so much cause to dread, was stilled by the same bloody monitor; yet arson and burglary were left to the discretion of the councils. Adultery was punished with death—a pen-

alty never inflicted even in England, except during a time of puritanic zeal, which offered God a service without knowledge. In the eye of divine purity the offender, by this crime, may be the vilest of the vile, but if the Redeemer of the world refused to denounce the punishment of death against one taken in the act, it devolved not on this Scottish Draco to render it a capital crime. The whole legislative power is vested in the council, without any reference to the interests or the rights of the people whom they were to govern, and the King retains absolute control over the present and future laws of the colony, thus rendering their great distance from his face the best protection they could have against his tyranny. The trial by jury was required for capital felonies and manslaughter; but all inferior offences and every civil interest, however overwhelming in importance to the colonist, were to be summarily decided upon by the provincial councils. In the same space it would have been difficult to compress more absurd concession and of ruinous restraint. The clause requiring all things to be held in common was destructive of the most powerful stimulus that urges man to labor; the semblance of mercy which forbade war upon the savages often held the hand of the settler when raised in self-defence; and the church establishment, forced by the arm of the law upon reckless adventurers, made religion a hated bondage and the tithe-gatherer more odious than the author of evil.

But notwithstanding the defects and deformities of a charter which, in modern times, would have been indignantly rejected as an invasion of the rights of man, the London Company eagerly prepared for their proposed scheme of settlement. Sir Thomas Smith was elected treasurer—a gentleman who had amassed great wealth by merchandise, who was one of the assignees under Raleigh's patent, and was soon afterward made governor of the East India Company. Much has been said against him; but he was a man of public spirit and expanded views, and urged forward the enterprise with his influence and his contributions. The means of the company were at first very limited; three ships only were prepared, the largest of which was of not more than one hundred tons burden, and Christopher Newport was selected for the command. He was a navigator of some renown, principally derived from a voyage of destruction against the Spaniards in

1592; but he was a vain and affected character, little calculated for decisive and manly action. Instructions were prepared, but the King, with his accustomed profundity of folly, directed that they should be sealed in a box, and not opened until the voyagers arrived upon the coasts of Virginia. In the vessels there embarked, beyond the regular crews, one hundred five persons, to form the settlement. And it does not seem extravagant to assert that Virginia has felt, through all her subsequent history, the influence of these first settlers in giving a peculiar bias to her population. Besides the six gentlemen intended for the council, and Mr. Robert Hunt, a minister of the gospel, we find the names of more than fifty cavaliers, who are carefully reckoned in the shipping list as "gentlemen," and who were better fitted for the adventures of the drawing-room than for the rude scenes of the American forest. Disappointed in hope and reduced in fortune, these restless wanderers sought the New World with desire for exciting adventure and speedy wealth. Among them was George Percy, a member of a noble family and brother to the Earl of Northumberland. In this singular band we note but eleven professed laborers, four carpenters, one blacksmith, one bricklayer, and one mason: but we are not surprised to find a barber to aid in making the toilet of the "gentlemen," a tailor to decorate their persons, and a drummer to contribute to their martial aspirations!

Thus prepared with the elements of a refined colony, Newport set sail from Blackwall, December 19, 1606. Adverse winds kept him long upon the coast of England, and with disappointment came discord and murmuring among the voyagers. The preacher suffered with weakening disease, but his soothing counsels alone preserved peace among this wild company. Instead of following Gosnold's former voyage immediately across the Atlantic, they sailed by the Canaries and West Indies; and while in full route, the dissensions among the great men raged so furiously that Captain John Smith was seized and committed to close confinement on the false charge that he intended to murder the council and make himself King of Virginia. Arriving at length near the coast of America, their false reckoning kept them in suspense so alarming that Ratcliffe, commander of one of the barks, was anxious to bear away again for England.

But heaven, by its storms, contributed more to the settlements of Virginia than men by their infatuated counsels (1607). A furious tempest drove them all night under bare poles, and on April 26th they saw before them the broad inlet into the Bay of Chesapeake. The cape to the south they honored with the name of Henry, from the Prince of Wales, a noble youth, whose character gave the fairest promise of a career of high-souled action, whose love to Raleigh was only succeeded by his father's hatred, and whose early death gave England cause for unaffected mourning. The northern headland was called Charles, from the King's second son, who afterward succeeded to his throne.

As they passed the first cape a desire for recreation possessed them—and thirty, without arms, went on shore; but they were soon attacked by five savages, and two of the English were dangerously hurt. This inhospitable treatment promised but little for future peace. The sealed box was now opened, and it was found that Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall were named as members of the Provincial Council.

Sailing leisurely up the beautiful expanse of water to which the Indians had given a name that Europeans have never violated, the voyagers were charmed with the prospect before them. The season was mild, and nature had fully assumed that emerald robe of spring. On either side the distant land presented a scene of tranquil verdure, upon which the eye might rejoice to repose. The noble bay received into its bosom the waters of many broad streams, which descended from the highlands faintly visible in the dim horizon. Green islands saluted them at times as they advanced and invited their approach by their peaceful loveliness.

At length they reached the mouth of the magnificent river, that tempted them too strongly to be resisted. This was the "Powhatan" of the Indians; and no true lover of Virginia can cease to deplore the change which robbed this graceful stream of a title pregnant with all the associations of Indian valor and of the departed glory of their empire, and bestowed a name that can only recall a royal pedant and a timid despot!

Seventeen days were employed in searching for a spot suited

to a settlement (May 13th). At length they selected a peninsula, on the north side of the river, about forty miles from its mouth, and immediately commenced the well-known city of Jamestown.

A commendable industry seems at first to have prevailed. The council contrived a fort, the settlers felled the trees, pitched their tents, prepared gardens, made nets for the fish which abounded in the river, and already began to provide clapboards to freight the ships on their return to England.

But these fair promises of good were destined to a speedy betrayal. Already discord prevailed in their counsels, and a flagrant act of injustice had been committed, which soon recoiled upon the heads of its authors. We have heretofore mentioned the name of John Smith among the persons nominated for the council, and have spoken of the violent imprisonment to which he was subjected during the outward voyage. Jealousy of his merit and commanding talents did not stop at this point. He was excluded from his place in the council, and an entry was made in their records detailing the alleged reason for this act.

John Smith is the hero of the romantic destinies that attended the early life of Virginia; and the historian who would attempt to tell of her fortunes and yet neglect his story would be recreant to his trust. Nations have generally owed their brightest days of power or of happiness to the genius of a single person—directing their energies, subduing their follies, enlightening their seasons of early ignorance. Assyria has had her Semiramis, China her Confucius, Arabia her Mahomet, England her Alfred; and were we required to point to the man to whom America is principally indebted for the care of her infant years, we would not hesitate to name the heroic spirit who now appears before us.

His talent for command excited the mean jealousy of inferior souls, only that his merit might appear brighter by contrast. If we have aught to urge against him, it is that he met the treachery of the Indians with a severe spirit, but too much akin to that of the Spaniards in the South. Yet we cannot reproach him with undeserved cruelty or with deliberate falsehood, and the stern demands of his circumstances often rendered inevitable acts which would otherwise have been ungrateful to his soul.

When the council was constituted, Edward Maria Wingfield

was elected president—a man who always proved an inveterate enemy to Smith, and who speedily attracted the hatred even of his accomplices by his rapacity, his cowardice, and his selfish extravagance. Smith demanded a trial, but the council feared to trust their wretched charge to an impartial jury, and pretended, in mercy to him, to keep him under suspension. But their own incompetence soon brought his talents into demand. He accompanied Newport upon an exploring voyage up the river, and ascended to the residence of King Powhatan, a few miles below the falls, and not far from the spot now occupied by the city of Richmond. The royal seat consisted of twelve small houses, pleasantly placed on the north bank of the river, and immediately in front of three verdant islets. His Indian majesty received them with becoming hospitality, though his profound dissimulation corresponded but too well with the treacherous designs of his followers. He had long ruled with sovereign sway among the most powerful tribes of Virginia, who had been successively subdued by his arms, and he now regarded with distrust the event of men whom his experience taught him to fear and his injuries to detest.

On their return to Jamestown they found that, during their absence, the Indians had made an attack upon the settlement, had slain one boy, and wounded seventeen men. The coward spirit of Wingfield had caused this disaster. Fearful of mutiny he refused to permit the fort to be palisaded or guns to be mounted within. The assault of the savages might have been more fatal, but happily a gun from the ships carried a crossbar-shot among the boughs of a tree above them, and, shaking them down upon their heads, produced great consternation. The frightened wretches fled in dismay from an attack too mysterious to be solved, yet too terrible to be withstood.

After this disaster the fears of Wingfield were overruled—the fort was defended by palisades, and armed with heavy ordnance, the men were exercised, and every precaution was used to guard against a sudden attack or a treacherous ambuscade.

Smith had indignantly rejected every offer held out to him by the artifices of the council. He now again demanded a trial in a manner that could not be resisted. The examination took place and resulted in his full acquittal. So evident was the in-

justice of the president that he was adjudged to pay to the accused two hundred pounds, which sum the generous Smith immediately devoted to the store of the colony. Thus elevated to his merited place in the council, he immediately devised and commenced active schemes for the welfare of the settlers, and on June 15th Newport left the colony, and set forth on his voyage of return to England.

Left to their own resources, the colonists began to look with gloomy apprehension upon the prospect before them. While the ships remained, they enjoyed sea-stores, which to them were real luxuries, but now they had little whereupon to feast, except a miserable compound of wheat and barley boiled with water, and even to the larger portion of this the worms successfully laid claim. Crabs and oysters were sought with indolent greediness, and this unwholesome fare, with the increasing heats of the season, produced sickness, which preyed rapidly on their strength. The rank vegetation of the country pleased the eye, but it was fatal to the health. In ten days hardly ten settlers were able to stand. Before the month of September fifty of their number were committed to the grave, and among them we mark, with sorrow, the name of Bartholomew Gosnold. The gallant seaman might have passed many years upon the stormy coasts of the continent, but he sank among the first victims who risked their lives for colonization.

To this scene of distress and appalling mortality the president Wingfield lived in sumptuous indifference. His gluttony appropriated to itself the best provisions the colony could afford—"oatmeal, sacke, oyle, aqua vitæ, beefe, egges, or whatnot"—and, in this intemperate feasting, it seemed as though his valueless life were only spared that he might endure the disgrace he so richly merited. Seeing the forlorn condition of the settlement he attempted to seize the pinnace, which had been left for their use by Newport, and make his escape to England. These outrages so wrought upon the council that they instantly deposed him, expelled his accomplice, Kendall, and elected Ratcliffe to the presidency. Thus their body, consisting originally of seven, was reduced to three. Newport had sailed, Gosnold was dead, Wingfield and Kendall were in disgraced seclusion. Martin, Ratcliffe, and Smith alone remained. They seem to have felt

no desire to exercise their right of filling their vacant ranks. The first had a nominal superiority, but the genius of the last made him the very soul of the settlement.

It is related by the best authority that in this dark crisis, when their counsels were distracted, their hopes nearly extinguished, their bodies enfeebled from famine and disease, the savages around them voluntarily brought in such quantities of venison, corn, and wholesome fruits that health and cheerfulness were at once restored. Their condition now brought them in almost daily contact with the aborigines.

Ratcliffe and Martin were alike incompetent, and Smith assumed the guidance of affairs. Finding their provisions again nearly exhausted, he went with a party down the river to Kecoughtan to obtain supplies from the natives. Savage irony was all they received; a handful of corn and a piece of bread were offered in exchange for swords and muskets. The Indians came against them in numbers, frightfully dressed, and bearing their okee in the form of a monstrous idol, stuffed with moss, and hung with chains and copper. But they were received with a volley of pistol-shot. The omnipotent okee fell to the earth, and with him several of his worshippers. The rest fled to the woods, and, finding resistance vain, they brought quantities of corn, venison, turkeys, and wild-fowl, and received in exchange beads, copper, hatchets, and their discomfited deity.

During the absence of the ruling mind, Wingfield and Kendall seduced a few sailors and made another attempt to carry off the bark to England. At the critical moment Smith returned, and, instantly directing the cannon of the fort against them, commanded submission. A skirmish ensued, and the seditious Kendall lost his life. A similar effort to the settlement was soon made by Captain Gabriel Archer and the imbecile President Ratcliffe, and again the decision of Smith arrested them and forced them to their duty. He was ever prompt, and hesitated not at any measures required to govern his turbulent compeers.

And now the winter came on, and with it immense numbers of swans, geese, and ducks, which covered the rivers and afforded delightful food to the settlers. They daily feasted upon them, and enjoyed in abundance the peas, pumpkins, persimmons, and other vegetable treasures which the season matured. But Smith

could not be contented with a life of inactivity, however plentifully supplied. The council had ungratefully charged him with negligence, in not searching for the head of the Chickahominy, and his own adventurous spirit urged him to renewed enterprise.

He prepared his boat for a voyage, and, in a season of uncommon rigor, he set forth upon an expedition destined to add greatly to the fame of his already wonderful career.

The Chickahominy falls into the James not many miles above the site of Jamestown. It flows through a very fertile region, and upon its banks were native settlements well supplied with the stores of savage labor.

Up this stream Smith urged his boat with great perseverance, cutting through trunks of trees and matted underwood which opposed his progress. At length, finding the obstacles to increase, he left the boat in a broad bay, where Indian arrows could not reach her, and, strictly forbidding the crew to leave her, he pressed on, with two Englishmen and two Indians, eager to penetrate with their canoe the swamps beyond them. Hardly had he disappeared before the disobedient seamen left the boat and sought amusement upon the shore. Opecancanough, an Indian chief of great subtlety and courage, was near with a lurking band of savages, and, instantly seizing his advantage, he made prisoner George Cassen, one of this party, and obtained from him full information as to the movements of Captain Smith. The cowardice of Cassen did not save him. The savages put him to death with cruel tortures, and then pursued their more dreaded foe.

Smith had now penetrated twenty miles into the marshes; and, leaving the two Englishmen in the canoe, he went forward with an Indian guide. The savages found the two men sunk in stupid slumber by the side of the canoe, and shot them to death with arrows ere they could escape. But they had now to encounter a superior being. Two hundred savages, approaching with fatal intent, caused no dismay in the heart of Smith. Binding the Indian guide firmly to his arm, he used him as a shield to preserve him from the arrows of the enemy, and with his musket he brought two of them dead to the ground. He would perhaps have reached the canoe—the savages fell back appalled by his

courage—but while in full retreat he sunk to the middle in a swamp from which his utmost efforts could not extricate him. Excessive cold froze his limbs and deprived him of strength, yet the Indians dared not approach him until he threw away his arms and made signals of submission. Then they drew him out, and, chafing his benumbed body, speedily restored him to activity. His self-possession was never lost for a moment. Discovering that Opecanough was the chief, he presented to him a small magnetic dial, and made the simple savages wonder at the play of the needle beneath the glass surface.

On this excursion he was made prisoner, and he himself assures us was saved by the Indian maiden Pocahontas. After a captivity of seven weeks he returned to Jamestown, with increased knowledge of savage life and manners. He treated his Indian guides with great kindness and gave them two heavy guns and a millstone for the monarch. But the present was too heavy for his strength, and when one of the cannons was discharged among the boughs of a tree, and crashing of wood and ice was heard, the timid natives declined any further interference with agents so formidable.

The absence of Smith had caused disorder and insubordination in the colony. The pinnacle had again been seized, and again he was obliged to level the guns of the fort against her and compel submission. He was now personally assailed by a charge replete with stupid malignity. Some, who believed themselves skilled in the Levitical law, accused him of being the cause of the death of Emry and Robinson, the two unfortunate men whom the Indians had slain, and, with this pretext, they clamored for capital punishment. To their insane charge Smith replied by taking the accusers into custody, and by the first vessel he sent them for trial to England. By his courage, his address, and his firmness he now wielded great influence with the Indians, and proved the salvation of the settlement.

FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

CHAMPLAIN ESTABLISHES FRENCH POWER IN CANADA

A.D. 1608

H. H. MILES

From the period of Cartier's and Roberval's expeditions nearly fifty years elapsed before France renewed her efforts to colonize the New World. About the year 1598 the lucrative fur trade began to be encouraged by Henry IV, of France, who in the brief respite from religious wars was turning his attention to colonization and commerce. In 1603 Samuel de Champlain, a French naval officer of high character and chivalrous instincts, made his first voyage to Canada in company with M. Pontegravé, a merchant of St. Malo, and together they pushed their way up the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal, which Champlain named Lachine (*à la Chine*), for he thought he had at last found a waterway to China. In 1608 he proceeded to found at Stadacona (Quebec) a fixed trading-post of the Merchant Company, in whose service he had again come to the country. Champlain brought with him among the colonists a number of artisans, who, on the magnificent headland of Quebec, erected a fort which was to become the refuge of the sadly menaced little European colony, and was long the centre of French influence and dominion in the New World.

The rivalries of various commercial companies and the conflicting colonial policy of France seriously retarded settlement and were a great vexation to Champlain. Moreover, his quarrels with the powerful Iroquois Indians, as here related by Dr. Miles, secretary of the Quebec Council of Instruction, long prevented the southward extension of French power in America.

In 1627 Cardinal Richelieu, prime minister to Louis XIII, cancelled the old trading-charters, and established the Company of One Hundred Associates, with power to trade throughout New France from Florida to Hudson Bay. By the terms of the charter the "Hundred Associates" were given the sole right to engage in the fur trade, with control over the shore and inland fishing and of all commerce with the French settlements in the country. In return for this monopoly the company agreed to carry out mechanics and tradesmen to the colony, to settle within a

specified period some six thousand colonists, and to make provision for the support of a certain number of Catholic clergy. The French King, at the same time, made Champlain governor, so that he finished his life in the service of the colony he had founded.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, who must be regarded as the real founder of the Canadian colony, was already a noted man when invited by De Chates (or De Chastes), commandant of Dieppe, to take part in the enterprise for colonizing New France. He had served in the French marine at the Antilles, and also in the South of France against the Spaniards, and De Chates had met him at court. He was a man of noble and virtuous disposition, chivalrous, and inspired with a deep sense of religion, and at that time about thirty-six years of age. It will also be seen that Champlain was gifted with qualities which endeared him both to his own followers and to the native Indians of Canada. He was of good address—always able, when he desired it, to render himself acceptable to the highest personages in France, so as to secure a willing attention to his representations. Such was the man who, under the auspices of De Chates and of M. de Monts, first made his appearance in New France, in whose early annals he figured conspicuously upward of thirty years.

In 1603 Champlain, in conjunction with Pontegravé, made his first voyage to the St. Lawrence. At Tadoussac they left their ships and ascended the river in boats to the then farthest attainable point—the Sault St. Louis, now known as the Rapids, above the city of Montreal. The features of the country, so far as they could be examined from the river, were carefully observed. The Indian towns of Cartier's time, Stadacona and Hochelaga, were no longer in existence; but Champlain regarded with attention the scenery around their sites. Hochelaga is not even mentioned by him, although, acting as Cartier had done nearly seventy years before, he ascended Mount Royal in order to obtain a good view. Returning to Tadoussac, where their three small vessels had been left, Champlain and Pontegravé, toward autumn, set sail for France.

De Chates had died during their absence, and the company formed by him was already almost broken up. Champlain, however, prepared a narrative, and a map to illustrate what he had seen, and submitted these for the information of Henry (IV) of

France), who expressed his willingness to countenance the resumption of plans for settling the country.

Almost immediately afterward the company was reorganized by M. de Monts. He also was a Huguenot, patriotic, of great abilities and experience, and possessing much influence at court, without which he could not have surmounted impediments that were purposely raised against his designs from the first. The King, unmoved by the objections to De Monts, appointed him lieutenant-general of the North American territory between 40° and 46° north latitude, with instructions to establish colonists, cultivate the soil, search for mines of gold and silver, build forts and towns, and with power to confer grants of land, as well as the exclusive right of trading with the natives in furs and all kinds of merchandise. Although a Protestant, while De Monts and his friends were to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, he was bound by the charter to provide for the conversion of the natives, and their training, exclusively, in the principles and worship of the Church of Rome.

The King was the more willing to grant a charter on these terms, because De Monts and his company were to bear all the costs that might be incurred in their enterprise. Preparations were then made for the despatch of an expedition on a larger scale than any that had yet left France for America.

Early in the spring of 1604 De Monts set sail with four vessels, well manned, and equipped with all means requisite both for carrying on the fur trade and for starting a colony at any place that might be judged suitable. He had under him Champlain and Pontegravé, also a French nobleman named Poutrincourt, who was going out to settle with his family in America, and the subsequently celebrated historian Lescarbot. Two of the ships were specially intended for the fur traffic, and in the first instance to scour the coasts and inlets for the purpose of driving away or capturing all persons found illegally trading with the natives. The other two ships had on board the intending colonists; among whom were soldiers and workpeople, priests, ministers, and some gentleman volunteers. This expedition did not steer for Canada, but for that part of New France then called Acadia (Nova Scotia), De Monts being under the impression that he should there find localities more favorable for settlement

than by ascending the St. Lawrence. But it carried with it those whom Lescarbot justly styled "the hope of Canada"; for besides De Monts, there were Champlain and Pontegravé, and probably many of inferior grade, whose participation in this attempt to found an Acadian colony must have greatly assisted in rendering their future services more valuable elsewhere.

The effort at colonization in Acadia may be said to have been sustained under many vicissitudes during about nine years until the year 1613; but long before this the attention and services of Champlain and Pontegravé were withdrawn. De Monts lost his charter in 1606, about which time Champlain having, in conjunction with Pontegravé, made a number of maritime excursions from Port Royal, and some geographical discoveries, during the previous two years, became urgent for the renewal of attempts up the river St. Lawrence, which he never ceased to represent as offering a more favorable field for enterprise than the shores of Acadia. In 1607, therefore, De Monts procured the restoration of his charter for the space of one year; and, following Champlain's suggestions, turned his attention to Canada. Two vessels were fitted out and despatched in April, 1608. Arriving at Tadoussac in June, Champlain left his colleague there to traffic with the natives, while he continued his route up the river, until he came to the place where Cartier and his companions had wintered in 1535.

Champlain landed, and having ascended some distance from the mouth of the St. Charles toward the promontory now called Cape Diamond, judged the situation favorable for permanent settlement. Artisans, provisions, merchandise, arms, and tools were brought on shore, and a commencement made in the work of constructing wooden buildings and defences. At the same time preparations were made for cultivating the ground and for testing the productiveness of the soil by sowing various seeds brought from France. In these operations, begun on July 3, 1608, Champlain had in view the establishment of a fixed trading-station for the advantage of the company he represented, as well as the more immediate purpose of providing for the security and accommodation of his people during the ensuing winter. But on the site of these rude works the city of Quebec grew up in after-times. Champlain is, therefore, entitled to be regarded as

its founder, and the date last mentioned as that of its foundation.

During the autumn the works were continued, Champlain himself superintending them with indefatigable activity. Pontegravé returned to France with the results of the season's traffic at Tadoussac.

Champlain's experience, previously acquired at Port Royal, doubtless was of service in giving effect to his forethought and energy as regards preparations for the winter; for it is recorded that the thirty persons composing his party were comfortably protected from the ordinary rigors of the climate.

On the return of spring Champlain's activity of disposition did not suffer him to await the coming of Pontegravé from France. He set out at once up the St. Lawrence. Meeting parties of Indians belonging to Algonquin and Huron tribes, he entered into friendly communication with them. Between these tribes and the Iroquois, or Five Nations, a state of warfare subsisted. Champlain, on his part, desired to secure the friendship of those natives who were to be the more immediate neighbors of the French on the St. Lawrence, while the Algonquins and Hurons were equally solicitous about forming an alliance with the Europeans for the sake of aid against their enemies. An understanding was soon established. The Indians engaged to visit the French trading-posts with abundance of furs for the purposes of traffic, and promised to assist Champlain with facilities for exploring their country westward. On the other hand, Champlain undertook to help them in their conflicts with the Iroquois. In pursuance of this agreement the French, under Champlain, first intervened in Indian warfare. Returning to Quebec, Champlain procured reinforcements and supplies for his establishment from Pontegravé, who had by this time arrived at Tadoussac from France. Before the end of May he set out again on his way up the river to join his Indian allies, and to accompany them into the country of their enemies, the Iroquois.

During the twenty-seven years following the foundation of Quebec, the history of the colony consists almost exclusively of the personal history of Champlain, its founder, upon whose own memoirs we are dependent chiefly for authentic information. Their present details of romantic incidents, of courage, fortitude,

and virtue, of sagacity, and of indefatigable industry, of self-denial and patience, which will always entitle him to a high rank among the celebrated in the annals of mankind.

In pursuance of the alliance he had entered into with the aborigines of Canada, as well as for the purpose of extending his discoveries, he engaged in three different warlike expeditions into the country of the Iroquois, viz., in the years 1609, 1611, and 1615.

In his first expedition he passed with a body of Algonquins and Montagnais up the river Richelieu, which then, and subsequently, was the principal route followed by the Iroquois when making incursions into Canada. He discovered that this river formed the outlet of the waters of a beautiful lake, which he was the first of Europeans to behold, and which he called "Lake Champlain," after his own name. He was now in parts frequented by the Iroquois. According to Champlain's description it was a region abounding in game, fish, beavers, bears, and other wild animals.

Not far from the site upon which, long afterward, Fort Ticonderoga was constructed, the invaders fell in with a body of two hundred Iroquois, who were easily beaten and put to flight, chiefly owing to the chivalrous valor of Champlain, and the terror inspired by fire-arms used by him and his two attendant Frenchmen.

Here Champlain witnessed for the first time the cruelties and horrors attendant upon Indian warfare; and he appears to have exerted his utmost influence vainly in endeavoring to save the wounded and captive Iroquois from being tortured. To his indignant remonstrances the conquerors turned a deaf ear, alleging that they were only inflicting upon their enemies the sufferings which their own people had often endured at their hands, and which were reserved for themselves should they ever fall into the power of the Iroquois. After this the allies made their way back to the St. Lawrence, when the Hurons and Algonquins returned to their settlements toward the Ottawa region, while Champlain and the Montagnais descended the river to Quebec.

The battle with the Iroquois took place on July 30, 1609, so that upward of two and a half months had been occupied in the campaign. In September following Champlain set sail for

France, accompanied by Pontegravé. Before he left Quebec he made all the arrangements in his power for the safety of those left to winter there. A trustworthy commander was appointed; and in order to prevent the necessity of outdoor labor during the time of severe cold, a supply of fuel was provided in the autumn; for it was supposed that exposure and hard work combined were among the causes of the terrible malady which had afflicted Champlain's people in the winter of 1608.

On his arrival in France he reported his adventures and the condition of New France to the King, by whom he was treated with the utmost consideration and kindness. Nevertheless, owing to opposition and clamor, it was found impossible to bring about the renewal of the charter, which had expired.

In spite of this, De Monts succeeded in procuring the means of fitting out two vessels in the spring of 1610, in which Champlain and Pontegravé set sail from Harfleur about the middle of April, and arrived at Tadoussac on May 26th. At Quebec Champlain found his people in good health and undiminished numbers, the winter having been passed through without the endurance of any particular hardship. His Indian allies, also, the Hurons, Algonquins, and Montagnais, were eagerly waiting for him to rejoin them in another attack upon the Iroquois.

In the middle of June Champlain, with a few Frenchmen, left Quebec and proceeded up the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the river Richelieu. Near to this, on ascending that river, and employing the services of scouts, it was found that a body of Iroquois had established themselves in a post fortified by means of great trees which had been felled, so that their branches, interlaced with each other, presented a strong wall of defence. The Algonquins and Montagnais immediately commenced an attack; when, although assisted by the French, with their arquebuses, it was for a long time found impossible to force an entrance into the position. In the end, however, the Iroquois fled, leaving fifteen of their number prisoners. The conquerors had three killed and about fifty wounded, among whom was Champlain himself. Again was he compelled to witness the perpetration of the most revolting cruelties upon the unfortunate Iroquois captured by his allies, whom he could not restrain, although now regarded by them with feelings amounting to veneration.

Champlain was now in a position to do something toward forwarding his own plans through the good-will and assistance of the Hurons and Algonquins. To extend the knowledge of the country westward, and to find out a passage through the continent to China, were to him as much objects of desire as they had been to Cartier before him. The Indian chiefs promised to furnish all the facilities he required; and they placed in his care a young Huron, whom he afterward took to Paris. At the same time a young Frenchman was intrusted to a chief named Iroquet, for the purpose of learning the Algonquin language, and of visiting the lakes, rivers, and mines which were stated to exist in the interior of the country. When these arrangements had been made Champlain and his allies parted. On arriving at Quebec he learned the sad intelligence of the death of his powerful friend and patron, King Henry IV, who had been assassinated three months before in the streets of Paris. Although the season was not far advanced he immediately took his departure for France, accompanied by Pontegravé.

In the spring of 1611 Champlain returned to Canada.¹ During the winter, although it was now impossible to recover the exclusive privileges which had formerly been accorded to his company, he and Pontegravé had again succeeded in procuring the means of equipping several vessels. De Monts still enjoyed the title of "lieutenant-general of New France," but was greatly crippled in his resources and influence in consequence of the King's death, and the large expenses attendant on previous undertakings in connection with the establishments in Acadia, at Tadoussac, and Quebec. But the most discouraging circumstance, which now cut off all hope of redeeming his losses, was the virtual throwing open of the peltry trade in the St. Lawrence, of which the traders belonging to French maritime ports availed themselves in considerable numbers; for when Champlain and Pontegravé arrived out at Tadoussac, toward the end of May, they found traders already there doing business with the savages, and

¹ About the end of 1610 or early in 1611 Champlain, in Paris, espoused a very youthful lady, named Hélène Boullé, daughter of the King's private secretary. She was a Huguenot, though subsequently converted by her husband. She visited Canada in 1620, and remained about four years.

that others had preceded them in the river above, as far as the rapids near Hochelaga. Champlain hastened to the latter place, with the determination of establishing there a trading-station for the benefit of the company. Temporary structures were begun near the site of the future city of Montreal; ground was cleared, and seeds sown, in order to test the fruitfulness of the soil. He proposed to erect a fort on an island, called by him St. Helen's, after the name of his wife.

Champlain went to France before winter, and was there detained nearly two years by the affairs of the company. Although his zeal and his hopes of founding a colony never flagged, even De Monts retired from participation in further undertakings, owing to the uncertainties attendant upon the peltry traffic, and the losses incurred. It appears that Champlain deemed it indispensably necessary for the colony, and for the trading company with which it might be connected, to possess, as chief, some personage in France who had influence and rank at court; therefore, on the retirement of De Monts, the Count de Soissons was applied to, and afterward the Prince Henri de Condé. Condé being created viceroy of New France, Champlain was appointed his lieutenant.¹ Much time was then occupied in negotiations, with the object of effecting a compromise with the merchants and traders of Dieppe, St. Malo, Rochelle, and Rouen. In the end some kind of arrangement was made, securing for the wants of the colony at Quebec a certain portion of the results of the fur traffic to be paid by traders; but it seems that no perfectly satisfactory arrangement was practicable at that time, owing to the state of affairs at the court of France, which would not renew the former exclusive privileges.

Early in May, 1613, Champlain arrived at Quebec. The people whom he had left there in 1611 had passed the two preceding winters without any notable occurrence and free from suffering or disease. After a short delay he proceeded up the river to Sault St. Louis, at the foot of the Rapids, where he expected to find many of his former Indian friends assembled in

¹ This nomination of Champlain as lieutenant of the Viceroy of New France was dated October 15, 1612; hence, in lists of official functionaries of Canada, this date is frequently put as that on which the rule of governors commenced, Champlain being set down as the first.

readiness for traffic. In fact, his mind was now intent upon a long journey of exploration westward, in company with some returning chiefs. But this season few Indians came, which Champlain attributed to misconduct on the part of the traders the previous year while he was absent in France. Taking with him two canoes, manned by four Frenchmen and an Indian guide, he contrived to pass the Rapids and to surmount all the other difficulties of a first passage up the river Ottawa, until he arrived at Île Allumettes, where resided a friendly chief named Tessouat, who received him with cordial hospitality, and celebrated his unexpected visit by giving a grand entertainment. Champlain requested canoes and people to conduct him and his attendants on the way to Lake Nipissing, whence, according to information of Nicolas du Vignau, who had passed the previous winter with Tessouat, there was a practicable route to the North Sea, from which, it was believed, the coveted passage to China would be found. Champlain's hopes rose with this information, but before he could act upon it Du Vignau was proved to be an impostor. Champlain, therefore, with reluctance, sorrowfully commenced his journey homeward to Quebec, whence, toward the latter part of August, he again sailed for France, in order to promote the interests of the colony, so much dependent on the course of events in the mother-country.

In April, 1615, Champlain sailed from Harfleur with several vessels having on board supplies for the colony—artisans and laborers, together with four persons of the religious order of Franciscans, called Récollets. The latter took out with them the appliances and ornaments that might be required for the use of portable chapels and places of worship in the wilderness, and which had been provided at the cost of religious persons in France.

Immediately on his arrival in Canada, about the beginning of June, he took steps for establishing regular religious services at the three principal trading-posts—Quebec, Three Rivers, and Tadoussac—at the first of which places a sort of council was held, consisting of himself, the four Récollets, and “the most intelligent persons in the colony.” The arrangements agreed upon comprised, in addition to dispositions of a permanent nature at the three principal localities named above, the sending forward

one of the Récollets, Joseph le Caron, into the distant regions occupied by the Huron tribes, which up to this time had not been visited by any European.¹ Thus, under Champlain's auspices, were the first foundations laid for establishing in Canada the faith and services of the Church of Rome; and especially, in the first instance, for commencing the "missions to the Indians," which have survived the vicissitudes of more than two centuries, and subsist to this day in forms and localities regulated by the progress of civilization on this continent.

During the winter of 1618 the colony was reduced to the verge of extinction through the defection of its fickle allies, the Indians. The station at Three Rivers had become to them a great place of resort; and while many hundreds of savages were assembled there a quarrel occurred at Quebec between some Indians and colonists, the particulars of which have not been very clearly transmitted. But the result was similar to that which had been experienced in the time of Jacques Cartier, for the Indians became discontented and hostile, manifesting a disposition to take advantage of the helplessness of the handful of Europeans established in their midst. Two Frenchmen were murdered, and this outrage was followed by a conspiracy, which was entered into by the Indians at Three Rivers, with the object of consummating the destruction of the entire colony. The Récollet brother Duplessis discovered the plot, and, while the French at Quebec remained closely shut up in their fort, contrived to disconcert it. In the end the savages, who seem to have had originally no very serious cause of offence, proposed a reconciliation, which was acceded to by the French, on condition that the case of the murderers should be decided on Champlain's return, and that in the mean time hostages should be given.

Champlain's absence continued for the space of about three years, as he did not return to Quebec until July, 1620. By this time the course of events had taken a favorable turn. The Viceroy Condé regained his liberty, and, in consideration of a sum of money, surrendered his viceroyalty in favor of the Duke of

¹ Henceforward the history of the colony, as well as that of the gradual extension of discovery westward, is inseparably associated with the proceedings of the religious missionaries, who were the real pioneers of French influence among the tribes of the interior.

Montmorency, a godson of the late King. Montmorency confirmed Champlain in his post of lieutenant-general, and the King himself, Louis XIII, favored him with royal letters expressing his recognition of the appointment and of his services. Thus fortified, and charged by the new viceroy to return to Quebec and improve the defences of the colony, Champlain induced a number of persons to embark with him for the purpose of settling in the country. He himself arranged all his private affairs and took out with him his wife and several relations.

The return of Champlain, accompanied by Madame Champlain, then only twenty-two years of age, was celebrated at Quebec with all the manifestations of rejoicing and of respect that it was possible for the people to evince. It was an epoch in the history of the colony. The Indian savages were especially delighted with the amiable demeanor and the beauty of Madame Champlain,¹ who at once set about learning their language, and in many ways testified her concern in their welfare. She soon became able to instruct their children, using their native tongue, in the principles of the Catholic religion; for, though formerly a Huguenot, she was now a devout adherent of the church to which her husband belonged. Champlain found the edifices at Quebec in a dilapidated condition, so that his first care was to effect repairs on the magazine, the old fort, and other buildings, as well as to provide temporary quarters for his family. Steps were also taken for commencing a structure extensive enough to afford protection to all the inhabitants and the interests of the company, in case of serious attack from any enemy, and so situated as to command the harbor. The site chosen was that now known as "Durham Terrace," where, subsequently, when Champlain's design was practically carried out, the famous Fort St. Louis stood—the residence and official head-quarters of many governors of Canada.

Champlain might have now enjoyed a period of comparative

¹ According to the custom of the ladies of that time, Madame Champlain wore a small mirror suspended from her girdle. The untutored natives who approached her were astonished at perceiving themselves reflected from the glass, and circulated among themselves the innocent conceit that she cherished in her heart the recollection of each one of them.

repose but for two causes of anxiety which soon pressed themselves upon his attention. The first of these was his knowledge of the cruel state of war subsisting between the Iroquois and the natives of Canada. In 1620 the former made incursions in considerable force, and, although few or none of them at that time approached Quebec, they pressed hard upon the Algonquins higher up the river, and lay in wait for his former allies, the Hurons, whom they slaughtered without mercy as they descended with the products of the chase for the purpose of trading with the French at Three Rivers, Quebec, and Tadoussac. The injury to French interests, apart from the necessity for being always on the alert to defend themselves in case of attack from these barbarians, may be imagined. Champlain, as the only recourse open to him, made appeals to the company and to the court of France for succor.

In the course of 1622 and the following year several additional priests and brothers of the order of Récollets came out to Canada, among whom was Gabriel Sagard, the historian, who, along with Le Caron, departed as missionaries into the Huron settlements beyond Lake Simcoe. These two priests rendered most valuable services to the colony in becoming the influential promoters of peace with the Iroquois in 1624. They had labored to confirm in the minds of the Huron people a disposition to come to terms with their fierce adversaries, between whom and themselves unceasing hostilities had been waged ever since the period of Champlain's third and unsuccessful expedition against the cantons. The war had proved harassing to all the parties concerned—the French, the Iroquois, the Hurons, the Algonquins, and minor tribes—and all were more or less inclined to accede to proposals for a general cessation of strife. Caron and Sagard accompanied a flotilla of sixty Huron canoes down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence to Three Rivers, at which place, in the presence of Champlain, it was intended to agree upon and ratify a general treaty. On the way to this rendezvous they were joined by twenty-five canoes bearing the Iroquois deputies and thirteen of the Algonquins. The preliminaries having been arranged, happily without the occurrence of quarrels so likely to take place in such a concourse of individuals belonging to different nations, the ceremonies and customary distribution of pres-

ents were followed by a mutual interchange of stipulations, rendered intelligible to all by means of interpreters. The final result was a treaty of peace, to which the chief contracting parties were the French, the Hurons, the Algonquins, and the Iroquois, who agreed thenceforward to remain on peaceable terms with each other. The peace thus established was not of long duration.

In the mean time the improvements projected by Champlain in 1620 were steadily prosecuted. Very extensive repairs and additions to former structures, and a number of new ones, were completed or in progress. The De Caëns and the Governor, notwithstanding the difference of their religious views, continued throughout to discharge their respective functions in a manner that denoted mutual respect and personal friendship. Yet, from whatever cause, the number of inhabitants, exclusive of a few factors or agents at the trading-posts, and the Frenchmen who from choice had taken up their abodes among the Indian tribes, remained less than sixty. In fact, every person who bestowed a transient thought upon Canada placed a very low estimate upon it as a country fit for settlement, excepting Champlain himself, whose faith in the future of his colony seems never to have wavered.

In August, 1624, Champlain made arrangements for revisiting France, where fresh dissensions had arisen in regard to the company's rights and privileges. His chief purpose was to again urge at home an appeal for a more generous support in behalf of his undertakings. The Récollets, also, having found themselves utterly unequal to the occupation of their immense and constantly increasing field of missionary work, had determined to appeal for aid to some of the religious communities of France, and, with this view, deputed Sagard and a priest to sail for Europe in the suite of the Governor.

Before his departure Champlain nominated the younger De Caën commandant at Quebec during his absence, and gave instructions that the works in progress should be prosecuted with the utmost vigor, especially the completion of the Fort St. Louis.

These preparations being made, he set sail on August 15, 1624, accompanied by his wife and the two Récollet deputies.

Champlain, having accomplished all that seemed at that time

attainable in France, returned to Quebec in the summer of 1626, accompanied by the priest Le Caron, and his brother-in-law, Boullé, as his lieutenant.

He found the works scarcely advanced beyond the condition in which he had left them two years before. His people also were in a somewhat enfeebled condition. They had been ill-supplied with necessaries the preceding season, owing to the neglect of the company to furnish what was requisite for their comfort and plentiful support during the winter of 1625.

Notwithstanding the exertions which had been made by Champlain to prevent a recurrence of the former sufferings of the colony owing to the neglect of the company, he and his people were doomed to struggle on precisely as heretofore. Scarcely any land had been cleared, so that it was impossible by means of agriculture alone to provide against famine in the winter. Nevertheless, the requisite supplies were furnished by the company's agents in the most niggardly manner. Its neglect became worse and worse, until, in the winter of 1626, there was an actual dearth of provisions at Quebec. In the spring of 1627 De Caën's vessels brought out, as usual, a certain supply of necessaries. But when the summer had passed away, and autumn came, although the season of traffic had been very profitable, the ships departed, leaving the establishments in the colony very insufficiently provisioned. The colony contained but one farmer—Louis Hebert¹—who could maintain himself and those dependent on him by the cultivation of the ground. But about fifty persons had to endure the rigors of the winter of 1627 on short allowance; and such became their plight that even Champlain's patience and powers of endurance were severely exercised. When at length the arrival of spring afforded some sources of relief, derived from hunting and fishing, Champlain and his unfortunate colonists at Quebec were amazed to find that De Caën's ships came not as usual with succors. With infinite anxiety they contrived to subsist until the month of July, when it became known that the river below the Island of Orleans was in possession of the English, at that time enemies to France. In fact, on July 10, 1628, Champlain received a summons from Sir David Kirke, then at

¹ He died in the course of this season. Champlain, in his memoirs, mentions him with approbation and respect.

Tadoussac, with several ships under his command, to surrender the fort and station of Quebec. Notwithstanding his weakness, which would have prevented him from offering any effectual resistance had Kirke followed up his summons by an attack upon the place, Champlain responded with dignity and firmness, declaring that he would defend his post. Kirke, therefore, for the present, deferred his hostile intentions upon Quebec, and contented himself with adopting measures to intercept supplies and succor from France.

Cut off from communication with France, Champlain exhorted his now isolated band of priests, colonists, and laborers to follow his own example of patience and courage. A single small ship, with very scanty supplies, succeeded in making its passage good through the English vessels to Quebec, with intelligence that at least ten months must elapse before adequate succor from France could be expected to reach the harbor. To cope with the present emergency, and to prevent absolute starvation, measures were taken to crop all the cleared ground in the neighborhood. At the same time recourse was had to hunting and fishing for the purpose of collecting food for the ensuing winter, and Champlain's brother-in-law, Eustache Boullé, was despatched with a small vessel and twelve men down to Gaspé, in the hope of falling in with French fishing-vessels and procuring intelligence and assistance. Some steps were also taken for obtaining aid from the Abnaquis. These responded favorably, promising to furnish maintenance sufficient for about three-fifths of Champlain's people until succor should arrive. The other Indians, however, the Montagnais and Algonquins, took advantage of the emergency, and manifested, both in demeanor and hostile acts, their enmity to the French.

Having contrived to sustain a precarious existence up to the middle of July, 1629, the French witnessed, instead of the expected fleet from France, the English, under Louis and Thomas Kirke, brothers of Sir David, who remained at Tadoussac, making their appearance off Point Levi. Provisions were very scarce, as well as ammunition and all other means of defence; and there seemed to be no prospect of immediate succor. He had with him only sixteen persons who could in any sense be styled combatants. An officer landed, bringing with him very liberal terms,

upon which Champlain and his followers might honorably surrender a post which, in their circumstances, was utterly untenable. Champlain and Pontegravé, who was present, acceded, and the conditions having been ratified by Sir David Kirke at Tadoussac, the English, without resistance, took possession of the fort, magazine, and habitations of Quebec. Before actually yielding up his post, the high-minded Champlain went on board the vessel of Captain Louis Kirke, and stipulated for the security of the place of worship and quarters of the Jesuits and Récollets, as well as for the protection of the property of the widow Hebert and her son-in-law, Couillard. On July 24, 1629, Champlain and the priests, together with all who chose to depart, embarked on board the vessel of Thomas Kirke, and after some delay at Tadoussac, were carried to England, and thence suffered to pass into France.¹

Thus ended, for the time, Champlain's effort to found and establish a colony at Quebec—an attempt persevered in during twenty years, in spite of discouragement and obstacles which would have conquered the zeal of any man of that age excepting Champlain, who alone, even now, when taken prisoner and carried out of the country, did not despair of ultimate success.²

¹ When Champlain, accompanied by Pontegravé, went on board Louis Kirke's vessel, on the 20th, he demanded to be shown the commission from the King of England in virtue of which the seizure of the country was made. The two, as being persons whose reputation had spread throughout Europe, were received with profound respect; and after Champlain's request relative to the commission had been complied with, it was stipulated that the inhabitants should leave with their arms and baggage, and be supplied with provisions and means of transport to France. About four days were needed to procure the sanction of the admiral, David Kirke, at Tadoussac, and then Champlain, with a heavy heart, attended by his followers, embarked in the English ship. He says in his memoirs—"Since the surrender every day seems to me a month." On the way down the St. Lawrence, Emery de Caën was met, above Tadoussac, in a vessel with supplies for Quebec. Kirke is said to have desired Champlain to use his influence with De Caën to induce him to surrender without resistance, which, however, the noble-minded man declined. Bazilli was reported to be in the gulf with a French fleet, but nevertheless De Caën felt obliged to surrender, as the Kirkes had two ships to oppose his one. De Caën told Champlain that he believed peace was already signed between the two crowns.

² A few, by Champlain's advice, accepted the offers of the English to

Cardinal Richelieu, the prime minister of Louis XIII, founded the society called the "Company of the One Hundred Associates." It was established, not merely to put an end to the various obstacles and evils under which the colony languished, but also to place its future upon a strong and durable basis. Its organization was completed in the year 1627, and the first expedition under its auspices was entered upon in 1628, but proved an entire failure, owing to the English having then the control of the St. Lawrence, and capturing or destroying the vessels sent out under M. de Roguemon. Then occurred, as we have described, the surrender of Quebec and the other stations, and their occupation by the English under the Kirkes. The existence of the new company, and its government of the affairs of the colony can scarcely be said to have commenced, practically, until the year 1632, when New France was, by treaty with England, restored to the French authorities.

Pursuant to arrangements, Emery de Caën, furnished with instructions from the Government of France, and with an order signed by the King of England, superseded Thomas Kirke at Quebec on July 13, 1632. On landing with the priests who were sent out on board De Caën's vessels, it was found that much injury had been done in the place. Fire, violence, and wilful neglect had been instrumental in destroying nearly all the buildings, including those of the Jesuits and Récollets. It was also found that the old friends of the French—the Montagnais and other Indians—had been much corrupted by the traders with whom they had held intercourse during the three preceding years. The fort itself remained uninjured, and afforded shelter to all while the work of reconstructing habitations and a place of worship was carried on.

In the mean time Champlain made preparations in France for carrying out colonists, merchandise, ammunition, and provisions. The company furnished him with three vessels, well

remain under their protection in the possession of their habitations and clearings. They were to enjoy the same privileges as the English themselves. A number of the French traders also remained, but betook themselves to the west and into the Huron country, where they lived with the Indians until the country was restored to France, about three years subsequently. Louis Kirke was left in command at Quebec.

equipped, and armed with cannon. With these, having on board about two hundred persons, he arrived at Quebec on May 23, 1633, and landed amid manifestations of great joy on the part of the French inhabitants, more especially of those who had remained in the country after his forced departure.

From the moment of his return to Canada until his decease, Champlain occupied himself diligently in providing for the material progress of the colony, and at the same time coöperated heartily in all measures for securing its religious welfare, and for converting the savages. While occupied with various duties appertaining to his position, about October 10, 1635, Champlain was laid prostrate by a stroke of paralysis. In his last illness he was attended by his friend and spiritual adviser, Charles Lalemant, the author of the *Relation of 1626*, and, during the previous ten years, a most efficient coadjutor in his work. At length, on Christmas Day, 1635, the pious and amiable founder of Quebec breathed his last, bequeathing his blessing to his bereaved people, together with the memory of his virtues and of his great services.

CHRONOLOGY OF UNIVERSAL
HISTORY

EMBRACING THE PERIOD COVERED IN THIS VOLUME

A.D. 1558-1608

JOHN RUDD, LL.D.

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Events treated at length are here indicated in large type; the numerals following give volume and page.

Separate chronologies of the various nations, and of the careers of famous persons, will be found in the INDEX VOLUME, with volume and page references showing where the several events are fully treated.

A.D.

1558. Calais, the last English possession in France, taken by De Guise. See "ENGLAND LOSES HER LAST FRENCH TERRITORY," x, 1.

Death of Bloody Queen Mary; accession of Elizabeth in England. See "REIGN OF ELIZABETH," x, 8.

Marriage of the Dauphin, Francis, with Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots.

Battle of Gravelines; victory of the Spaniards, under Egmont, over the French.

1559. A new act of supremacy passed in England, firmly establishing Protestantism.

Treaty of peace (Cateau-Cambr cis) between England, France, and Spain.

Iconoclastic outbreaks in Scotland, due to the teachings of John Knox. See "JOHN KNOX HEADS THE SCOTTISH REFORMERS," x, 21.

Institution of the papal *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*.

1560. Conspiracy of Amboise, by the Huguenots, for the overthrow of the Guises, in France; death of Francis II, Charles IX succeeds; Catherine de' Medici controls the government as regent. Arrest of Cond .

Queen Elizabeth of England and the Scottish Reformers conclude a pact of alliance. Death of the Regent, Mary of Guise; Mary Stuart and her husband, Francis II, arrange the treaty of Edinburgh with Elizabeth and the Reformers. Passing by the Scotch Parliament of the Statutes of Reformation.

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1561. Queen Mary Stuart returns to Scotland. See "MARY STUART: HER REIGN AND EXECUTION," x, 51.

Rebellion of Shane O'Neil in Ireland.

Edict against the Reformers, now called Huguenots; Condé and Coligny prepare to take up arms.

1562. Submission and pardon of Shane O'Neil.

Edict of St. Germain; it grants toleration to the Huguenots; massacre of Huguenots at Vassy and other cities; defeat of the Huguenot army under Condé and Coligny.

Attempted settlement of the Huguenots on the coast of South Carolina.

1563. Assassination of the Duc de Guise at the siege of Orléans.

Publication of the Thirty-nine Articles in England.¹

Publication by the Calvinists of the Heidelberg Catechism.

Beginning of the construction of the Escorial, Spain, by Philip II.

1564. Death of Ferdinand I; Maximilian II succeeds in the German empire, the archduchy of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia.

Settlement of a Huguenot colony on the St. John's River, Florida. See "FOUNDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE," x, 70.

Birth of Shakespeare.

1565. Marriage of Queen Mary Stuart with Darnley. See "MARY STUART: HER REIGN AND EXECUTION," x, 51.

Brilliant defence of Malta by La Valette against the Turks, led by Mustapha Pacha.

Massacre of the Huguenots in Florida. See "FOUNDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE," x, 70.

1566. A petition of rights presented to the Regent by nobles of the Netherlands. See "REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS AGAINST SPAIN," x, 81.

Moscow sacked by the Crim Tartars.

Murder of Rizzio by Darnley. See "MARY STUART: HER REIGN AND EXECUTION," x, 51.

1567. Defeat and assassination of Shane O'Neil.

Renewal of the civil-religious war in France; Battle of St. Denis.

Murder of Darnley; Mary marries Bothwell; she is imprisoned and compelled to resign the crown. See "MARY STUART: HER REIGN AND EXECUTION," x, 51.

Organization of the "Council of Blood" by the Duke of Alva, on his arrival in the Netherlands as Spanish governor.

Founding of the Royal Exchange, London.

1568. Peace of Longjumeau with the Huguenots; assembling of Protestant leaders at La Rochelle.

Thousands of the better classes of the Netherlands take refuge in England from the persecutions of the Spaniards.

Execution of Egmont and Horn at Brussels; arms taken against the Spaniards by Louis of Nassau and William of Orange, his brother.

¹ See 1552.

1569. Insurrection of Roman Catholics in England.

Battle of Jarnac; defeat of the Huguenots; Condé taken and shot; Coligny defeated at Moncontour.

Under the sovereignty of the Medici is created the grand duchy of Tuscany out of the Florentine dominions.

1570. Murray, Regent of Scotland, assassinated; the English invade that country; Earl Lennox made regent.

Revolt of the Moors in Spain crushed by John of Austria.

1571. Battle of Lepanto; the Holy League, consisting of Spain, Venice, and the Pope, wins a great victory over the Turks. See "BATTLE OF LEPANTO," x, 100.

Dumbarton, the main stronghold of the adherents of Mary Stuart, falls into the possession of the Earl of Lennox.

The Thirty-nine Articles are made binding on the clergy of the Church of England.

1572. Trial, condemnation, and execution of the Duke of Norfolk for conspiracy, in England.

Marriage of Margaret of Valois, sister of Charles IX, with Henry of Navarre; Massacre of St. Bartholomew. See "MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW," x, 119.

Rising of the Dutch against their Spanish oppressors; recognition of the authority of William of Orange.

1573. Successful defence of La Rochelle; the treaty of La Rochelle grants toleration to the Huguenots.

Haarlem reduced by the Spaniards; they besiege Leyden. See "HEROIC AGE OF THE NETHERLANDS," x, 145.

Building of Manila which is made the seat of the Spanish viceroy in the Philippines.

1574. Coronation of Henry, Duke of Anjou, as King of Poland; he becomes King of France on the death of his brother, Charles IX; he abandons Poland.

1575. Queen Elizabeth of England is offered the sovereignty of the Netherlands.

Foundation of the University of Leyden, in commemoration of the siege and relief of that city.

Stephen Bathori, Prince of Transylvania, elected king of Portugal.

1576. Devastation of Italy by the plague; Titian, the painter, is one of the victims.

First voyage of Frobisher in search of a northwest passage. See "SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE BY FROBISHER," x, 156.

Organization by Henry, Duke of Guise, of the Catholic League against the Huguenots.

Appointment of Don John of Austria as governor of the Netherlands, by his half-brother, Philip II of Spain.

"BUILDING OF THE FIRST THEATRE IN ENGLAND." See x, 163.

1577. Peace of Bergerac, the sixth one between Henry III and the Huguenots.

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Many of Titian's finest works destroyed in a great fire at Venice.

Sailing of Sir Francis Drake on his circumnavigation of the globe.

1578. Treaty of alliance concluded between England and the Netherlands.

Invasion of Morocco by King Sebastian of Portugal; he is defeated and slain at Alcazar-Quivir.

Battle of Gembloux; great victory of Don John; on his death the Duke of Parma succeeds as Spanish governor of the Netherlands.

Attempt of the Norwegians to interrupt the English commerce with Archangel; Queen Elizabeth asserts the right freely to navigate all seas.

1579. Union of Utrecht; foundation of the Dutch Republic.

A force of Spaniards invade Ireland.

Confinement of Tasso as a lunatic by the Duke of Ferrara.

1580. Persecution by the Protestants of Jesuits and seminary priests in England.

Outlawry of William of Orange, by Philip II of Spain, inviting his assassination.

Seizure of Portugal by Philip II.

1581. Conquest of Siberia by the Cossacks. See "COSSACK CONQUEST OF SIBERIA," x, 181.

Declaration of independence formally issued by the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands.

Founding of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

1582. Reformation of the calendar by Gregory XIII. October 5th of this year is made October 15th.

1583. Gilbert takes possession of Newfoundland for Queen Elizabeth. See "FIRST COLONY OF ENGLAND BEYOND SEAS," x, 198.

Failing in his treacherous attempt on Antwerp the Duke of Anjou retires into France, covered with disgrace.

1584. Assassination of William, Prince of Orange, at the instigation of Philip II of Spain. See "ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE," x, 202.

Alliance between Philip II and the Catholic League.

Queen Elizabeth dismisses the Spanish ambassador Mendoza.

Having embraced Protestantism the Archbishop of Cologne is expelled his territories.

Visit of Sir Walter Raleigh's men to South Carolina; the name Virginia given to the district. See "NAMING OF VIRGINIA: FIRST DESCRIPTION OF THE INDIANS," x, 211.

1585. Renewal of the war against the Huguenots, the "War of the Three Henrys."

Capture of Antwerp by Parma; an English army sent to aid the Dutch.

Attack on the Spanish settlements in the West Indies by a powerful English fleet under Drake and Frobisher.

Ambassadors from Japan received at Rome by Pope Gregory XIII.

Coaches first used in England.

1586. An unsuccessful settlement made by Raleigh's men on Roanoke Island.

Trial and condemnation of Mary Stuart. See "MARY STUART: HER REIGN AND EXECUTION," x, 51.

Conspiracy of Babbington against Queen Elizabeth.

Drake returns with an immense booty; he takes back the Virginian colonists; they introduce potatoes and tobacco into England.

1587. Henry of Navarre defeats the army of Henry III at Coutras.

Sigismund Vasa elected King of Poland.

Expedition of Drake against the Spanish harbors. See "DRAKE CAPTURES CARTAGENA," x, 230.

Cabal of "the Sixteen" in Paris.

1588. Publication of the first English newspaper, by Lord Burghley, *The English Mercury*. It announced the defeat of the Invincible Armada. See "DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA," x, 251.

Revolt against Henry III in Paris; "Day of the Barricades."

1589. End of the Valois line in France; inauguration of the Bourbon dynasty.

Invention of the stocking-knitting frame by Lee, of Cambridge, England.

1590. Battle of Ivry; Henry IV defeats the Catholic League; he lays siege to Paris, which is relieved by the Duke of Parma.

Establishment of the first paper-mill in England.

Publication of three books of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, the *Arcadia* of Sidney, and part of Marlowe's *Tamburlane*.

1591. Elizabeth sends an army to assist Henry IV in France; it besieges Rouen; it is relieved by Parma.

1592. Introduction of the sale of books at the fair of Leipsic.

Building of the Théâtre Français at Paris.

Abolishment of Episcopacy and establishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland.

1593. "HENRY OF NAVARRE ACCEPTS CATHOLICISM." See x, 276. Severe enactments against the recusants in England.

Conformation to Catholicism by Henry IV; Pope Clement VIII refuses to absolve him. The Parliament of Paris declares against foreign interference and female succession.

Publication of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.

1594. Jesuits expelled Paris.

Coronation of Henry IV at Chartres; Paris opens its gates to him.

1595. Declaration of war against Spain by Henry IV.

1596. Crushing defeat of the Austrians by the Turks in Hungary.

Writing of *Romeo and Juliet* by Shakespeare.

Capture of Cadiz by Essex and Howard.

1597. Rebellion in Ireland of Tyrone.

Abolition of the Hanseatic League's privileges in England.

1598. Toleration granted to the Huguenots.

Treaty of Vervins, securing peace between France and Spain.

Founding of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England.

Shakespeare performs in his own plays at the new Globe theatre, London.

1599. Essex sent to Ireland to crush the rebellion there; he treats with the rebel leader.

Attempt of Sigismund Vasa to establish Catholicism in Sweden; he loses the crown.

1600. Establishment of the English East India Company.

Invasion and occupation of Savoy by the French; marriage of Henry IV with Marie de' Medici.

Giordano Bruno burned in Rome as an obstinate heretic.

1601. Suppression of the rebellion in Ireland; complete tranquillity restored by Mountjoy, Elizabeth's general.

Commencement of the siege of Ostend by Archduke Albert of Austria.

Enactment of the earliest "poor law in England."

1602. Beheading of the Duc de Biron for conspiring against King Henry IV.

Failure of the Duke of Savoy in an attempt to seize Geneva.

Attempted settlement of Bartholomew Gosnold on the coast of Massachusetts.

1603. Death of Queen Elizabeth; James VI of Scotland succeeds as James I, King of Great Britain.

"DOWNFALL OF IRISH LIBERTY." See x, 299.

Committal to the Tower of Sir Walter Raleigh, on a charge of conspiring to place Arabella Stuart on the English throne.

Publication of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. See "CULMINATION OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN 'HAMLET,'" x, 287.

A French colony founded at Port Royal, Acadia; now Nova Scotia.

1604. Conference at Hampton Court between English prelates and Puritans, James I presiding.

Ostend surrenders to the Spanish general, Spinola.

1605. Detection of the Gunpowder Plot. See "THE GUNPOWDER PLOT," x, 310.

Publication of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.

Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Part I, published. See "CERVANTES' 'DON QUIXOTE' REFORMS LITERATURE," x, 325.

Death of the Russian Czar, Boris Godunoff; Fedor, his son, is dethroned; his successor being the first Pseudo-Demetrius. This impostor pretended to be Demetrius, a son of Ivan IV, who was put to death by Boris Godunoff in 1591.

Battle of Bassorah; defeat of the Turks by Abbas the Great, of Persia.

1606. A patent granted to the London and Plymouth companies for the purpose of American colonization.

Dethronement of the first Pseudo-Demetrius; he is slain; Shinski succeeds as Basil V.

Discovery of Australia by the Portuguese. See "EARLIEST POSITIVE DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA," x, 340.

1607. Naval victory of the Hollanders over the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent.

Foundation of Jamestown, Virginia. See "SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA," x, 350.

1608. Ireland secures an improved government from James I; the forfeited lands in Ulster are offered to Protestant settlers.

Foundation of Quebec by the French. See "FOUNDING OF QUEBEC," x, 366.

Formation of the Evangelical Union by the Protestant German states.

END OF VOLUME X



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